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יהוה

Ps. CXIX. 160.
כדברך חבינני
Joh. XVII. 17.
ὁ λογος ὁσος αληθεια εστι.
ΑΚΡΟΓΩΝΙ
ΟΥ ΧΡΙΣΤΟΥ.

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THE ART OF SPEAKING.

CONTAINING,

AN ESSAY,

IN WHICH ARE GIVEN RULES FOR EXPRESSING PROPERLY THE PRINCIPAL PASSIONS AND HUMOURS, WHICH OCCUR IN READING, OR PUBLIC SPEAKING.

AND

LESSONS,

TAKEN FROM THE ANCIENTS AND MODERNS; EXHIBITING A VARIETY OF MATTER FOR PRACTICE; THE EMPHATICAL WORDS PRINTED IN ITALICS; WITH NOTES OF DIRECTION REFERRING TO THE ESSAY.

By JAMES BURGH,

AUTHOR OF THE DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE, *&c.*

Neque vero mihi quidquam præstabilius videtur, quam posse dicendo tenere hominum cœtus, mentes allicere, voluntates impellere quo velit, unde autem velit deducere. CICERO.

Baltimore:

PRINTED FOR SAMUEL BUTLER,

BY JOHN W. BUTLER,

1804.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE present Edition of this truly useful, and much esteemed Work, has been carefully and critically executed. Many errors, which by being frequently and carelessly printed, had crept into most of the former editions, have in this been corrected and revised.

The Marginal Notes, explaining to the Scholar the various Humours and Passions as they occur, and which are so peculiarly useful, have been put at full length almost in every instance, and great care has been taken to affix them in their proper places ; whereas, in most of the former editions, they were so much abbreviated and misplaced, that it was with difficulty the Master, much less the Scholar, could comprehend their meaning.

An elegant Ode (page 270) *has been added ; no other alterations have taken place.*

This being the FIRST *Baltimore Edition, the Publisher indulges the pleasing hope, that it will yield, by its execution and correctness, general satisfaction.*

BALTIMORE, 25th March, 1804.

AN

ESSAY

ON THE

ART OF SPEAKING.

THAT *Oratory* is an art of great consequence, will hardly be questioned in our times, unless it be by those (if any are so ignorant) who do not know, that it has been taught, and studied, in all countries, where learning has gained any ground, ever since the days of Aristotle. That the *manner* or *address* of a speaker, is of the utmost *importance*, and that a *just* and *pleasing* manner in delivering either one's own compositions, or those of others, is *difficult* of acquisition, and but too much *neglected* among us, seems unquestionable from the *deficiencies* we so commonly observe in the *address* of our public speakers, much more than in the *matter* uttered by them, and from the little *effect* produced by their labours.

Of the *learning* necessary for furnishing *matter*; and of the art of *arranging* it properly; of *invention*, *composition* and *style*, various writers among the Greeks, Romans, French, Italians, and English, have treated very copiously. It is not my design to trouble the world with any thing on these branches of oratory. I shall confine myself merely to what the prince of orators pronounced to be the first, second, and third part, or all that is *most important* in the art, viz. *delivery*, comprehending what every gentlemen ought to be master of, respecting *gesture*, *looks* and command of *voice*.

What is true of most of the improvements, which are made by study, or culture, is peculiarly so of the art of *speaking*. If there is not a foundation laid for it in the *earlier* part of life, there is no reasonable ground of expecta-

tion, that any great degree of skill in it should ever be attained. As it depends upon, and consists in *practice*, more than theory, it requires the earlier initiation: that practice may have its full scope, before the time of life arrives, in which there may be occasion for public exhibition. Mankind must *speak* from the beginning, therefore ought from the beginning, to be taught to speak *rightly*; else they may acquire a habit of speaking *wrong*. And whoever knows the *difficulty* of breaking through bad *habits*, will avoid that labour by *prevention*. There is a great difference between *speaking* and *writing*. Some, nay most of mankind, are never to be *writers*. All are *speakers*. Young persons ought not to be put upon writing (from their *own funds*, I mean) till they have furnished their minds with *thoughts*, that is, till they have gotten funds; but they cannot be kept from speaking.

Suppose a youth to have no prospect either of sitting in parliament, of pleading at the *bar*, of appearing upon the *stage*, or in the *pulpit*; does it follow, that he need bestow *no pains* in learning to speak properly his *native language*? Will he never have occasion to read, in a company of his friends, a copy of *verses*, a *passage* of a *book*, or *newspaper*? Must he never read a discourse of Tillotson, or a chapter of the Whole Duty of Man, for the instruction of his children and servants? Cicero justly observes, that address in speaking *is highly ornamental, as well as useful, even in private life*.* The *limbs* are parts of the body much less noble than the *tongue*; yet no gentleman grudges a considerable expense of time and money to have his son taught to use *them* properly; which is very commendable. And is there no attention to be paid to the use of the *tongue*, the *glory* of man? Supposing a person to be ever so sincere and zealous a lover of *virtue* and his *country*, without a competent skill and address in *speaking*, he can only *sit still*, and see them *wronged*, without having it in his *power* to prevent, or redress the evil. Let an artful and eloquent statesman harangue the house of commons upon a point of the utmost consequence to the public good. He has it greatly in his power to *mislead* the *judgment* of the

* Cic. de Orat. L. i. p. 83.

house. And he, who *sees through* the delusion, if he be awkward in delivering himself, can do *nothing* toward *preventing* the ruinous schemes proposed by the other, from being carried into execution, but give his *single vote* against them, without so much as explaining to the house his *reasons* for doing so. The case is the same in other smaller assemblies and meetings, in which volubility of tongue, and steadiness of countenance, often carry it against solid reasons, and important considerations.

To offer a help toward the improvement of youth in the useful and ornamental accomplishment of speaking properly their mother tongue, is the design of this publication; to set about which I have been the more excited by experiencing, in my own practice, a *want* of such a collection as the following. What I proposed to myself at first, was only to put together a competent *variety* of *passages* out of some of the best writers in prose and verse, for exercising youth in adapting their general manner of delivery to the *spirit* or *humour* of the various matter they may have occasion to pronounce. Such a collection, I thought, might be acceptable to the public, in consideration of its furnishing at an *easy expence*, a general *variety* of examples for *practice*, chosen and pointed out, without trouble to masters. A design, which, as far as I know, has not before been executed.* On farther consideration, it occurred to me, that it might render such a publication more useful, if I prefixed some general observations on the method of teaching pronunciation, and put the emphatical words in italics, and marginal notes shewing the various *humors* or *passions*, in the several examples, as they change from one to another, in the course of the speeches. All masters of places of education are not, I fear, sufficiently aware of the extent of this part of their duty, nor of the number of particulars to be attended to, which render it so *difficult* to bring a young person to deliver in a completely proper manner a speech containing a considerable *variety* of different *humours* or *passions*. So that *some*

* The PRECEPTOR, a work of two volumes, 8vo. has some lessons for practice; but not the *variety* of humours or passions, which my design takes in; nor the notes of *direction* for expressing them properly, Besides that the PRECEPTOR is a book of price, and fitter for the master's use, than the pupil's; so

masters, as well as *all pupils*, may find their account in using this collection, till a better be published.

Whoever imagines the English tongue unfit for *oratory* has not a just notion of it. That, by reason of the disproportion between its vowels and consonants, it is not quite so tractable as the Italian, and consequently, not so easily applied to *amorous*, or to *plaintive* music, is not denied. But it goes better to *martial* music. And in oratory and poetry, there is no tongue, ancient or modern, capable of expressing a greater *variety* of humours, or passions, by its *sounds* (I am not speaking of its copiousness, as to *phraseology*,) than the English. The Greek, among the ancient, and the Turkish and Spanish, among the modern languages, have a *loftier* sound, though the *gutturals* in them, of which the English is free, (for it is probable, that the ancient Greeks pronounced the letter χ gutturally) are, to most ears, disagreeable. But there is not in those languages, the *variety* of sound which the English affords. They never quit their stiff *pomp*, which on some occasions, is *unnatural*. Nor is there, as far as I know, any language more *copious*, than the English, an eminent advantage for *oratory*. And if we must fall out with our mother tongue, on account of some hard and *un-liquid* syllables in it, how shall we bear the celebrated *Roman* language itself, in every sentence of which we find such sounds as tot, quot, sub, ad, sed, est, ut, et, nec, id, at, it, sit, sunt, dant, det, dent, dabat, dabant, darent, daret, hic, hæc, hoc, fit, fuit, erat, erunt, fert, duc, fac, dic, and so on.

It is greatly to our shame, that, while *we* do so little for the improvement of our language, and of our manner of speaking it in public, the *French* should take so much pains in both these respects, though *their* language is very much *inferior* to *ours*, both as to emphasis and copiousness.

It is true there is not now the same *secular* demand for eloquence, as under the popular governments of ancient times, when twenty talents (several thousands of pounds) was the fee for one speech ;* when the *tongue* of an orator

that I do not think it anfwers the purpofe I had in view in this publication. If it did, I fhould have ufed it. Otherwife I think it an ufeful book, and am glad to find that it is well received.

* Pliny fays, Ifocrates was paid that fum for one oration.

could do more than the sceptre of a monarch, or the *sword* of a warrior; and when superior skill in the art of haranguing was the certain means for elevating him, who possessed it, to the highest honours in the state. Even in our own country, this is partly the case; for the instances of *bad speakers* rising to *eminent stations* in the government, are *rare*. But it must be owned, our politics now turn upon *other hinges*, than in the times when Greek and Roman eloquence flourished. Nor are *we*, accordingly, like to bestow the pains which *they* did, for consummating ourselves in the art of speaking. We shall hardly, in our ages, hear of a person's shutting himself up for many months in a cell under ground to study and practise elocution uninterrupted; or declaiming on the sea-shore, to accustom himself to harangue an enraged multitude without fear; or under the points of drawn swords fixed over his shoulders to cure himself of a bad habit of shrugging them up; which with other particulars, are the labours recorded to have been undertaken by Demosthenes, in order to perfect himself, in spite of his natural disadvantages, of which he had many, in the art of elocution. What is to be gained by skill in the art of speaking may not now be sufficient to reward the indefatigable diligence used by a Demosthenes, a Pericles, an Æschines, a Demetrius Phalereus, an Isocrates, a Carbo, a Cicero, a M. Anthony, an Hortensius, a Julius, an Augustus, and others. Yet it is still of important *advantage* for all that part of youth whose station places them within the reach of a *polite education*, to be qualified for acquitting themselves with reputation, when called to speak in public. In *parliament*, at the *bar*, in the *pulpit*, at *meetings* of merchants, in *committees* for managing public affairs, in large societies, and on such like occasions, a competent address and readiness, not only in finding matter, but in *expressing* and urging it effectually, is what, I doubt not, many a gentleman would willingly acquire, at the expence of half his other improvements.

The reader will naturally reflect here upon *one* important use for good speaking, which was *unknown* to the ancients, viz. for the *ministerial* function. I therefore have

said above, page 6, that we have not the same *secular* demand for elocution, as the ancients; meaning, by reservation, that *we* have a *moral*, or *spiritual* use for it which *they* had not.

And no small matter of grief it is to think, that, of the three learned professions, real *merit* is there the most *ineffectual* towards *raising* its possessor, where it ought to be *most*; which must greatly damp *emulation* and *diligence*. An *able* physician, or lawyer, hardly fails of success in life. But a clergyman may unite the *learning* of a Cudworth with the *eloquence* of a Tillotson, and the *delivery* of an Atterbury; but, if he cannot make out a *connection* with some *great man*, and it is too well known by what means *they* are most commonly gained; he must content himself to be buried in a country curacy, or vicarage at most, for life.

If nature unassisted could form the eminent speaker, where were the use of *art* or *culture*, which yet no one pretends to question? Art is but *nature improved upon* and *refined*. And before improvement is applied, genius is but a mass of ore in the mine, without lustre, and without value, because *unknown* and *unthought of*. The ancients used to procure for their youth, masters of pronunciation from the theatres,* and had them taught gesture and attitude by the palæstritæ. These last taught what is, among us, done by the dancing-master. And, as to the former, no man ought to presume to set himself at the head of a place of education, who is not in some degree capable of teaching pronunciation. However, I could wish that gentlemen, who have made themselves perfect masters of pronunciation and delivery, would undertake to teach this branch at places of education, in the same manner as masters of music, drawing, dancing, and fencing, are used to do.

It is well when a youth has no natural *defect* or *impediment*, in his speech. And, I should by no means advise, that he, who has, be brought up to a profession *requiring* elocution. But there are instances enough of natural defects surmounted, and eminent speakers formed by indefatigable deligence in spite of them. Demosthenes could

* Quint. C. x.

not, when he began to study rhetoric, pronounce the first letter of the name of his art. And Cicero was long-necked, and narrow-chested. But diligent and faithful labour, in what one is in earnest about, surmounts all difficulties. Yet we are commonly enough disgusted by public speakers lisping, and stammering, and speaking through the nose, and pronouncing the letter R with the throat, instead of the tongue, and the letter S like Th, and screaming above, or croaking below all natural pitch of human voice; some mumbling, as if they were conjuring up spirits; others bawling, as loud as the vociferous venders of provisions in London streets; some tumbling out the words so precipitately, that no ear can catch them; others dragging them out so slowly, that it is as tedious to listen to them, as to count a great clock; some have got a habit of shrugging up their shoulders; others of see-sawing with their bodies, some backward and forward, others from side to side; some raise their eyebrows at every third word; some open their mouths frightfully; others keep their teeth so close together that one would think their jaws were set; some shrivel all their features together into the middle of their faces; some push out their lips as if they were mocking the audience; others hem at every pause; and others smack with their lips, and roll their tongues about in their mouths, as if they laboured under a continual thirst. All which bad habits they ought to have been broken of in *early youth*, or put into ways of life, in which they would have, at least, offended *fewer* persons.

It is through neglect in the *early* part of life, and bad habits taking place, that there is not a public speaker among twenty, who knows what to do with his *eyes*. To see the venerable man, who is to be the mouth of a whole people confessing their offences to their Creator and Judge, bring out these awful words, "Almighty and most merciful Father," &c. with his eyes over his *shoulder*, to see who is just gone into the pew at his elbow; to observe this, one would imagine there was an absolute *want* of all feeling of devotion. But it may be, all the while, owing to nothing but *awkwardness*; and the good man looks about him the whole time he is going on with the service, mere-

ly to keep himself in *countenance*, not knowing else, where to put his *eyes*.

Even the players, who excel, beyond comparison, all other speakers in this country, in what regards decorum, are, some of them, often guilty of monstrous *improprieties* as to the management of their eyes. To direct them full at the *audience*, when they are speaking a *soliloquy*, or an *aside-speech*, is insufferable. For they ought not to seem so much as to think of an *audience*, or of any person's looking upon them, at *any* time; especially on *those* occasions; those speeches being only thinking aloud, and expressing what the actor should be supposed to wish concealed. Nor do they always keep their *eyes fixed* upon those they *speak to*, even in *impassioned* dialogue. Whether it is from *heedlessness* or that they are more *out of countenance* by looking one another stedfastly in the face, I know not; but they do often ramble about with their eyes in a very unmeaning and unnatural manner.

A natural genius for delivery supposes an *ear*; though it does not always suppose a *musical** ear. I never heard poetry, particularly that of Milton, better spoken, than by a gentleman, who yet had so little discernment in music, that he has often told me, the grinding of knives entertained him as much as Handel's organ.

As soon as a child can read, without *spelling*, the words in a common English book, as the SPECTATOR, he ought to be taught the use of the *stops*, and accustomed, from the beginning, to *pay* the *same* regard to them as to the *words*. The common rule, for holding them out to their just length, is too exact for *practice*, viz. that a comma is to hold the length of a syllable, a semicolon, of two, a colon of three, and a period of four. In some cases, there is *no stop* to be made at a comma, as they are often put merly to render the *sense clear*; as those, which, by Mr. Ward, and many other learned editors of books, are put before every *relative*. It likewise often happens, that the strain of the matter shews a propriety, or beauty, in holding the pause *beyond* the *proper length* of the stop; particularly when any thing remarkably *striking* has been uttered; by which means the hearers have time to rumi-

* Yet Quintilian would have his orator by all means study music. C. viii.

nate upon it, before the matter, which follows can put it out of their thoughts. Of this, instances will occur in the following lessons.

Young readers are apt to get into a *rehearsing* kind of *monotony*; of which it is very difficult to break them. Monotony is holding one *uniform* humming sound through the whole discourse, without rising or falling. Cant, is, in speaking, as psalmody and ballad in music, a strain consisting of a few notes *rising* and *falling* without variation, like a peal of bells, let the *matter* change how it will. The chaunt with which the prose psalms are half-sung, half-said, in cathedrals, is the same kind of absurdity. All these are unnatural, because the continually varying strain of the *matter* necessarily requires a continually varying series of *sounds* to express it. Whereas chaunting in cathedrals, psalmody in parish-churches, ballad music put to a number of verses, differing in thoughts and images, and cant, or monotony, in expressing the various matter of a discourse, do not in the least *humour* the *matters* they applied to; but on the contrary, confound it.*

Young people must be taught to let their voice *fall* at the *end* of sentences; and to read without any particular whine, cant, or drawl, and with the natural inflections of voice, which they use in *speaking*. For *reading* is nothing but *speaking* what one sees in a book, as if he were expressing his *own* sentiments, as they rise in his mind. And no person reads well, till he comes to speak what he sees in the book before him in the same natural manner as he speaks the thoughts, which arise in his *own* mind. And hence it is, that no one can *read* properly what he does not *understand*. Which leads me to observe, that there are many books much *fitter* for improving *children* in reading, than most parts of *scripture*, especially of the *Old Testament*. Because the *words* of our English Bible are, many of them, *obsolete*; the *phraseology*, as of all bare translations, *stiff*, the *subjects* not *familiar* to young persons, and the characters *grave* and *forbidding*. *Fables* and *tales*, founded upon good morals, and select parts of *history* and *biography*, and familiar *dialogues*, are

* See SPECTATOR, No. 18.

more *pleasing* and *suitable* to children under seven and eight years of age. And such familiar reading, as coming near to their own *chat*, is most likely to keep them from, or cure them of a *canting*, *whining*, *drawling*, or *un-animated* manner.

They must be taught, that, in questions, the voice is often to *rise* towards the end of the sentence, *contrary* to the manner of pronouncing most *other* sorts of matter; because the *emphatical* word, or that, upon which the *stress* of the question lies, is often the *last* in the sentence. Example. "Can any good come out of *Nazareth?*" Here the emphatical word is *Nazareth*; therefore the word, *Nazareth*, is to be pronounced in a higher note than any other part of the sentence. But in pronouncing the following, "By what *authority* dost thou these things; and *who* give thee this authority?" the emphatical words are *authority* and *who*; because what the Jews asked our Saviour was, by what *power* or *authority*, he did his wonderful works; and *how* he *came* by that power. And in all questions, the emphasis must, according to the intention of the speaker, be put upon that word which signifies the point, about which he inquires. Example. "Is it true, that you have seen a noble lord from court to-day, who has told you bad news?" If the inquirer wants only to know, whether *myself*, or some *other* person, has seen the supposed great man; he will put the emphasis upon *you*. If he knows that I have seen somebody from court, and only wants to know, whether I have seen a *great man*, who may be supposed to *know* what *inferior* persons about the court *do not*, he will put the emphasis upon *noble lord*. If he wants to know, only whether the great man came *directly* from *court*, so that his intelligence may be depended upon, he will put the emphasis upon *court*. If he wants only to know, whether I have seen him *to-day*, or *yesterday*, he will put the em-emphasis upon *to-day*. If he *knows*, that I have seen a great man from court, to-day, and only *wants to know*, whether he has told me any *news*, he will put the emphasis upon *news*. If he knows all the rest, and wants only to know, whether the news I heard was *bad*, he will put the emphasis upon the word *bad*.

The matter contained in a *parenthesis*, or between commas instead of a parenthesis, which authors and editors often use, and between *brackets*, [ ] is to be pronounced with a *lower* voice, and *quicker* than the rest, and with a short *stop* at the beginning and end ; that the hearer may perceive where the strain of the discourse *breaks off*, and where it is *resumed*; as, "When, therefore, the Lord knew, that the Pharisees had heard that Jesus made, and baptized *more* disciples than John, (though Jesus *himself* did not baptize, but his *disciples*) he departed from Judea, and returned to Gallilee."*

A youth should not only be accustomed to read to the master, while the general business of the school is going on, so that none, but the master, and those of his own class, can hear him ; but likewise to read, or speak, by *himself*, while all the *rest* hear. This will give him *courage*, and accustom him to pronounce *distinctly*, so that every syllable shall be heard (though not every syllable alike *loud*, and with the same *emphasis*) through the whole room. For it is one part of the judgment of a public speaker, to *accommodate* his *voice* to the *place* he speaks in, in such a manner as to *fill* it, and at the same time, not *stun* the hearers. It is matter of no small difficulty to bring *young* readers to speak *slow* enough. There is little danger of their speaking *too slow*. Though that is a *fault* as well as the contrary. For the hearers cannot but be disgusted and tired with listening much longer than is necessary, and losing precious time.

In every sentence, there is some *word*, perhaps several, which are to be pronounced with a *stronger* accent, or emphasis, than the others. Time was, when the emphatical word, or words, in every sentence, were printed in *Italics* ; and a great advantage it was toward *understanding* the *sense* of the author, especially, where there was a thread of *reasoning* carried on. Bnt we are now grown so nice, that we have found, the intermixture of two characters *deforms* the page, and gives it a speckled appearance. As if it were not of infinitely more consequence to make sure of *edifying* the reader, than of

* John iv. 1, 2, 3.

pleasing his *eye*. But to return to *emphasis*, there is nothing more pedantic than *too much* laid upon *trifling* matter. Men of learning, especially physicians, and divines, are apt to get into a fulsome, bombastic way of uttering themselves on all occasions, as if they were *dictating*, when perhaps the business is of no greater consequence, than

> What's a clock? Or how's the wind?
> Whose coach is that we've left behind? SWIFT.

Nor can an error be more ridiculous, than some that have been occasioned by an emphasis placed *wrong*. Such was that of a clergyman's curate, who having occasion to read in the church our Saviour's saying to the disciples, Luke xxiv. 25. "*O fools* and *slow of heart* [that is, *backward*] "to believe all that the prophets have written concerning me!" placed the emphasis upon the word *believe*, as if Christ had called them fools for *believing*. Upon the rector's finding fault; when he read it next he placed the emphasis upon *all*; as if it had been foolish in the disciples to believe *all*. The rector again blaming this manner of placing the emphasis, the good curate accented the word *prophets*; as if the *prophets* had been persons in *no respect* worthy of *belief*.

A total want of *energy* in expressing *pathetic* language is equally blameable. I have often been amazed how public speakers could bring out the *strong* and *pathetic* expressions, they have occasion to utter, in so *cold* and *un-animated* a manner. I happened lately to hear the tenth chapter of Joshua read in a church in the country. It contains the history of the miraculous conquest of the five kings, who arose against the people of Israel. The clergyman bears a very good character in the neighbourhood; I was therefore grieved to hear him read so *striking* a piece of scripture-history in a manner so *un-animated*, that it was fit to lull the whole parish to *sleep*. Particularly I shall never forget his manner of expressing the twenty second verse, which is the Jewish general's order to bring out the captive kings to *slaughter*. "Open the mouth of the cave, and bring out those five kings to me out of the cave;" which he uttered in the very manner

he would have expressed himself, if he had said to his boy, "Open my chamber door and bring me my slippers from under the bed."

CICERO * very judiciously directs, that a public speaker *remit*, from time to time, somewhat of the *vehemence* of his action, and not utter every passage with *all the force he can*; to set off, the more strongly, the *more emphatical parts*; as the painters, by means of shades properly placed, make the figures stand off bolder. For if the speaker has uttered a *weaker passage* with *all* the *energy* he is *master of*, what is he to do when he comes to the *most pathetic* parts?

The *ease*, with which a speaker goes through a long discourse, and his *success* with his audience, depend much upon his *setting out* in a proper *key*,† and at a due pitch of *loudness*. If he begins in too *high* a tone or sets out too *loud*, how is he afterwards to rise to a *higher note*, or swell his voice *louder*, as the more *pathetic* strains may require? The *command* of the voice, therefore, in this respect, is to be studied very *early*.

The force or *pathos*, with which a speech is to be delivered, is to *increase* as the speech goes on. The speaker is to grow warm by *degrees*, as the chariot wheel by its continued motion; ‡ not to begin in a pathetic strain, because the *audience* are not prepared to go along with him.

False and *provincial* accents are to be guarded against or corrected. The manner of pronouncing, which is usual among people of *education*, who are natives of the *metropolis*, is, in every country, the *standard*. For what Horace § says of the *choice* of words, viz. that the *people*, by their *practice*, establish what is *right*, is equally true of the *pronunciation* of them.

* De Orat. L. III. p 144. Tom. I. "Habeat tamen illa in dicendo," &c.

† The word key (taken from muſic) means that note, in the ſcale, which is the loweſt of thoſe that are uſed in a particular piece, and to which the others refer; and has nothing to do with loudneſs or ſoftneſs. For a piece of muſic may be ſung or played louder or ſofter, whatever its key is.

‡ "Quid inſuavius, &c. What is more offenſive to the ear, than for a pleader to open his cauſe in a boiſterous manner."

AUCT. AD HEREN. L. III. N XII.

§ "Quem penes arbitrium eſt, et jus et norma loquendi"

HOR. ART POET.

Nature has given to every emotion of the mind its *proper* outward expression, in such a manner, that what suits *one*, cannot by any means be accommodated to *another*. Children at three years of age express their *grief* in a tone of voice, and with an action totally *different* from that, which they use to express their *anger*; and they utter their joy in a manner *different* from both. Nor do they ever, by mistake, apply *one* in place of another. From hence, that is, from *nature*, is to be deduced the whole *art* of speaking properly. What we mean, does not so much depend upon the *words* we speak, as on our *manner* of speaking them; and accordingly, in life, the greatest attention is paid to this, as *expressive* of what our *words* often give no *indication* of. Thus *nature fixes* the outward *expression* of every intention or sentiment of the mind.

Art only adds *gracefulness* to what nature leads to. As *nature* has *determined* that man shall *walk* on his *feet*, not his hands: Art teaches him to *walk gracefully*.

Every part of the human frame *contributes* to express the passions and emotions of the *mind*, and to shew in general its present state. The *head* is sometimes *erected*, sometimes *hung down*, sometimes drawn suddenly *back* with an air of *disdain*, sometimes shews by a *nod*, a particular person, or object; gives *assent*, or *denial*, by different motions; *threatens* by one sort of movement, *approves* by another, and expresses *suspicion* by a third.

The arms are sometimes *both* thrown out, sometimes the *right* alone. Sometimes they are *lifted* up as high as the face, to express *wonder*, sometimes *held out* before the breast, to shew *fear*; *spread* forth with the hands open, to express *desire* or *affection*; the hands *clapped* in *surprise*, and in sudden *joy* and *grief*; the *right* hand *clenched*, and the *arms brandished*, to *threaten*; the *two arms* set *akimbo*, to look *big*, and express *contempt* or *courage*. With the hands, as Quintilian* says we *solicit*, we *refuse*, we *promise*, we *threaten*, we *dismiss*, we *invite*, we *intreat*, we express *aversion*, *fear*, *doubting*, *denial*, *asking*, *affirmation*, *negation*, *joy*, *grief*, *confession*, *penitence*. With the hands we *describe* and *point out* all circumstances of time, place, and manner of what we relate; we *excite*

* Lib. XI. Orat. P. 453. "Annon his poscimus," &c.

the passions of others, and *soothe* them, we *approve* and *disapprove*, *permit*, or *prohibit*, *admire* or *despise*. The hands serve us instead of many sorts of *words*, and where the language of the *tongue* is unknown, that of the *hands* is understood, being *universal*, and *common* to *all nations*.

The *legs advance*, or *retreat*, to express *desire*, or *aversion*, *love*, or *hatred*, *courage*, or *fear*, and produce *exultation*, or leaping in sudden joy; and the *stamping* of the *foot* expresses *earnestness*, *anger*, and *threatening*.

Especially the *face*, being furnished with a variety of muscles, *does more* in expressing the passions of the mind, then the *whole human frame* besides. The change of *colour* (in white people) shews, by turns, *anger* by *redness*, and sometimes by *paleness*, *fear* likewise by *paleness*, and *shame* by *blushing*. Every *feature* contributes its part. The *mouth open*, shews *one* state of the mind; *shut*, *another*; the *gnashing* of the *teeth*, *another*.

The *forehead smooth*, and *eyebrows arched* and *easy*, shew *tranquillity* or *joy*. *Mirth opens* the mouth towards the ears, *crisps* the *nose*, half-*shuts* the *eyes*, and sometimes fills them with *tears*. The *front* wrinkled into *frowns*, and the *eyebrows* over-hanging the *eyes*, like clouds fraught with tempest, shew a mind agitated with *fury*. Above all, the *eye* shews the very *spirit* in a *visible* form. In every different state of the mind, it assumes a different appearance. *Joy brightens* and *opens it*. *Grief half-closes*, and *drowns* it in *tears*. *Hatred* and *anger flash* from it like lightening. *Love*, darts from it in *glances*, like the orient beam. *Jealousy*, and squinting *envy*, dart their contagious *blasts* from the *eye*. And *devotion raises* it to the skies, as if the *soul* of the holy man were going to take its flight to heaven.

The *ancients** used some gestures which are unknown to us, as, to express *grief*, and other violent emotions of the mind, they used to strike their *knees* with the *palms* of their hands.

The force of *attitude* and *looks* alone appears in a wonderously striking manner, in the works of the *painter* and *statuary*; who have the delicate art of making the flat canvas and rocky marble utter every *passion* of the human

* Auct. ad Heren. L. III. N. XV. Quintil. Inst. Orat. P. 457.

mind, and touch the *soul* of the spectator, as if the picture, or statue, *spoke* the pathetic language of Shakespear. It is no wonder, then, that masterly *action*, joined with powerful *elocution*, should be irresistible. And the *variety* of expression by *looks* and *gestures*, is so great, that, as is well known, a whole play can be represented *without* a *word spoken*.

The following are, I believe, the principal *passions*, *humours*, *sentiments*, and *intentions*, which are to be expressed by *speech* and *action*. And I hope, it will be allowed by the reader, that is nearly in the following manner, that *nature* expresses them.

Tranquillity, or *apathy*, appears by the *composure* of the *countenance*, and general *repose* of the *body* and *limbs*, without the *exertion* of any one *muscle*. The *countenance open*; the *forehead smooth*; the *eyebrows arched*; the *mouth* not quite *shut*; and the *eyes* passing with an *easy* motion from object to object, but not dwelling *long* upon any one.

Cheerfulness adds a smile, *opening* the *mouth* a little more. *Mirth* or *laughter*, *opens* the *mouth* still *more* towards the ears; *crisps* the *nose*; *lessens* the *aperture* of the *eyes*, and sometimes fills them with *tears*; shakes and *convulses* the whole *frame*; giving considerable pain, which occasions *holding* the *sides*.

Raillery, in sport, without real *animosity*, puts on the *aspect* of *cheerfulness*. The tone of *voice* is *sprightly*. With *contempt*, or *disgust*, it casts a look *a-squint*, from time to time, at the object; and quits the *cheerful* aspect for one *mixed* between an affected *grin* and *sourness*. The *upper lip* is *drawn up* with an air of disdain. The *arms* are set *a-kimbo* on the hips; and the *right hand* now and then *thrown out* toward the object, as if one were going to strike another a slight back-hand blow. The pitch of the voice rather *loud*, the tone *arch* and *sneering*, the sentences short; the expressions satyrical, with mock praise intermixed. There are instances of raillery in scripture itself, as 1 Kings, xviii. and Isa. xliv. And the excellent Tillotson has not scrupled to indulge a strain of that sort now and then, especially in exposing the mock solemnities of that most ludicrous (as well as odious) of all religions, popery. Nor should I think raillery unworthy

the attention of the lawyer; as it may occassonally come in, not unusefully, in his pleadings, as well as any other stroke of ornament, or entertainment.*

Buffoonery assumes an arch, sly, leering *gravity*. Must not *quit* its *serious* aspect, though all should *laugh* to burst ribs of steel. This command of face is somewhat difficult; though not so hard, I should think, as to restrain the contrary sympathy, I mean of weeping with those who weep.

Joy, when sudden and violent, expresses itself by *clapping* of *hands*, and *exultation*, or leaping. The *eyes* are *opened* wide; perhaps filled with *tears*; often raised to *heaven*, especially by devout persons. The countenance is smiling, not composedly, but with features *agitated*. The voice rises, from time to time, to very *high* notes.

Delight, or pleasure, as when one is entertained, or ravished with music, painting, oratory, or any such elegancy, shews itself by the *looks*, *gestures*, and *utterance of joy*; but moderated.

Gravity, or seriousness, the mind fixed upon some important subject, *draws down the eyebrows* a little; *casts down*, or *shuts* or *raises* the *eyes* to heaven; *shuts* the mouth and *pinches* the *lips* close. The posture of the *body* and *limbs* is *composed*, and without much *motion*. The *speech*, if any, *slow* and *solemn*; the *tone unvarying*.

Enquiry into an obscure subject, *fixes* the body in one posture, the *head stooping*, and the *eye poring*, the *eyebrows drawn down*.

Attention to an esteemed, or superior character, has the same aspect; and requires *silence*; the eyes often *cast down* upon the ground; sometimes *fixed* on the *face* of the speaker; but not too *pertly*.

Modesty, or submission, bends the body forward; *levels* the *eyes* to the breast, if not to the feet, of the superior character. The *voice low*, the *tone submissive*, and *words few*.

Perplexity, or anxiety, which is always attended with some degree of fear and uneasiness, *draws* all the parts of the *body together*; *gathers* up the *arms* upon the *breast*,

* ——————ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res. Hor.

unless one hand covers the *eyes*, or rubs the forehead; *draws down* the *eyebrows*; *hangs* the *head* upon the breast, *casts down* the *eyes*, shuts and *pinches* the *eyelids* close; *shuts* the *mouth*, and pinches the *lips* close, or *bites* them. Suddenly the whole *body* is vehemently *agitated*. The person *walks* about *busily*; *stops* abruptly. Then he *talks* to himself, or makes *grimaces*. If he speaks to another, his pauses are *very long*, the *tone* of his *voice unvarying*, and his sentences *broken*, *expressing* half, and keeping in half of what arises in his mind.

Vexation, occasioned by some real or imaginary misfortune, *agitates* the whole *frame*, and, besides expressing itself with the *looks*, *gestures*, *restlessness*, and tone of *perplexity*, it adds *complaint*, *freting*, and *lamenting*.

Pity, a mixed passion of love and grief, looks down upon distress with *lifted hands*; *eyebrows drawn down*; mouth open; and *features drawn together*. Its expression, as to looks, and gesture, is the same with those of *suffering*, (see suffering) but more moderate, as the painful feelings are only sympathetic, and therefore *one remove*, as it were, more *distant* from the *soul*, than what one feels in his own person.

Grief, *sudden*, and violent, expresses itself by beating the *head*; *groveling* on the *ground*, tearing of *garments*, *hair*, and *flesh*; *screaming* aloud, *weeping*, *stamping* with the *feet*, *lifting* the *eyes*, from time to time, to heaven; *hurrying* to and fro, running *distracted*, or fainting away, sometimes *without recovery*. Sometimes violent grief produces a torpid sullen silence, resembling total *apathy*.*

Melancholy, or fixed grief, is *gloomy*, *sedentary*, *motionless*. The lower *jaw falls*; the lips pale, the eyes are *cast down*, *half-shut*, eyelids swelled and red, or livid; *tears* trickling *silent*, and unwiped; with a total *inattention* to every thing that passes. *Words*, if any, *few*, and those *dragged* out, rather than *spoken*; the *accents weak*, and *interrupted sighs* breaking into the middle of sentences and words.

Despair, as in a condemned criminal, or one who has lost all hope of salvation, *bends* the *eye-brows*, downward,

* Cura leves loquuntur; ingentes stu pent. Seneca Hipp.

clouds the *forehead*; rolls the *eyes* around frightfully; *opens* the *mouth* toward the ears; *bites* the *lips*; *widens* the *nostrils*; *gnashes* with the *teeth*, like a fierce wild beast. The *heart* is too much *hardened* to suffer *tears* to flow; yet the *eye-balls* will be *red* and *inflamed*, like those of an animal in a rabid state. The *head* is *hung* down upon the breast. The *arms* are *bended* at the elbows, the *fists clenched* hard: the *veins* and *muscles swelled*; the *skin livid*; and the whole *body strained* and violently agitated; *groans*, expressive of inward torture, more frequently uttered than *words*. If any words, they are *few*, and expressed with a *sullen*, *eager bitterness*; the tone of voice often *loud* and *furious*. As it often drives people to distraction and self-murder, it can hardly be over-acted by one, who would represent it.

Fear, violent and sudden, *opens* very wide the *eyes* and *mouth*; shortens the nose; draws *down* the *eyebrows*; gives the *countenance* an air of *wildness*; covers it with deadly *paleness*; draws *back* the *elbows* parallel with the sides; *lifts* up the open *hands*, the fingers together, to the height of the breast, so that the palms face the dreadful object, as shields opposed against it. One *foot* is drawn *back* behind the other, so that the *body* seems *shrinking* from the *danger*, and putting itself in a posture for *flight*. The *heart beats* violently; the *breath* is fetched *quick* and *short*; the whole *body* is thrown in a general *tremor*. The voice is *weak* and *trembling*; the *sentences* are *short*, and the *meaning confused* and *incoherent*. Imminent danger, real, or fancied, produces, in timorous persons, as women and children, violent *shrieks*, without any *articulate* sound of words; and sometimes irrecoverably *confounds* the *understanding*; produces *fainting*, which is sometimes followed by *death*.

Shame, or a sense of one's *appearing* to a *disadvantage*, before one's fellow-creatures, turns *away* the *face* from the beholders; covers it with *blushes*; *hangs* the *head*; casts *down* the *eyes*; draws *down* the *eyebrows*; either strikes the person *dumb*, or if he attempts to say any thing in his own defence, causes his *tongue* to *faulter*, and *confounds* his *utterance*; and puts him upon making a thousand *gestures* and *grimaces*, to keep himself in *counte-*

nance; all which only heighten the confusion of his appearance.

Remorse, or a painful *sense* of *guilt*, casts *down* the *countenance*, and *clouds* it with *anxiety*; hangs *down* the *head*, draws the *eyebrows down* upon the eyes. The *right* hand beats the *breast*. The *teeth gnash* with anguish. The whole *body* is *strained* and violently *agitated*. If this *strong* remorse is succeeded by the more gracious disposition of *penitence* or *contrition*; then the *eyes* are *raised* (but with great appearance of *doubting* and *fear*) to the throne of heavenly mercy; and immediately cast *down* again to the *earth*. Then floods of *tears* are seen to flow. The *knees* are *bended*; or the *body prostrated* on the ground. The *arms* are *spread* in a suppliant posture, and the voice of *deprecation* is uttered with *sighs*, *groans*, *timidity*, *hesitation*, and *trembling*.

Courage, steady, and cool, *opens* the *countenance*, gives the whole form an *erect* and *graceful* air. The accents are *strong*, *full mouthed* and *articulate*, the voice *firm* and *even*.

Boasting, or affected courage, is *loud*, *blustering*, *threatening*. The *eyes stare*; the *eyebrows* drawn *down*; the *face* is *red* and *bloated*; the mouth *pouts* out; the *voice hollow* and *thundering*; the arms are set a-kimbo; the *head* often *nodding* in a menacing manner; and the right *fist clenched*, is *brandished*, from time to time, at the person threatened. The right *foot* is often *stamped* upon the ground, and the *legs* take such large *strides*, and the *steps* are so *heavy*, that the earth seems to tremble under them.

Pride assumes a *lofty* look, bordering upon the aspect and attitude of *anger*. The *eyes open*, but with the *eyebrows* considerably drawn *down*; the *mouth pouting* out; mostly *shut*, and the *lips pinched* close. The *words* walk out *a-strut*, with a *slow*, *stiff*, bombastic affectation of importance. The *arms* generally *a-kimbo*, and the *legs* at a *distance* from one another, taking large *tragedy-strides*.

Obstinacy adds to the aspect of pride, a dogged *sourness* like that of *malice*. See *Malice*.

Authority opens the countenance; but draws down the *eyebrows* a little, so far as to give the look of *gravity*. See *gravity*.

Commanding requires an air a little more *peremptory*, with a look a little *severe* or *stern*. The *hand* is *held out*, and *moved toward* the person, to whom the order is given, with the *palm upwards*, and the *head* nods *toward* him.

Forbidding, on the contrary, draws the *head backward*, and pushes the *hand* from one with the *palm downward*, as if going to lay it upon the person, to hold him down immoveable, that he may not do what is forbidden him.

Affirming, especially with a judicial oath, is expressed by *lifting* the open right *hand*, and *eyes*, toward heaven; or, if *conscience* is appealed to, by laying the right *hand* upon the *breast*.

Denying is expressed by *pushing* the open right hand *from* one; and turning the *face* the contrary way. See *Aversion*.

Differing in sentiment, may be expressed as refusing. See *Refusing*.

Agreeing in opinion, or conviction, as granting. See *Granting*.

Exhorting, as by a general at the head of his army, requires a kind, *complacent* look; unless matter of *offence* has passed, as neglect of duty, or the like.

Judging demands a *grave*, *steady look*, with deep *attention*; the *countenance* altogether clear from any appearance of either *disgust* or *favour*. The *accents slow*, *distinct*, *emphatical*, accompanied with little *action*, and that *very grave*.

Reproving, puts on a *stern* aspect, *roughens* the *voice*, and is accompanied with *gestures* not much different from those of *threatening*, but not so *lively*.

Acquitting is performed with a *benevolent*, *tranquil* countenance, and tone of *voice*; the right hand, if not both, *open*, *waved* gently toward the person acquitted, expressing *dismission*. (See *dismissing*.)

Condemning assumes a severe look, but mixed with *pity*. The *sentence* is to be expressed as with *reluctance*.

Teaching, *explaining*, *inculcating*, or giving orders to an *inferior*, requires an air of *superiority* to be assumed. The *features* are to be composed to an authoritative *gravity*. The *eye steady*, and open, the *eyebrow* a little

drawn *down* over it; but not so much as to look *surly* or *dogmatical*.

The *tone* of voice varying according as the *emphasis* requires, of which a *good deal* is necessary in expressing matter of this sort. The pitch of voice to be *strong* and *clear*; the *articulation distinct*; the *utterance slow*; and the manner preceptory. This is the proper manner of pronouncing the *commandments* in the communion office. But (I am sorry to say it) they are too commonly spoken in the same manner as the *prayers*, than which nothing can be more unnatural.

Pardoning differs from *acquitting*, in that the latter means *clearing* a person after trial of *guilt*; whereas the former supposes *guilt*, and signifies merely delivering the guilty person from *punishment*. *Pardoning* requires some degree of *severity* of aspect and *tone* of voice, because the pardoned person is not an object of entire *unmixed* approbation; otherwise its expression is much the same as *granting*. See *Granting*.

Arguing requires a *cool*, *sedate*, *attentive aspect*, and a *clear*, *slow*, *emphatical accent*, with much *demonstration* by the *hand*. It differs from *teaching* (see *Teaching*) in that the look of *authority* is not wanted in *arguing*.

Dismissing, with *approbation*, is done with a *kind aspect* and *tone* of voice; the right *hand open*, gently *waved* toward the person: with *displeasure*, besides the look and tone of voice which suit displeasure, the *hand* is hastly *thrown out* toward the person dismissed, the *back* part toward him, the *countenance* at the same time turned *away* from him.

Refusing, when accompanied with *displeasure*, is expresed nearly in the *same* way. Without displeasure, it is done with a visible *reluctance*, which occasions the bringing out the words *slowly*, with such a *shake* of the *head*, and *shrug* of the *shoulders*, as is natural upon hearing of somewhat, which gives us *concern*.

Granting, when done with *unreserved* good-will, is accompanied with a *benevolent aspect*, and *tone* of voice; the right *hand pressed* to the left *breast*, to signify how *heartily* the favour is granted, and the benefactor's *joy* in conferring it.

Dependence. See *Modesty.*

Veneration, or worshipping, comprehends several articles, as *ascription, confession, remorse, intercession, thanksgiving, deprecation, petition*, &c. *Ascription* of honour and praise to the peerless and supreme Majesty of heaven, and *confession* and *deprecation*, are to be uttered with all that *humility* of *looks* and *gesture*, which can exhibit the most profound *self-abasement* and *annihilation*, before One, whose *superiority* is *infinite*. The *head* is a little *raised*, but with the most apparent *timidity*, and *dread*; the *eye* is *lifted*, but immediately cast *down* again, or *closed* for a *moment*; the *eyebrows* are drawn *down* in the most respectful manner; the *features*, and the whole *body* and *limbs*, are all composed to the most profound *gravity*; one posture continuing, without considerable *change*, during the whole performance of the duty. The *knees bended*, or the whole *body prostrate*; or if the posture be standing, which scripture* does not disallow, bending *forward*, as ready to prostrate itself. The *arms spread* out, but *modestly*, as high as the *breast*; the the *hands open*. The *tone* of the *voice* will be *submissive timid, equal, trembling, weak, suppliant*. The *words* will be brought out with a visible *anxiety* and *diffidence* approaching to *hesitation*; *few*, and *slow*; nothing of vain *repetition*, † *haranguing*, flowers of *rhetoric*, or affected *figures* of *speech*; all *simplicity, humility*, and *lowliness*, such as becomes a *reptile* of the dust, when presuming to address Him whose *greatness* is tremendous beyond all *created conception*. In *intercession* for our fellow-creatures, which is prescribed in the scriptures, § and in *thanksgiving*, the countenance will naturally assume a *small* degree of *cheerfulness*, beyond what it was clothed with in *confession* of sin and *deprecation* of punishment. But all affected *ornament* of *speech* or *gesture* in devotion, deserves the severest censure, as being somewhat much worse than absurd.

Respect for a *superior*, puts on the look and gesture of *modesty*. See *Modesty*.

Hope brightens the *countenance*; *arches* the *eyebrows*: gives the *eyes* an *eager, wishful look*; *opens* the *mouth* to

* Mark xi. 25. † Matth. vi. 7. § Matth. v. 44. Luke vi. 28.

half a *smile*; *bends* the *body* a little *forward*, the *feet equal*; *spreads* the *arms*, with the *hands open*, as to *receive* the *object* of its longings. The *tone* of the *voice* is *eager* and *unevenly* inclining to that of *joy*; but curbed by a degree of *doubt* and *anxiety*. *Desire* differs from *hope*, as to expression, in this particular, that there are more appearance of *doubt* and *anxiety* in the *former*, than the *latter*. For it is one thing to *desire* what is agreeable, and another to have a prospect of actually *obtaining* it.

Desire expresses itself by *bending* the *body* forward, and *stretching* the *arms* toward the object, as to grasp it. The *countenance smiling* and *wishful*; the *eyes* wide *open*, and *eyebrows raised*; the *mouth open*; the *tone* of voice *suppliant*, but *lively* and *cheerful*, unles there be *distress* as well as desire: the *expressions fluent* and *copious*; if no words are used, *sighs* instead of them; but this is chiefly in *distress*.

Love (successful) lights up the *countenance* into *smiles*. The *forehead* is *smoothed* and enlarged; the *eyebrows* are *arched*; the *mouth* a little *open*, and *smiling*; the *eyes*, *languishing and half-shut*, *dote* upon the beloved *object*. The *countenance* assumes the *eager* and *wishful* look of *desire* (see *Desire* above) but mixed with an air of *satisfaction* and *repose*. The *accents* are *soft* and *winning*; the *tone* of voice *persuasive*, *flattering*, *pathetic*, *various*, *musical*, *rapturous*, *as in joy*. (See *Joy*.) The attitude much the same with that of *desire*. Sometimes both *hands pressed* eagerly to the *bosom*. *Love*, unsuccessful, adds an air of *anxiety* and *melancholy*. (See *Perplexity* and *Melancholy*.)

Giving, *inviting*, *soliciting*, and such like actions, which suppose some degree of affection, real or pretended, are accompanied with much the same looks and gestures as express love; but more moderate.

Wonder, or amazement (without any other *interesting* passion, as *love*, *esteem*, &c.) *opens* the *eyes*, and makes them appear very *prominent*; sometimes *raises* them to the *skies*; but oftener, and more expressively, fixes them on the *object*, if the cause of the passion be a *present* and *visible* object, with the look, all except the wildness, of *fear*. (See *Fear*.) If the *hands* hold any thing, at the

time, when the object of wonder appears, they immediately let it *drop*, unconscious; and the whole *body fixes* in the *contracted, stooping* posture of *amazement*; the *mouth open*; the *hands held* up *open*, nearly in the attitude of *fear*. (See *Fear*.) The *first* access of this passion *stops* all *utterance*. But it makes amends afterwards by a copious *flow* of *words* and *exclamations*.

Admiration, a mixed passion, consisting of *wonder*, with *love* or *esteem*, takes away the *familiar* gesture, and expression of simple *love*. (See *Love*.) Keeps the *respectful look* and *attitude*. (See *Modesty* and *Veneration*.) The *eyes* are *opened* wide, and now and then *raised* toward heaven. The *mouth* is *opened*. The *hands* are *lifted* up. The *tone* of the voice *rapturous*. This passion expresses itself *copiously*, making great use of the figure *hyperbole*.

Gratitude puts on an aspect full of *complacency*. (See *Love*.) If the object of it is a character greatly *superior*, it expresses much *submission*. (See *Modesty*.) The right *hand* pressed upon the *breast* accompanies, very properly, the expression of a *sincere* and *hearty* sensibility of obligation.

Curiosity, as of a busy-body, *opens* the *eyes*, and *mouth*, *lengthens* the *neck*, *bends* the *body* forward, and *fixes* it in *one* posture, with the *hands* nearly in that of *admiration*. See *Admiration*. See also *Desire*, *Attention*, *Hope*, *Enquiry*, and *Perplexity*.

Persuasion puts on the look of moderate *love*. (See *Love*.) Its *accents* are *soft*, *flattering*, *emphatical*, and *articulate*.

Tempting, or *wheedling*, expresses itself much in the same way; only carrying the *fawning* part to *excess*.

Promising is expressed with *benevolent* looks, the nod of consent, and the open *hands* gently *moved* towards the person, to whom the promise is made; the *palms upwards*. The *sincerity* of the promiser may be expressed by laying the right *hand* gently on the *breast*.

Affectation displays itself in a thousand *different gestures*, *motions*, *airs*, and *looks*, according to the *character* which the person affects. Affectation of *learning* gives a stiff *formality* to the whole person. The *words* come stalking out with the *pace* of a *funeral procession*; and every

sentence has the *solemnity* of an oracle. Affectation of *piety turns up* the goggling whites of the *eyes* to heaven, as if the person were in a trance, and *fixes* them in that posture so long that the brain of the beholder grows giddy. Then comes up, deep-grumbling, a holy *groan* from the lower parts of the thorax; but so tremendous in sound, and so long protracted, that you expect to see a goblin rise, like an exhalation through the solid earth. Then he begins to *rock* from side to side, or backward and forward, like an aged pine on the side of a hill, when a brisk wind blows. The hands are clasped together, and often lifted, and the head often shaken with foolish vehemence. The tone of the voice is canting, or sing-song lullaby, not much distant from an Irish howl; and the words godly doggerel. Affectation of *beauty*, and killing, puts a fine woman by turns into all sorts of *forms*, *appearances*, and *attitudes*, but *amiable* ones. She undoes, by art, or rather by awkwardness (for true art conceals itself) all that nature had done for her. Nature formed her almost an *angel*, and she, with infinite pains, makes herself a *monkey*. Therefore this species of Affectation is easily imitated, or taken off. Make as many, and as *ugly grimaces*, *motions*, and *gestures*, as can be made; and take care that *nature* never peep out; and you represent coquetish *affectation* to the life.

Sloth, appears by *yawning*, *dosing*, *snoring*, the *head dangling* sometimes to one side, sometimes to the other, the *arms* and *legs stretched* out, and every *sinew* of the body *unstrung*, the *eyes heavy* or *closed*; the *words*, if any, *crawl* out of the mouth, but *half-formed*, scarce *audible* to any ear, and *broken off* in the middle by powerful *sleep*.

People, who walk in their sleep (of which our inimitable *Shakespear* has in has tragedy of MACBETH, drawn out a fine scene) are said to have their eyes open; though they are not, the more for that, conscious of any thing, but the dream, which has got possession of their imagination. I never saw one of those persons; therefore cannot describe their manner from nature; but I suppose, their speech is pretty much like that of persons dreaming, *inarticulate*, *incoherent*, and very *different*, in its *tone* from what it is when *waking*.

Intoxication shews itself by the *eyes half-shut, sleepy, stupid, inflamed.* An *idiot smile,* a ridiculous *surliness* or affected *bravado,* disgraces the *bloated countenance.* The *mouth open* tumbles out nonsense in heaps, without *articulation* enough for any ear to take it in, and unworthy of attention, if it could be taken in. The *head* seems too *heavy* for the neck. The *arms dangle* from the shoulders, as if they were almost cut away, and hung by shreds. The *legs totter* and *bend* at the knees, as ready to *sink* under the *weight* of the reeling body. And a general *incapacity, corporeal* and *mental,* exhibits *human* nature sunk below the *brutal.*

Anger (violent) or rage, expresses itself with *rapidity, interruption, noise, harshness,* and *trepidation.* The *neck stretched* out; the *head forward,* often *nodding,* and *shaken* in a *menacing* manner, against the object of the passion. The *eyes red, inflamed, staring, rolling,* and *sparkling* ; the *eyebrows* drawn *down* over them ; and the *forehead wrinkled* into clouds. The *nostrils stretched* wide ; every *vein swelled* ; every *muscle strained*) the breast heaving and the *breath* fetched *hard.* The *mouth open,* and drawn on each side toward the *ears,* shewing the *teeth,* in a *gnashing* posture. The face bloated, pale, red, or sometimes almost black. The *feet stamping* ; the right *arm* often *thrown out,* and *menacing,* with the *clenched fist shaken,* and a general and violent *agitation* of the whole *body.*

Peevishness or ill-nature, is a lower degree of anger ; and is therefore expressed in the above manner, only more *moderate* ; with *half sentences,* and *broken speeches,* uttered hastily ; the *upper lip drawn up disdainfully* ; the *eyes asquint* upon the object of displeasure.

Malice, or *spite, sets* the jaws, or *gnashes* with the *teeth* ; sends blasting *flashes* from the *eyes* ; draws the *mouth* toward the *ears* ; *clenches* both *fists,* and *bends* the *elbows* in a *straining* manner. The *tone* of voice and *expression,* are much the same with that of *anger* ; but the *pitch* not so *loud.*

Envy is a little more *moderate* in its gestures, than *malice* ; but much the same in kind.

Revenge expresses itself as *malice.*

Cruelty. See *Anger, Aversion, Malice,* and the other irascible passions.

Complaining, as when one is under violent bodily *pain, distorts* the *features*; almost *closes* the *eyes*; sometimes *raises* them *wishfully*; *opens* the *mouth*; *gnashes* with the *teeth*; *draws* up the *upper lip*; draws *down* the *head* upon the *breast,* and the whole *body* together. The *arms* are violently *bent* at the elbows, and the *fists* strongly *clenched.* The *voice* is uttered in *groans, lamentations,* and violent *screams.* Extreme *torture* produces *fainting* and *death.*

Fatigue, from severe labour, gives a general *languor* to the whole *body.* The *countenance* is *dejected.* (See *Grief.*) The arms hang listless; the *body,* (if sitting, or lying along be not the posture) *stoops,* as in old age. (See *Dotage*) The *legs,* if walking, are *dragged* heavily along, and seem at every step ready to *bend* under the weight of the body. The *voice* is *weak,* and the *words* hardly enough *articulated* to be understood.

Aversion, or hatred, expressed to, or of any person, or thing, that is odious to the speaker, occasions his drawing *back* as *avoiding* the *approach* of what he hates: the *hands,* at the same time, thrown *out spread,* as if to keep it off, The *face* turned *away* from that side toward which the hands are thrown out; the *eyes* looking *angrily* and *asquint* the same way the hands are directed; the *eyebrows* drawn *downward*; the upper *lip* disdainfully *drawn up*; but the teeth set. The *pitch* of the voice *loud*; the *tone chiding, unequal, surly, vehement.* The *sentences short,* and *abrupt.*

Commendation, or approbation, from a superior, puts on the aspect of *love,* (excluding *Desire,* and *Respect)* and expresses itself in a *mild tone* of voice; the *arms* gently *spread*; the *palms* of the *hands* toward the person approved. *Exhorting* or *encouraging,* as of an army by a general, is expressed with some part of the looks and action of *courage.*

Jealousy would be likely to be well expressed by one, who had often seen prisoners tortured in the dungeons of the *inquisition,* or who had seen what the dungeons of the inqisition are the best earthly emblem of; I mean *Hell.*

For next to being in the pope's, or in Satan's prison, is the torture of him who is possessed with the spirit of *jealousy*. Being a mixture of passions directly contrary to one another, the person, whose soul is the seat of such confusion and tumult, must be in as much greater misery than Prometheus, with the vulture tearing his liver, as the pains of the *mind* are greater than those of the *body*. Jealousy is a ferment of *love*, *hatred*, *hope*, *fear*, *shame*, *anxiety*, *suspicion*, *grief*, *pity*, *envy*, *pride*, *rage*, *cruelty*, *vengeance*, *madness*, and if there be any other tormenting passion, which can agitate the human mind. Therefore to express *jealousy* well, requires that one know how to represent justly all these *passions* by turns (See *Love*, *Hatred*, &c.) and often several of them together. *Jealousy* shews itself by *restlessness*, *peevishness*, *thoughtfulness*, *anxiety*, *absence* of mind. Sometimes it bursts out in a piteous *complaint* and *weeping*; then a gleam of *hope*, that all is yet well, lights up the countenance into a momentary smile. Immediately the face, clouded with a general *gloom*, shews the mind *overcast* again with horrid *suspicions* and frightful *imaginations*. Then the *arms* are *folded* upon the *breast*; the *fists* violently *clenched*; the *rolling*, *bloody eyes* dart *fury*. He *hurries* to and fro; he has no more *rest* than a ship in a troubled sea, the sport of winds and waves. Again he *composes* himself a little to reflect on the *charms* of the suspected person. She appears to his imagination like the *sweetness* of the rising *dawn*. Then his monster-breeding fancy represents her as *false*, as she is *fair*. Then he *roars* out as one on the *rack*, when the cruel engine rends every joint, and every sinew bursts. Then he throws himself on the *ground*. He *beats* his *head* against the pavement. Then he springs up, and with the look and action of a *fury*, bursting hot from the abyss, he snatches the instrument of death, and, after ripping up the bosom, of the loved, suspected, hated, lamented, fair one, he stabs himself to the heart, and exhibits a striking proof, how terrible a creature a puny mortal is, when agitated by an infernal passion.

Dotage, or infirm *old age*, shews itself by *talkativeness*, *boasting* of the past, *hollowness* of *eyes* and *cheeks*, *dimness* of *sight*, *deafness*, *tremor* of *voice*, the *accents*, through

default of *teeth*, scarce *intelligible*; *hams weak*, *knees tottering*, *head paralytic*, hollow *coughing*, frequent *expectoration*, breathless *wheezing*, laborious *groaning*, the *body stooping* under the insupportable load of years, which soon will crush it into dust, from whence it had its origin.

Folly, that is, of a natural *idiot*, gives the *face* an habitual, thoughtless, brainless *grin*. The *eyes dance* from object to object, without ever fixing *steadily* upon any one. A thousand *different* and *incoherent passions*, *looks*, *gestures*, *speeches* and *absurdities*, are played off every moment.

Distraction opens the *eyes* to a frighful wildness; *rolls* them *hastily* and *wildly* from object to object; *distorts* every *feature*; *gnashes* with the *teeth*; *agitates* all the parts of the *body*; *rolls* in the *dust*; *foams* at the *mouth*; utters, with hideous *bellowings*, execrations, blasphemies, and all that is *fierce* and *outrageous*; rushes *furiously* on all who approach; and, if not restrained, *tears* its own *flesh*, and, *destroys* itself.

Sickness has *infirmity* and *feebleness* in every motion and utterance. The *eyes dim*, and almost *closed*; *cheeks pale* and *hollow*; the *jaw fallen*; the *head* hung *down*; as if too *heavy* to be supported by the neck. A general *inertia* prevails. The *voice trembling*; the *utterance* through the nose; every sentence accompanied with a *groan*; the *hand shaking*, and the *knees tottering* under the body; or the *body stretched* helpless on the *bed*.

Fainting, produces a sudden *relaxation* of all that holds the human frame together, every sinew and ligament unstrung. The *colour flies* from the vermillion cheek; the sparkling *eye* grows *dim*. Down the *body drops*, as helpless, and senseless, as a mass of *clay*, to which, by its colour and appearance it seems hastening to *resolve itself*. Which leads me to conclude with

Death, the awful end of all flesh; which exhibits nothing in appearance different from what I have been just describing; for fainting continued ends in death; a subject almost too *serious* to be made a matter of artificial *imitation*.

Lower degrees of every passion are to be expressed by more *moderate* exertions of *voice* and *gesture*, as every public speaker's discretion will suggest to him.

Mixed passions, or emotions of the mind, require a

mixed expression. *Pity*, for example, is composed of *grief* and *love*. It is therefore evident, that a correct speaker must, by his looks and gestures, and by the tone and pitch of his voice, express both *grief* and *love*, in expressing *pity*, and so of the rest.

There may be *other* humours or passions, besides these, which a reader, or speaker, may have occasion to express. But these are the *principal*. And, if there be any *others*, they will occur among the following *examples* for practice, taken from various authors, and *rules* will be given for expressing them. And though it may by alledged, that *some* of these passions, or humours, are such, as hardly *ever* come in the way of the speaker at the *bar*, in the *pulpit*, or either house of *parliament*, it does not therefore follow, that the labour of studying and practising the proper ways of expressing them is *useless*. On the contrary, every speaker will find his account in *enlarging* his sphere of *practice*. A gentleman may not have occasion every day, to *dance* a *minuet* : but he has occasion to go into company every day ; and he will go into a room with much the better grace for his having learned to *dance* in the most *elegant* manner. The *orator* may not have actual occasion to express *anger*, *jealousy*, *malice*, and some few others of the more *violent* passions, for which I have here given rules. But he will, by applying his organs of elocution to express *them*, acquire a masterly *ease* and *fluency*, in expressing those he has actully *occasion* to express.

It is to be remembered, that the *action*, in expressing the various humours and passions, for which I have here given rules, is to be suited to the *age*, *sex*, *condition*, and *circumstances* of the character. Violent *anger*, or *rage*, for example, is to be expressed with great agitation (see *Anger*) but the rage of an infirm *old man* or of a *woman*, and of a *youth*, are all different from one another, and from that of a man in the *flower* of his age, as every speaker's discretion will suggest.

A *hero* may shew *fear*, or *sensibility* of *pain* ; but not in the same *manner* as a *girl* would express those sensations. Grief may be expressed by a person reading a melancholy story, or description, in a room. It may be

resist it, as to blow out a *conflagration* with the *breath* of his *mouth*, or to *stop* the stream of a river with his *hand*. His *passions* are no longer *his own*. The *orator* has taken *possession* of them ; and with superior power, *works* them to whatever he *pleases*.

There is no *earthly object* capable of making such *various*, and such *forcible* impressions upon the human mind, as a consummate *speaker*. In viewing the *artificial creations*, which flow from the pencil of a Raphael, the critical *eye* is indeed delighted to a high pitch, and the delight is *rational*, because it flows from sources, *unknown* to beings *below* the *rational* sphere. But the ear remains wholly *unengaged* and *unentertained*.

In listening to the raptures of Corelli, Geminiani, and Handel, the flood of pleasure which pours upon the *ear*, is almost too much for human nature. And music applied to express the sublimities of *poetry*, as in the oratorio of Samson, and the Allegro and Pensoroso, yields a pleasure so truly *rational*, that a Plato, or a Socrates, need not be *ashamed* to declare their *sensibility* of it. But here again, the *eye* has not its gratification. For the opera (in which *action* is joined with *music*, in order to entertain the *eye* at the same time with the *ear*) I must beg leave, with all due submission to the taste of the great, to consider as a *forced conjunction* of two things, which *nature* does not allow to go *together*. For it never will be other than *unnatural*, to see heroes *fighting*, *commanding*, *threatening*, *lamenting*, and making *love*, in the warblings of an Italian *song*.

It is only the elegant *speaker* who can at *once* regale the *eye* with the view of its most amiable object, the human form in all its glory ; the *ear* with the original of all music, the *understanding* with its proper and natural *food*, the knowledge of important truth ; and the *imagination* with all that in nature, or in art, is *beautiful*, *sublime* or *wonderful*. For the orator's *field* is the *universe*, and his subjects are *all that* is *known* of God, and his works ; of superior natures, good and evil, and their works, and of terrestrials, and their works.

In a consummate speaker, whatever there is of *corporeal* dignity, or beauty, the majesty of the human *face* divine,

It is granted, that *nature* is the *rule* by which we are to *speak* and to *judge* of propriety in speaking. And every public *speaker*, who faithfully, and in a masterly manner, *follows* that universal guide, commands *attention* and *approbation*. But a speaker may, either through incurable natural *deficiency*, or by deviating into some incorrigible *absurdity* of manner, express the *real* and the *warm* sentiments of his *heart*, in such an *awkward* way as shall effectually *defeat* his whole design upon those who hear him, and render *himself* the object of their ridicule. It is not enough, as Quintilian * says, to be a *human creature*, to make a *good speaker*. As, on one hand, it is *not true*, that a *speaker's* shewing himself in *earnest* is alone *sufficient*, so on the other, it is certain, that if he does not *seem* to be in earnest, he cannot but *fail* of his design.

There is a true *sublime* in *delivery*, as in the other imitative *arts*; in the *manner* as well as in the *matter*, of what an orator delivers. As in *poetry*, *painting*, *sculpture*, *music*, and the other elegancies, the true *sublime* consists in a set of *masterly*, *large*, and *noble* strokes of *art*, superior to florid *littleness*; so it is in *delivery*. The *accents* are to be *clear* and articulate; every *syllable standing off* from that which is next to it, so that they might be *numbered* as they proceed. The *inflections* of the voice are to be so distinctly *suited* to the *matter*, that the *humor* or *passions* might be known by the *sound* of the *voice* only, where there could not be one *word heard*. And the *variations* are to be, like the full swelling *folds* of the *drapery* in a fine picture, or statue, *bold* and *free*, and *forcible*.

True eloquence does not wait for cool *approbation*. Like irresistible *beauty*, it *transports*, it *ravishes*, it *commands* the *admiration* of all, who are within its reach. If it allows *time* to *criticise*, it is not *genuine*. It ought to *hurry* us out of ourselves, to *engage* and *swallow* up our whole *attention*; to *drive* every thing out of our *minds*, besides the *subject* it would hold forth, and the *point*, it wants to *carry*. The hearer finds himself as *unable* to

* Inst. Orat. p. 442.

† ——— Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt
Primus ipſi tibi. Hor.

time to time, his *look*, his *posture* his *motion*, and *tone* of voice, which if they were to continue too long the *same*, would become *tedious*, and *irksome* to the beholders. Yet he is not to be every moment *changing* posture, like an harlequin, nor *throwing* his *hands* about, as if he were shewing legerdemain tricks.

Above all things, the public speaker is *never* to *forget* the great *rule*, ARS EST CELARE ARTEM. It would be infinitely more pleasing to see him deliver himself with as little *motion*, and no better *attitude*, than those of an Egyptian *mummy*, than *distorting* himself into all the *violations* of *decorum*, which *affectation* produces. *Art*, *seen through*, is *execrable*.

Modesty ought ever to be *conspicuous* in the behaviour of all, who are obliged to exhibit themselves before the eye of the *public*. Whatever of *gesture*, or exertion of *voice*, such persons use, they ought to appear plainly to be *drawn* into them by the *importance*, *spirit* or *humor* of the *matter*. If the speaker uses any *arts* of *delivery*, which *appear* plainly to be *studied*; the effect will be that his *awkward* attempt to work upon the passions of his hearers, by means, of which he *is not master*, will render him *odious* and *contemptible* to them. With what *stiff* and *pedantic solemnity* do some public speakers utter *thoughts*, so *trifling*, as to be *hardly worth uttering at all!* And what *unnatural* and *unsuitable tones* of voice, and *gesticulations*, do others apply, in delivering what, by *their* manner of delivering, one would be apt to question, not only whether it is their *own* composition, but whether they really *understand* it.

The *clergy* have one considerable *apology* from the awkwardness of the *place* they speak from. A *pulpit* is, by its very *make*, necessarily *destructive* of all *grace* of *attitude*. What could even a *Tully* do in a *tub*, just *big enough* for him to *stand* in, *immersed* up to the *arm-pits*, *pillowing* his *chin* upon its *cushion*, as Milton describes the sun upon the orient wave? But it is hardly to be expected, that this, or any other *impropriety* in *sacred matters*, of which there are many *greater*, should be *altered*. *Errors*, in *them*,

become, by long establishment, *sacred*.* And I doubt not, but some of the *narrower* part of the *clergy*, as well as of the *people*, would think any other form of a pulpit, than the *present*, though much *fitter* for *exhibiting* the speaker to an advantge, an *innovation* likely to prove *dangerous* to *religion*, and which is worse, to the *church*.

Nor is it to be expected, that *decorum* of manner, in *preaching*, should be carried to any great perfection in England, while *reading* is thought to be *preaching*. If the Greek and Roman orators had *read* their sermons, the effect would have been, I suppose, pretty much the same as that which sermons produce among us. The hearers might have, many of them, *dropped asleep*. In some foreign countries, preachers are so much aware of the disadvantage of *reading*, that such, as have *weak memories*, have a prompter behind, in the pulpit, out of sight. However, it must be owned, that, if preachers would bestow a little pains in committing to the *memory* the substance of their discourses, so as not to be *slaves* to written *notes*, and endeavour to gain a tolerable *readiness* at extemporary *amplification* (which at the *bar* is *indispensable*) their discourses might have *effect*, though the *eye* should now and then be *cast* upon the *notes*, if not in a *clumsy* manner, and with *hesitation*. *Quintilian* † *himself* will not object to *so much* use of notes. as I have here allowed; though he absolutely requires his orator to be possessed of a *memory*.‡

* See the writings of many of the *clergy themselves* to this purpose, as Dr. *Clark*, *Hare*, *Hoadly*, *Whiston*, *Clayton*, &c. the CANDID DISQUISITIONS, and the CONFESSIONAL.

† Inst. Orat. L. x. C. vii.

‡ Dean Swift, in his *Letter to a young Clergyman*, writes on this subject, as follows:

"I cannot but think, that what is *read* differs as much from what is repeated *without book*, as a copy does from an original. At the same time I am fully sensible, what an extreme difficulty it would be upon you to alter this; and that if you did, your sermons would be much less valuable than otherwise, for want of time to improve and correct them. I would therefore gladly come to a compromise with you in this matter."

He then goes on to advise, that he should write his sermons in a large fair hand, and read them over several times before delivering them, so as to be able, with the help of an eye, cast down now and then, upon the paper, to pronounce them with ease and force.

to hear a *judicious* and *elegant* discourse from the pulpit, which would, in *print*, make a noble figure, *murdered* by him, who had learning and taste to compose it, but having been neglected as to one important part of his education, knows not how to deliver it otherwise than with a *tone* between *singing* and *saying*, or with a *nod* of his *head*, to enforce, as with a hammer, every emphatical word, or with the same unanimated *monotony*, in which he was used to repeat *Quæ genus*, at Westminster school; what can be imagined more *lamentable*! yet what more *common!* Were the educators of youth, intended for the ministry, of the opinion of the *prince* of *orators*, viz. that delivery is the *first*, *second* and *third* part of *oratory*, they would *spare* sometime from the many *less necessary* parts of school learning, to apply it to one so very *essential*; without which the weight of the most *sacred subject*, the greatest depth of *critical disquisition*, the most unexceptionable *reasoning*, the most accurate *arrangement* of *matter*, and the most striking *energy* of *style*, are all *lost* upon the audience, who sit *unaffected*, and depart *unimproved*. From hence it is, that while places of public *worship* are almost *empty*, *theatres* are *crowded*. Yet in the *former* the most *interesting* subjects are treated. In the *latter* all is *fiction*. To the *former* all are invited without any *expense*. The *charge* and *trouble* of attending the *latter* are *considerable*. But it will not be otherwise, so long as the speakers in the former take no more pains to enforce their public instructions than if they delivered *fictions*, and those in the *latter* bestow so much to make *fictions* seem *true*. It may be said, this observation has *often* been made *before*. The more is the *pity*. And it ought to be *often* made *again*, and to be *dwelt upon*, till the fault is amended.

Did preachers labour to acquire a masterly *delivery*, places of public *instruction* would be *crowded*, as places of public *diversion* are *now*. *Rakes* and *infidels*, merely to shew their *taste*, would frequent them. Could all frequent them and *none* profit?

It is common to hear complaints from the clergy, of the *inattention* of their hearers, even to *dozing*, and sometimes to profound *sleep*. But *where* does this complaint fall at *last*? Even upon the *preachers* themselves, who

address their hearers with such *coldness* and *indifference* as to leave them *nothing* to do, but to *go to sleep*. Let the preacher but *exert* himself properly, and he may *defy* his hearers to go to *sleep*, or withdraw their *attention* for a moment.

The clergy are likewise very full of their complaints of the little *effect* their labours produce. *Infidelity* and *vice*, they cry, prevail more than ever. Churches are poorly *filled*. And those, who attend for fashion's sake, are not much *better* than their *neighbours*.

But what is the *plain English* of this lamentable outcry? Why, truly, that they find people *loath* to go to the places of public instruction to be *disgusted* or *lulled to sleep*. And, that when they *have them there*, they cannot *persuade* them to quit their vices and follies by *lolling* twenty minutes upon a velvet cushion, and *reading* to them a *learned discourse*. That they cannot *warm* them to the love of virtue by a *cold*, ill-read, pulpit harangue. That they cannot win their *affections* whilst they *neglect* all the *natural* means for *working* upon the human *passions*. That they cannot *kindle* in them that *burning* zeal which suits the most *important* of all *interests*, by talking to them with the *coolness* of a set of *Stoic philosophers*, of the *terrors* of the *Lord*, of the *worm* that *never dies*, and the *fire* that is *not quenched*, and of future *glory*, *honor*, and *immortality*, of everlasting *kingdoms*, and heavenly *thrones*.

I know it is common for preachers to plead, in *excuse* of the *frigidity* of their manner, in addressing their audiences, their *modesty*, and fear of being accused of *affectation*. But are *these* any *hindrance* to the elocution of the *actors*, or even of the *actresses*? who, by study and practice, come to get the better of *timidity*, and to attain an elegant and correct utterance (and are indeed, the *only speakers* we have in England) without any appearance of *affectation*; which would render them *insufferable*. But do our *preachers*, in general, bestow *any thought*, or use *any means*, of any kind, for improving themselves in speaking? The younger part of the *players rehearse*, and *practice over* and *over*, *many* a *time*, and are *long* under the *tuition* of the principal actors, before they appear in public. But there are, I believe, *no other* public speakers among us, who take

such *pains*, though they bestow *great pains* in improving themselves in *learning*; which shews, that the *neglect* of *this* accomplishment, is more owing to the want of a due *sense* of its *usefulness*, than to any *other* cause. And yet, of the two, *learning* is much *less necessary* to a *preacher*, than skill in *persuading*. Quintilian* makes this *latter* the *supreme excellence* in his *orator*.

Let the reader only consider, that a *shoemaker*, or a *taylor*, is under a *master seven years*, at least, before he sets up for himself. But the *preacher* goes into the pulpit at *once*, without ever having had *one lesson*, or article of instruction in that part of his art which is the *chief* and most weighty, and without which all his *other accomplishments* are worth *nothing* toward gaining the *end* of *preaching*.

It may be alledged that the *clergy* cannot be expected to be great *orators* for *fifty* or an *hundred* pounds a year, which poor pittance is as much as many hundreds, I may say thousands, of them, have to maintain themselves and their families. The more is the pity.

But there are many *players* who do not get *more* than the lower clergy. And yet *they study hard*, for no greater encouragement, and actually acquire such skill in *working* upon the *passions* of mankind, that, for my part, if I wanted to have a composition of mine *well spoken*, I would put it into the hands of a second-rate player, rather than of *any preacher* I ever heard.

What could be imagined more *elegant*, if *entertainment alone* were sought; what more *useful*, if the *good* of *mankind* were the object, than the sacred function of preaching *properly performed*? Were the most *interesting* of subjects treated with proper perspicuity and adequate judgment, and well wrought discourses, delivered to listening crowds, with that *dignity* which becomes a teacher of divine truth, and with that *energy*, which should shew, that the *preacher* spoke from his *own heart*, and meant to speak to the *hearts* of his *hearers*, what *effects* might not *follow*? Mankind are not *wood* or *stone*. They are undoubttedly capable of being *roused* and *startled*. They may be *drawn*,

* Quint. Inst. Orat. L. vi. C. ii.

and *allured*. The voice of an able preacher, thundering out the divine *threatenings* against *vice*, would be in the ear of the *offender*, as if he heared the sound of the last *trumpet* summoning the dead to judgment. And the *gentle call* of *mercy*, encouraging the *terrified*, and almost *despairing penitent*, to look up to his offended heavenly Father, would seem as the *song* of *angels*. A whole multitude might be *lifted* to the *skies*. The world of spirits might be opened to the eyes of their minds. The terrors of that punishment, which awaits vice; the glories of that state, to which virtue will, through divine favour, raise the pious, might be, by a powerful preacher, rendered present to their understandings, with such conviction, as would make indeliable *impressions* upon their *hearts*, and work a substantial *reformation* in their lives.*

The convincing and irrefragable *proof*, that real and important *effects* might be produced by preachers by a proper application of *oratory* to the purposes of instructing and amending mankind, is, That *oratory* has been in all times, known *actually* to *produce* great *alterations* in men's ways of thinking and acting. And there is no denying *facts*. To bring instances of this in a copious manner, as the subject might deserve, would be to quote more history than could be comprehended in such a volume as this. Nor can any reader imagine, an art could have been in all free governments, so laboriously cultivated by *statesman*, had they not found it *useful* in the *state*. Do we not, in our own times, see the *effects* produced by it in the British *parliament*? But if any one should alledge, that there is *nothing* in the power of *preachers* by means of *oratory*; does it not follow, that then the *whole function* of *preaching* may as well be *laid aside*? for if *good speaking* will have no *effect* upon mankind, surely *bad* will have *none*.

Reasoning *a priori*, one would conclude, that we should see both the study, and the effects of oratory, carried to a pitch *beyond* what they reached in the *ancient* times of Heathenism. Have we not the advantage of those *noble*

* *Quintilian* (INST. ORAT. L. vi. C. ii) makes the knowledge and command of the *pathetic*, the main instrument of *persuasion*, which according to him, is the *great business* of the orator.

models, which the ancients struck out by the mere force of natural unassisted genius? Ought we not to *exceed* those *models*? But do we *come up* to them? Have we not incomparably *clearer* views of *nature*, and of all *knowledge*, than the *ancients* had? Have we not whole *sciences* of which they knew *nothing*? The *Newtonian* philosophy alone! to what *sentiments* does it lift the mind! How do the ideas, it gives us, of *immensity* filled with *innumerable worlds* revolving round innumerable *suns*; those *worlds* themselves the centres of *others*, secondary to them; all *attracting*; all *attracted*; *enlightening*, or *receiving light*; at *distances* unmeasurable, but all under *one* law!—— How do these ideas tend to *raise* our *conceptions* of the *Author* of such a work; Ought not *our productions* to *exceed theirs*, who had no such helps to *enrich* and *enliven* their imaginations? But, above all, as much as the heavens are higher than the earth, so much ought the views which *revelation* presents us with, to *ennoble* all our *productions* above those of the *ancients*, on whom that glorious light never shone. What had a *Demosthenes*, or a *Cicero*, to inspire so divine an ardour into their addresses to the people, compared with those *sublime doctrines*, which *angels* desire earnestly to pry into? If the poetical *description* of Jupiter shaking the heavens with his nod, *warmed* the *imagination* of a Phidias to such a pitch, as enabled him to produce the most majestic piece of statuary, that ever was beheld; and if the imagination of the *author** of that poetical description was exalted by the scenes he saw, and the learning he acquired by travelling into Egypt, and other parts; how ought the genius of the *christian orator* to be elevated, how ought both his compositions, and his manner of delivering them, to shine *superior* to all that *antiquity* ever saw; as he enjoys superior advantages for ennobling all his sentiments, and giving dignity and spirit to all he *composes* and *utters!* If we find a Plato or a Cicero, whenever they touch upon the sublime doctrine of a *future state*, rise above themselves, warmed with ——shall I say the *prospect*? no—with the *possibility*, or at most, with the *hope* of immortality; how animated ought *our* descriptions to be, how forcible *our* manner of treating of what we pretend firmly to *believe*; of what we know

* Hom. vid. Il. 1.

the Author of our religion confirmed by actually *rising* from the grave, triumphing gloriously over death, and *ascending* visibly to heaven.

Poor were the motives, and cold the encouragements which *they* could offer to excite their hearers to bravery, and to virtue, compared with those which we have to propose. For if they put them in mind of their country, their wives, their children, their aged and helpless parents; if they called upon them to shew themselves worthy *descendants* of their illustrious *ancestors*; if they roused their *shame*, or their sense of *honor*; if they held forth the prize of deathless *fame*! all these are as cogent arguments *now*, as they were *then*. What advantage our *Christian* orators have over them, toward gaining their end, of alarming, persuading, and reforming mankind, appears from considering how little chance *we* should have of producing any good effect upon a people strongly *attached* to pleasures, riches, and honours, by telling them, that if they continued to pursue these their beloved objects by unlawful means, they might expect, after their death, to be carried before Minos Rhadamanthus, and Æacus, who would condemn their souls to Tartarus, where the soul of Ixion was tied upon a wheel, and whirled about without rest; where Prometheus had his liver gnawed by a vulture, which grew again as fast as it was devoured, and where Danaus's fifty daughters had a set of barrels, with holes in their bottoms, to keep continually full to the top: and where all wicked souls would be condemned to some such punishment; but if, on the contrary, they would act the part of honest and worthy men, and exert themselves to the hazard, and, perhaps, loss of their lives, in the defence of the liberties of their country, their souls would be ordered, by the judges of the dead, to be placed in the Elysian fields, where were pleasant greens, and lucid streams, and fragrant groves; and where they shold amuse themselves with the innocent pleasures, which delighted them while here. Had our *Christian* orators *no better motives* to urge, than such as could be drawn from the consideration of certain *imaginary rewards* and *punishments* to be distributed in a certain *possible*, but *doubtful* future state in some *unknown* subterranean region; it might be expected, that their zeal

in urging them would be but *cold*, and the effect of their addresses to the people, *inconsiderable*. But the ancient orators had *no better* motives, from *futurity*, than *these* which I have mentioned, and those they could draw from *other* considerations were the same, which we may use *now*. What accounts should we have had of the power with which they spoke, and of the *effects* of their speeches, if they had had the awful *subjects* to treat of, and the *advantages* for treating of them with effect, which *our* preachers have! O shame to modern times! A Pericles, or a Demosthenes, could *shake* all *Greece*, when they warned their countrymen against an *invasion*, or alarmed them about the danger of their *liberties!* Whilst we can hardly keep our hearers *awake* when we stand forth to warn them in name of God, against the consequences of vice, ruinous to *individuals*, ruinous to *nations*; the cause not only of the subversion of states and kingdoms, when luxury and corruption spread their fatal contagion, and leave a people the unthinking prey of tyranny and oppression; but of utter irretrievable *destruction* of the *souls* and *bodies* of half a species* from the presence of God, and from the glory of his power, at that tremendous day, when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised, and when he shall sit upon the throne of judgment, from whose face heaven and earth shall fly away;† whose voice shall pronounce on the wicked the dreadful sentence, "Depart, ye cursed;" and whose breath shall blow up the unquenchable flame in which rebellious angels and men shall be irrecoverably swallowed up and destroyed.

It may, perhaps, be objected here, that sacred *truth* needs no *ornament* to set it off, no *art* to enforce it. That the *apostles* were *artless* and *illiterate* men; and yet they *gained* the great *end* of their *mission*, the *conviction* of multitudes, and the *establishemnt* of their *religion*. That therefore, there is no necessity for this attention to delivery, in order to qualify the preacher for his sacred office, or to render his labors successful.

* "Straight is the gate, and narrow the way, that leadeth to life, and few there be who find it." *Matt.*. vii. 14.

† Rev. xx. 11.

To all this the answer is ready, viz. First, the apostles were not *all* artless and illiterate. St. Paul, the *greatest* and *most general* propagator of christianity, is an *eminent exception*. He could be no *mean orator*, who *confounded* the *Jews* at Damascus,* made a *prince*, before whom he stood to *be judged*, confess, that he had *almost persuaded* him to become a convert to a religion every where *spoken against*;† threw another into a fit of *trembling*, as he sat upon his *judgment-seat*;‡ made a defence before the learned court of Areopagus, which gained him for a *convert* a member of the *court itself*, § struck a whole *people* with such *admiration* that they took him for the *god* of *eloquence*;‖ and gained him a place in Longinus's ¶ list of *famous orators*. Would the cold served-up *monotony* of our English *sermon-readers* have produced such effects as these? But farther, the apostles might very well spare *human* accomplishments; having what was worth them all, viz. the Divine gift of working *miracles*; which if our preachers had, I should not have much to say about their qualifying themselves in *elocution*. But, as it is, *public instruction* is the preacher's *weapon*, with which he is to combat infidelity and vice. And what avails a *weapon* without *skill* to *wield* it? *Medicines* the most salutary to the body are taken with *reluctance*, if nauseous to the taste. However, they are *taken*. But the more necessary physic for the *soul*, if it be not rendered somewhat *palatable*, will be absolutely *rejected*. For we are much less prudent in our care for the *most* valuable part of ourselves than for the *least*. Therefore the preacher ought, above *all other* public speakers, to labor to *enrich* and *adorn*, in the most masterly manner, his addresses to mankind; his views being the most *important*. What grand point has the *player to gain*? Why, to drawn an audience to the

* Acts ix. 22. † Acts xxvi. 28. xxviii. 22. ‡ Acts xxiv. 25. § Acts xvii. 34. ‖ Acts xiv. 12. ¶ "It was with no small pleasure I lately met with a fragment of Longinus which is preserved as a testimony of that critic's judgment, at the beginning of a manuscript of the New Testament in the Vatican library. After that author has numbered up the most celebrated orators among the Grecians, he says, "Add to these Paul of Tarsus, the patron of an opinion not yet fully proved." Spect. No. 633.

Therefore, Cicero* takes it for *granted*, that Calidius could not have addressed the senate in so *indifferent*, and *unanimated* a manner, if what he wanted to persuade them to believe had not been mere *fiction*. And Demosthenes, when one came to him, begging, that he would plead his cause against a person who had used him cruelly, of which usage he gave Demosthenes a very *cold* and *unanimated* account, could not *believe* that he had been so *injured*; till, upon his signifying his suspicion, the man was roused to some *warmth*; and then the orator was *convinced*, that his complaint was *well founded*, and immediately undertook his defence. †

If it should be said by preachers, "The people will be as much offended with us, if we *over-act* our part, as they are *now indifferent* about attending our ministry; so that it will *avail nothing* to study a more *lively delivery*;" to this I must beg leave to answer, that there is no reason to *fear any thing* from it. Because a manner of preaching may be used, which shall have *ten times* more *life* and *vivacity* in it, than the *present*, and yet (if it be not *unnatural* or *incorrect*) be very *safe* from all danger of *exceeding* due bounds as to *vivacity* and *force*. And, farther, we do in fact observe, that no preacher is *admired* (I do not mean by the mob, but by people of education) whose delivery is *dull* and *unanimated*; let his matter be *what it will*.

Lest any reader should think, I have been too *severe* upon the deficiencies of men of sacred characters, as to *delivery*, either in *leading* the *devotions* of the people or in *instructing* them in their *duty*; I will add, by way of *apology* for what I have said, some passages, to the same purpose, from the SPECTATOR.

"SIR,

The well reading of the common prayers is of so great importance, and *so much neglected*, that I take the liberty to offer to your consideration some particulars on that subject. And what more worthy your observation than this? A thing so public, and of so high consequence. It is

* Tuiſtuc, M. Calidi niſi fingeres, ſic ageres?
Cic. Brut. p. 181, Tom. 1.

† Plut. in vit. Demoſth.

indeed *wonderful*, that the frequent exercise of it should not make the performers of that duty *more expert in it*. This *inability*, as I conceive, proceeds from the *little care* that is taken of their reading while *at school*, where, when they are got into Latin, they are looked upon as above English, the reading of which is wholly neglected, or at least read to very little purpose, without any due observation made to them of the proper accent and manner of reading. By this means they have acquired such *ill habits*, as will not easily be removed." The writer of the letter then goes on to mention the advantage he himself found from being led in his devotions by an elegant performer of the service at St. James's Garlick-hill church.

"My eyes and my thoughts (says he) could not wander as *usual*; but were confined to my prayers.—The confession was read with such a resigned humility, the absolution with such a comfortable authority, the thanksgivings with such a religious joy, as made me feel those affections of the mind in a manner *I never did before*. To remedy, therefore, the *grievance* above complained of, I humbly propose, that this excellent reader, upon the text, and every annual assembly of the clergy at Sion College, and all other conventions, should read prayers before them. For then those, that are *afraid* of *stretching* their *mouths*, and *spoiling* their *soft voices*, will *learn* to read with *clearness*, *loudness*, and *strength*. Others, who affect a *rakish negligent* air, by *folding* their *arms*, and *lolling* upon their *book*, will be *taught* a *decent behaviour*. Those who read so *fast* as if *impatient* of their work, may *learn* to speak *deliberately*. There is another sort, whom I call Pindaric readers, as being confined to *no set measure*. These pronounce five or six words with great *deliberation*, and the five or six subsequent ones with as great *celerity*; the first part of a sentence with a very exalted voice, and the latter very low. Sometimes with one sort of tone, and immediately after with a different one. These gentlemen will *learn* of my admired reader an evenness of voice and delivery. And all, who are innocent of these affectations, but read with such an *indifferency*, as if they did not *understand* the *language*, may be *informed* of the art of reading *movingly* and *fervently*; how to place

the *emphasis*, and give the proper *accent* to each word, and how to vary the voice, according to the nature of the sentence. There is certainly a difference between reading a prayer and a gazette. These are often pretty classical scholars, and would think it an unpardonable sin to read Virgil, or Martial, with *as little taste*, as they do divine service." Spect. No. 147.

And the same standard author, in his 407th paper, complains as follows.

"Our *preachers* stand *stock still* in the pulpit; and will not so much as move a *finger* to set off the best sermons in the world. We meet with the same speaking *statues* at our *bars*, and in all public places of debate. Our words flow from us in a *smooth continued* stream, without those strainings of the *voice*, motions of the *body*, and majesty of the *hand*, which are so much celebrated in the orators of Greece and Rome. We can talk of life and death in *cold* blood, and keep our *temper* in a discourse, which turns upon every thing that is *dear* to us.

"It is certain, that proper *gestures*, and vehement exertions of the *voice*, cannot be *too much studied* by a public orator. They are a kind of *comment* upon what he utters, and *enforce* every thing he says with weak hearers," (and surely the *bulk* of hearers are *weak*) "better than the strongest *argument* he can make use of. They keep the audience *awake*, and fix their *attention* to what is delivered to them; at the same time that they shew the speaker is in *earnest*, and *affected himself* with what he so passionately *recommends* to *others*.

"How *cold* and *dead* a figure in comparison of these two great men, (Demosthenes and Cicero) does an orator often make at the British bar, holding up his head with the most *insipid serenity*, and stroking the sides of a long wig," &c.

Dean Swift (who was no friend to *over-doing* on the *serious* side) advises his young clergyman as follows:

"I take it for granted that you are already desirous to be seen in a pulpit. But I hope you think it prudent to pass quarantine among the desolate churches five miles round this town, where you may at least learn to *read* and *speak* before, you venture to expose your parts in a city congregation. Not that these are better judges, but

because, if a man must needs expose his folly, it is more safe and discreet to do so before few witnesses, and in a scattered neighbourhood. And you will do well, if you can prevail with some intimate and judicious friend to be your constant hearer, and to beg of him to give you notice, with the utmost freedom, of whatever he finds amiss either in your voice or gesture. For want of such early warning, many clergymen continue defective, and sometimes ridiculous, to the end of their lives. Neither is it rare to observe, among excellent and learned divines, a certain ungracious manner, or unhappy tone of voice, which they have never been able to shake off."

Are the faults complained of by these authors, who wrote almost fifty years ago, *amended*, or *likely* to be amended? Let the answer to this question be collected from the following verses, by Dr. Byram, prefixed to *Fordyce's* ART OF PREACHING, published a few years ago.

For, what's a sermon, good, or bad,
If a man *reads* it like a lad?
To hear some people when they preach,
How they run o'er all parts of speech,
And neither *raise* a word nor *sink*;
Our learned bishops, one would think,
Had taken *school-boys* from the rod,
To make *ambassadors* of God.

And afterwards,

In point of sermons, 'tis confest,
Our English clergy make the best:
But this appears, we must confess,
Not from the *pulpit*, but the *press*.
They manage with disjointed skill,
The *matter* well, the *manner* ill;
And what seems paradox at first,
They *make* the best, and *preach* the worst.

If there is, as we have seen, so much room to lament the deficiences of those who are to *lead* the *devotions* of congregations, and to *instruct* them in their *duty*, and whose business it is to *win* them, by every *engaging* and *powerful art*, to the faithful performance of it; if there is so much reason to wish that those failures might be made up, and those errors amended, which are undoubtedly a great cause of the *reluctance* we observe, in many to attend, and their *coldness* and *indifference* in places of

public worship and instruction; if the *clergy* are so deficient in their public performances, what is left for me to say of those devotion-confounding, ear-splitting pests of our churches, I mean the *parish-clerks* and *parish children*? I would only ask, whether, if we had declared a final and irreconcilable hostility against common *decency*, not to say *propriety*, and had set ourselves to find out the most effectual means possible for turning *worship* into *burlesque*; I would ask, I say, whether, if this was our design, there could be a more certain way to gain it, than to place a set of people in every church, who should come in between every two sentences spoken by the minister, with a *squall* as *loud* as the sound of ten trumpets, and totally *discordant* from *one another*, and from the *key* in which the *minister* speaks. If the *minister* speaks *properly*, why do not the *clerk* and the *charity-children* speak in *concord* with *him*? If the *clerk* speaks *properly*, why do not the *minister* and the *children* speak in the *same key* with *him*? Or if the *children* are *right*, why do not the *minister* and *clerk* scream as *high*, or at least, take a *concordant key* with theirs? They cannot *be all right*, and *all different* from *one another*. How much more rational would it be spend the time, which is now so ridiculously thrown away in teaching the poor children to set the ears of the whole parish on edge, in making them *understand* thoroughly what they so often repeat by rote, *without understanding*, I mean the answers to those useful questions in their catechism, "What is your duty to God?" and, "What is your duty to your neighbour?" This would be of *service* to them *all* their *lives*; whereas the other answers *no end*, that has the least connection with common sense.

It is by keeping clear of every thing *disagreeable* or grating, and by consulting all that may *please*, *entertain*, and *strike*, that the sagacious Roman Catholics keep up in their people, a *delight* in the public services of their foolish religion. If we were wise, and as much in earnest as we ought, we should imitate them in this. But what avails it to attempt to oppose that which has power to make *wrong right*, and *absurdity proper*, I mean the irresistible tyrant, CUSTOM, whose dominion is in no nation more *absolute* (where there are so *many* so *capable* of judging) than in *this* our dear *country*.

LESSONS.

I.

HISTORICAL NARRATION. (1)

THE *Trojans* (2) (if we may believe *tradition*) were the *first founders* of the *Roman Commonwealth*; who under the conduct of *Æneas*, having made their *escape* from their own ruined country, got to *Italy*, and there for some time lived a *rambling* and *unsettled life*, without any *fixed* place of abode, among the *natives*, an uncultivated people, who had neither *law* nor regular *government*, but were wholly *free* from all *rule* or *restraint*. This *mixed multitude*, however, *crowding* together into *one city*, though originally *different* in *extraction*, *language* and *customs*, united into one body, in a *surprising* (3) *short* space of time. And as their little state came to be *improved* by additional *numbers*, by *policy*, and by extent of *territory*, and seemed likely to make a *figure* among the *nations*; according to the *common course* of *things*, the appearance of *prosperity* drew upon them the *envy* Narration.

(1) Narration requires very little of what is properly called *expression*, in pronouncing it; I have, however, ordered the *emphatical words* in this, and all the *lessons*, to be printed in *Italics*, for the reader's help. See in the ESSAY, *Narration*, and the other *passions* put upon the *margin* of the *lessons*.

(2) Of the manner of pronouncing matter *contained* in a *parenthesis*, see the ESSAY, p. 13.

(3) A small *elevation* of the voice will be proper here, to express moderate *wonder*. See *Wonder*.

of the *neighbouring states*; so that the princes and people who *bordered* upon them, began to seek occasions of *quarrelling* with them. The *alliances* they could form, were but *few*: for most of the neighbouring states *avoided embroiling* themselves on their account. The Romans seeing, that they had nothing to *trust to*, but their *own conduct*, found it necessary (1) to *bestir themselves* with great *diligence*, to make *vigorous preparations*, to *excite one another* to face their *enemies* in the *field*, to hazard their *lives* in defence of their *liberty*, their *country*, and their *families*. And when, by their valour, they *repulsed the enemy*, they gave assistance to their *allies*, and gained friendships by *often giving*, (2) and *seldom demanding favours* of that sort. They had, by this time, established a *regular* form of *government*, to wit, the *monarchial*. And a *senate*, consisting of men *advanced* in *years*, and grown *wise* by *experience*, though infirm of body, *consulted* with their *kings* upon all *important matters*, and, on account of their age, and care of their country, were called *Fathers*. Afterwards, when *kingly power*, which was originally established for the *preservation* of *liberty*, and the *advantage* of the *state*, came to degenerate into *lawless tyranny*, they found it necessary to *alter* the *form* of *government*, and to put the *supreme power* into the hands of *two chief magistrates*, to be held for *one year only*; hoping, by *this contrivance*, to prevent the *bad effects* naturally arising from the *exorbitant* licentiousness of princes; and the *indefeasible tenure* by which they *generally imagine* they hold their *sovereignty*, &c. [Sal. (3). BELL. CATILINAR.]

(1) This sentence is to be spoken somewhat *quicker* than the rest, to express *earnestness*.

(2) The words, *often giving* and *seldom demanding*, being antithesis to one another, must be expressed with such an *emphasis*, as may point out the antithesis, or opposition.

(3) The reader is, once for all, desired to take notice, that I have not scrupled to *alter* both the *sense* and the *words* in many, if

II.

NARRATION.

DAMON and Pythias, of the *Pythagorean sect* in philosophy, lived in the time of *Dionysius* the tyrant of Sicily. Their mutual *friendship* was so *strong*, that they were ready to *die* for *one another*. One of the two (for it is not known which) being *condemned* to *death* by the tyrant, obtained leave to go into his own country, to *settle* his *affairs*, on condition that the *other* should consent to be *imprisoned* in his *stead*, and put to death for him, if he did not return before the day of execution. The *attention* of every one, and especially of the *tyrant himself*, was excited to the *highest pitch*; as every body was curious to see what should be the *event* of so *strange an affair*. When the time was almost elapsed, and he, who was gone, did not appear, the rashness of the other, whose sanguine friendship had put him upon running so seemingly *desperate a hazard*, was universally blamed. But he still declared that he had not the least shadow of *doubt* in his mind, of his friend's *fidelity*. The event shewed how well he knew him. He *came* in due *time*, and *surrendered* to that *fate*, which he had no reason to think he should *escape*; and which he did not desire to escape by leaving his *friend* to suffer in his *place*. Such fidelity *softened* even the *savage heart* of

Narration.

Doubting.

Confidence

Courage.

not moſt of the following paſſages, taken both from the ancients and the moderns. For my deſign was to put together a ſet of leſſons *uſeful for practice*, which did not reſtrict me to the *very words* of any author. I have endeavoured to make each leſſon a *complete* piece; which obliged me to inſert matter of my own. I have excluded *improper* ſentiments, and have ſubſtituted *modern* expreſſions for ſome antiquated ones, which I thought young people would be puzzled to underſtand; and I have inſerted a few fancies, which occurred to me in copying out ſome of the paſſages, to render them more diverting to youth, whoſe taſte long experience has given me ſome knowledge of.

Dionysius *himself*. He *pardoned* the *condemned*. He gave the two *friends* to *one another*; and begged that they *would* take himself in for a *third*. [*Val. Max. Cic.*]

III.

NARRATION.

Narration. DIONYSIUS, the tyrant of Sicily, shewed *how far* he was from being *happy*, even whilst he *abounded* in *riches*, and all the *pleasures* which *riches* can *procure*. Damocles, one of his flatterers, was complimenting him upon his *power*, his *treasures*, and the *magnificence* of his *royal state*, and affirming, that no monarch *ever* Questioning was *greater* or *happier* than he. "Have you a mind, Damocles," says the king, "to taste this *happiness*, and know by *experience*, what my enjoyments are, of which you have so *high* an *idea*?" Damocles *gladly* accepted the offer. Upon which the king ordered that a *royal banquet* should be prepared, and a *gilded couch* placed for him, covered with rich embroidery, and side-boards, loaded with *gold* and *silver* plate of immense *value*. Pages of extraordinary *beauty* were ordered to wait on him at table, and to obey his commands with the *greatest readiness*, and the most *profound submission*. Neither *ointments*, *chaplets* of *flowers*, nor rich *perfumes* were wanting. The table was loaded with the most *exquisite delicacies* of *every kind*. Damocles fancied himself amongst the *gods*. In the midst of all his happiness, he sees let down from the roof, exactly over his neck, (1) as he lay indulging himself in state, a *glittering sword*, hung by a Fear. single hair. (2) The sight of *destruction* thus

(1) The ancients, every body knows, lay on *couches* at table.

(2) This may be spoken with as much of the *action* proper to fear, (See *Fear* in the Essay, p. 21) as can be conveniently applied.

threatening him from on high, soon put a stop to his *joy* and *revelling*. The pomp of his *attendants*, and the glitter of the *carved plate*, gave him no longer *any pleasure*. He *dreads* to *stretch* forth his hand to the *table*. He throws off the chaplet of roses. He *hastens* to *remove* from his dangerous *situation*; and at last *begs* the *king* to restore him to his *former* humble condition, having no desire to enjoy any longer such a *dreadful* kind of happiness. [*Cic.* TUSC. QUEST.] Trepidation or hurry.

IV.

NARRATION.

THE prætor had given up to the triumvir, a woman of some *rank*, condemned for a capital crime, to be *executed* in the *prison*. He who had charge of the execution, in consideration of her *birth*, did not *immediately* put her to *death*; he even ventured to let her *daughter* have *access* to her in *prison*; *carefully searching* her, however, as she went in, lest she should carry with her any *sustenance*; concluding, that in a *few days*, the mother must, of course, perish for *want*, and that the *severity* of putting a woman of *family* to a *violent death*, by the hand of the *executioner*, might thus be *avoided*. Some days passing in this manner, the triumvir began to *wonder*, that the daughter *still came* to visit her mother, and could by *no means comprehend*, how the latter should *live so long*. *Watching*, therefore, *carefully*, what passed in the interview between them, he found to his great *astonishment*, (1) that the *life* of the *mother* had been, all this while, supported by the milk of the *daughter*, who came to the prison every day, to give her *mother* her *breasts* to *suck*. The *strange contrivance* between them was represented to the *judg-* Narration. Wonder.

(1) See *Admiration*, in the ESSAY, page 27.

es, and procured a *pardon* for the *mother*. Nor was it thought sufficient to give to so dutiful a *daughter* the forfeited life of her condemned mother, but they were both *maintained* afterwards, by a *pension* settled on them for life. And the *ground*, upon which the prison stood, was *consecrated*, and a temple to *Filial Piety* built upon it.

Declamation. *What* will not *filial duty contrive*, or what *hazards* will it not run; if it will put a daughter upon venturing, at the *peril* of her own *life*, to maintain her *imprisoned* and *condemned mother* in so unusual a manner. For what was ever Pity. heard of more *strange*, than a *mother sucking* the *breasts* of her own *daughter*? It might even seem so *unnatural*, as to render it doubtful, whether it might not be, in some sort, *wrong*, if it were not, that *duty* to *parents* is the *first law* of *nature*. [*Val. Max. Plin.*]

V.

HISTORICAL DESCRIPTION.

LUCIUS CATALINE, by birth a *Patrician*, was, by nature, endowed with *superior advantages* both *bodily* and *mental*; but his *dispositions* were *corrupt* and *wicked*. Aversion. From his youth, his *supreme delight* was in *violence*, (1) *slaughter*, *rapines*, and *intestine confusions*; and such works were the employment of his *earliest years*. His constitution qualified him for bearing *hunger*, *cold*, and *want* of *sleep*, to a degree *exceeding belief*. His mind was *daring*, *subtle*, *unsteady*. There was no *character* which he could not *assume* and *put off* at pleasure, *Rapacious* of what belonged to *others*; *prodigal* of his *own*; violently *bent* on whatever became the object of his *pursuit*. He possessed a considerable share

(1) Enumeration requires a short *pause* between the particulars.

of *eloquence*; but little *solid knowledge*. His *insatiable temper* was ever pushing him to grasp at what was *immoderate*, *romantic*, and out of his *reach*.

About the time of the disturbances raised by *Sylla*, Cataline was seized with a *violent lust* of *power*; nor did he at all *hesitate* about the *means*, so he could but *attain* his *purpose* of raising himself to *supreme dominion*. His *restless spirit* was in a continual *ferment*, occasioned by the *confusion* of his own private *affairs*, and by the *horrors* of his *guilty conscience*; *both which* he had brought upon *himself* by living the life *above described*. He was *encouraged* in his ambitious projects by the general *corruption* of *manners*, which then prevailed amongst a people *infected* with two *vices*, not less *opposite* to one another in their *natures*, than *mischievous* in their tendencies, I mean *luxury* and *avarice*.
[*Sal.* BELL. CATILINAR.]

Narration.

Horror.

VI.

ARGUING. (1)

NO one, who has made the *smallest progress* in *mathematics*, can avoid observing, that *mathematical demonstrations* are accompained with *such a kind* of *evidence*, as overcomes obstinacy, *insuperable* by many *other* kinds of reasoning. Hence it is, that so many learned men have laboured to illustrate other sciences with this sort of evidence; and it is certain, that the study of mathematics has given light to sciences *very little connected* with them. But *what* will not wrong-headed men abuse! This advantage, which *mathematical reasoning* has, for discovering *truth*, has given occasion to *some* to reject *truth itself*, though supported by the most *unexceptionable*

(1) See in the ESSAY, the articles *Arguing*, *Teaching*, &c. page 23 & 24.

arguments. Contending, that nothing is to be taken for *truth*, but what is proved by *mathematical* demonstration, they, in many cases, take away *all criterion* of truth, while they boast that they defend the only *infallible one*.

But how easy is it to shew the *absurdity* of such a way of philosophising? Ask those gentlemen, whether they have any more *doubt*, that there were, in former times, such men as *Alexander* and *Cæsar*, than whether *all the angles* of a plain triangle amount to the sum of *one hundred and eighty degrees*; they *cannot pretend* that they believe the *latter at all more firmly* than the *former*. Yet they have *geometrical demonstration* for the *latter*, and nothing more than mere *moral evidence* for the *former*. Does not this shew, that many things are to be received, are *actually* received, even by *themselves*, for *truth*, for *certain* truth, which are not capable of *mathematical* demonstration?

There is, therefore, an evidence, *different* from *mathematical*, to which we *cannot* deny our *assent*; and it is called by late philosophers, *moral evidence*, as the *persuasion* arising from it is called *moral certainty*; a certainty as *real*, and as much to be *depended upon*, as *mathematical*, though of a *different species*. Nor is there any more *difficulty* in conceiving how this may be, than in conceiving, that two buildings may be both *sufficiently substantial*, and in all the intents and purposes of buildings, *equally so*, though one be of *marble*, and the other of *Portland-stone*.

The object of mathematics is *quantity*. The geometrician measures *extension*; the mechanic compares *forces*. Divinity, ethics, ontology, and history, are naturally *incapable* of *mathematical disquisition*, or *demonstration*. Yet *moral subjects* are capable of being *inquired into*, and *truths* concerning them *determined* in *that way* which is *proper* to them; as well as *mathematical*

in *theirs*; in the same manner as *money* is reckoned by *tale*, *bullion* by *weight*, and *liquors* by *measure*, &c. [*Graves* Oration conc. Evid. MATHEM. ELEM. NAT. PHIL.]

VII.

ARGUING.

THE *regularity* of the *motions* and *revolutions* of the *heavens*, the *sun*, the *moon*, and *numberless stars*; (1) with the *distinction*, *variety*, *beauty*, and *order* of *celestial objects*: the *slightest* observation of which seems sufficient to convince *every beholder*, that they *cannot* be the effect of *chance*; these afford a proof of a Deity, which seems *irrefragable*. If he, who surveys an *academy*, a *palace*, or a *court* of *justice*, and observes *regularity*, *order*, and *œconomy*, prevailing in them, is *immediately convinced* that this *regularity* must be the effect of *authority* and *discipline*, supported by persons *properly qualified*; how much *more reason* has he who finds himself *surrounded* by so *many* and such *stupendous* bodies, Wonder. performing their various *motions* and *revolutions*, without the *least deviation* from perfect *regularity*, through the *innumerable ages* of past *duration*; how much *more reason* has he to conclude that such *amazing revolutions* are governed by superior *wisdom* and *power!*

Is it not therefore *astonishing*, that any man Contempt. should ever have *dreamed* of the possibility, that a *beautiful* and *magnificent system* might arise from the *fortuitous concourse* of certain *bodies* carried towards one another by, I know not what, *imaginary impulse!* I see not, why he, who is capable of ascribing the production of a

(1) Every body knows, that all the ancients, from Ariſtotle's time, held the Ptolemaic ſyſtem, viz. of the earth's being unmoveable in the centre of the univerſe, and the whole heavens turning round her.

world to a cause *so inadequate*, may not expect, from the *fortuitous scattering about* of a set of letters of ivory, or metal, a *regular history* to appear, But I belive, he who hopes to produce, in this way, *one single line*, will find himself *for ever disappointed*. If the casual concourse of atoms has produced a *whole universe*, how comes it, that we never find a *city*, a *temple*, or so much as a *portico*, which are all *less considerable works*, produced in the same manner? One would imagine, they, who *prate* so *absurdly*, about the origination of the world, had *no eyes*, or had never *opened them* to view the *glories* of *this immense theatre*.

Arguing. The reasonings of *Aristotle*, on this point, are *excellent*. "Let us suppose, says he, certain persons to have been born, and to have lived to mature age, *under ground*, in habitations accommodated with all the conveniencies, and even magnificence of life, except the *sight* of this *upper world*. Let us suppose those persons to have heard by fame, of *superior beings*, and *wonderful effects* produced by *them*. Let the earth be Wonder. imagined *suddenly* to *open*, and expose to the view of those subterraneans, this *fair world*, which we inhabit. Let them be imagined to be- Delight. hold the face of the *earth* diversified with *hills* and *vales*, with *rivers* and *woods*; the *wide extended ocean*; the *lofty sky*; and the *clouds* carried along by the *winds*. Let them behold the *sun*, and observe his *transcendent brightness* and *wonderful influence*, as he pours down the *flood of day* over the *whole earth*, from *east* to *west*. And when *night covered* the *world* with darkness, let them behold the heavens adorned with *innumerable stars*. Let them observe the various appearances of the *moon*, now *horned*, then *full*, then *decreasing*. Let them have leisure to mark the *rising* and *setting* of the *heavenly bodies*, and to understand that their *established courses* have been going on from *age* to *age*.

When they have surveyed and considered all these things, *what could they conclude*, but that the *accounts* they had heard in their subterranean habitation, of the existence of *superior beings*, *must* be *true*, and that these *prodigious works* must be the effect of *their power?*"

Thus Arisotle. To which I will add, that it is only our being *accustomed* to the *continual view* of these *glorious objects* that *prevents* our *admiring* them, and endeavouring to come to *right conclusions* concerning the *Author* of them. As if *novelty* were a better reason for exciting our *inquiries*, than *beauty* and *magnificence*.

[*Cic.* NAT. DEOR. Lib. II.]

VIII.

SNEER. (1)

RECEIPT TO MAKE AN EPIC POEM.

Teaching.

FOR the *fable*; take out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend (for instance, *Geoffry of Monmouth* or *Don Belianis of Greece*) those parts of the story, which afford most scope for *long descriptions*. Put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures into *one tale*. Then take a hero, whom you may chuse for the sound of his *name*, and put him into the *midst* of these *adventures*. There let him work for *twelve books*; at the end of which you may take him out ready to *conquer*, or to *marry*; it being necessary that the conclusion of an epic poem be *fortunate*. For the *machines*. Take of *deities*, *male* and *female*, as many as you can *use*. Separate them into two *equal parts*, and keep *Jupiter* in the *middle*. Let *Juno* put him in a *ferment*, and *Venus mollify* him. Remember on all oc-

(1) The *gravity* of *look* and *manner* is to be kept up as much in reading this, as if it were Ariſtotle's or Horace's ſerious directions on the ſame ſubject.

casions to make use of *volatile Mercury*. If you have need of *devils*, draw them from *Milton*; and extract your *spirits* from *Tasso*. When you cannot extricate your *hero* by any *human means*, or *yourself* by your *wits*, seek relief from *heaven*; and the *gods* will help you out of the scrape *immediately*. This is according to the direct *prescription* of *Horace* in his ART OF POETRY.

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus Inciderit.

That is to say, *A poet has no occasion to be at a loss, when the gods are always ready at a call.*

For the *descriptions*, as a *tempest*, for instance. Take *Eurus*, *Zephyrus*, *Austre*, and *Boreas*, and cast them together in *one verse*. Add to these of *rain*, *lightning* and *thunder*, (the *loudest* you can get) *quantum sufficit*. *Mix* your clouds and billows, till they *foam*; and *thicken* your description here and there with a *quicksand*. *Brew* your tempest well in your *head*, before you set it a *blowing*.

For a *battle*. Pick half a dozen *large handfuls* of images of your *lions*, *bears*, and other *quarrelsome animals*, from Homer's *Iliad*, with a spice or two from *Virgil*. If there remain an *overplus*, lay them by for a *skirmish* in an odd *episode*, or so. *Season* it well with *similes*, and it will make an *excellent battle*. For a *burning town*, if you choose to have one, old *Troy* is ready *burnt* to your *hands*, &c. [*Swift*, Vol. v. p. 132.]

IX.

REMONSTRANCE AND CONTEMPT OF PRIDE.

Queſtion. DOES *greatness* secure persons of rank from *infirmities* either of *body* or *mind*? Will the *head-ache*, the *gout* or *fever*, spare a *prince* any

more than a *subject?* When *old age* comes to lie *heavy* (1) upon him, will his *engineers relieve* him of the *load?* (2) Can his *guards* and *centinels*, by *doubling* and *trebling* their *numbers*, and their *watchfulness*, *prevent* the approach of *death?* Nay, if *jealousy*, or even *ill-humour*, *disturb* his *happiness*, will the *cringes* of his *fawning attendants restore* his *tranquillity? What comfort* has he, in reflecting (if he can make the reflection) while the *cholic*, like Prometheus's vulture, *tears* his *bowels*, that he is under a canopy of crimson *velvet* fringed with *gold?* When the *pangs* of the *gout* or *stone*, extort from him *screams* of *agony*, do the titles of *highness* or *majesty* come *sweetly* into his *ear?* If he is agitated (3) with *rage*, does the sound of *Serene*, or *Most Christian*, prevent his *staring*, *reddening*, and *gnashing* with his *teeth*, like a *madman?* Would not a *twinge* of the *tooth-ach*, or an *affront* from an *inferior*, make the mighty *Cæsar* *forget*, that he was *emperor* of the *world?*

Contempt. Anguish. Boasting. Contempt.

[*Montaigne.*]

X.

HORRORS OF WAR.

NOW had the Grecians snatch'd a *short repast*, Trepidation
And buckled on their shining arms *in haste*.
Troy rouz'd as soon; for on that *dreadful day*, Perplexity.
The fate of *fathers*, *wives*, and *infants* lay.
The gates, unfolding, pour forth all their train;
Squadrons on *squadrons*, cloud the dusty plain; Trepidation
Men, *steeds*, and *chariots shake* the *trembling ground.*
The *tumult thickens*, and the *skies resound.*

(1) The word *heavy*, to be dragged out as expreſſing *diſtreſs.* See *Complaining*, page 30.

(2) This ſentence (*Can his guards*, &c.) to be ſpoken with fear. See *Fear*, page 21.

(3) *If he is agitated*, &c. to be ſpoken full-mouthed, as boaſting. See *Boaſting*, page 22.

(1) And now with *shouts* the *shocking armies* clos'd,
To *lances*, *lances*—*shields*, to *shields* oppos'd,
Host against *host* their shadowy legions drew;
The *sounding darts* in *iron tempests* flew;
Victors and *vanquish'd* join *promiscuous cries!*
Triumphant shouts (2) and *dying groans* (3) arise!
Horror. With *streaming blood* the slipp'ry fields are dy'd,
And *slaughter'd heroes swell* the *dreadful tide.*
Long as the morning beams increasing bright,
O'er heaven's clear azure spread the sacred light,
Promiscuous death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverse battle *gor'd* with *equal* wounds.
But when the sun the height of heav'n ascends,
(4) The *Sire* of *Gods* his *golden scales* suspends
Awe. With *equal hand.* In these *explores* the fate
Of *Greece* and *Troy*, and *pois'd* the *mighty weight.*
Press'd with its *load*, the *Grecian* balance lies
Low sunk on *earth*; the *Trojan strikes* the *skies.*
Horror. (5) Then *Jove* from Ida's top his *horror spreads*,
The *clouds burst dreadful* o'er the Grecian heads;
Thick *light'nings flash*; the *mutt'ring thunder rolls*;
Their *strength* he *withers*, and *unmans* their *souls.*
Fear. Before his *wrath* the (6) *trembling host retire*,
The *gods* in *terror*, and the *skies* on *fire.*
[*Pope's* HOM. IL. B. viii. v. 67.]

XI.

PETITIONING WITH DEJECTION.

(Paſſages taken from ſundry Petitions (7) preſented to the French King by a diſgraced Miniſter. *Pens. Ing. Anc. Mod.* p. 167.)

Dejection. BEING *weary* of the *useleſs life* I live at preſent, I take the liberty of *imploring* with *pro-*

(1) To be ſpoken quick and loud.
(2) To be ſpoken boldly,
(3) To be ſpoken faintly, and with pity. See *Pity* page 20.
(4) To be ſpoken *ſlowly* and with *veneration.* See *Veneration*, p. 25.
(5) To be ſpoken *hollow* and *full-mouthed.*
(6) To be ſpoken with a *quivering voice.*
(7) Though petitions are commonly preſented in *writing*, yet they may be imagined to be addreſſed to the Prince *viva voce*, and ſometimes are.

found submission, your *Majesty*, that I may have leave to seek an *honourable death* in your Majesty's *service*. After the *disappointments*, and *reverses* of *fortune*, which I have had to *struggle with*, my *expectations* of rising *again* to prosperity, are brought *low enough*. But it would be a satisfaction to me, that my *real character* were *known* to your Majesty; which if it *were*, I flatter myself, I should have your Majesty's *indulgence*, nay your *esteem*. *Refuse not*, most *gracious Sovereign*, the means, for gaining this end, to a man, who is ready to shed his *blood*, in proof of his *loyalty* and *affection* to your *Majesty*. Were my own *private* interest *alone* concerned, I should be peculiarly *cautious* how I intruded upon your Majesty with these *solicitations*. But, as the *only happiness* I desire in this *world*, is, to have an opportunity of *serving* my *king* and *country*; I *humbly hope*, I may be *forgiven*, though I *urge* my *suit* with some *warmth* and *importunity*. I do not *presume*, Sire, to claim a *total exemption* from *hardship*. I pretend to *no right* to live a life of *indulgence*. *All* I *ask*, is, to change *one punishment* for *another*. And I *beseech* your Majesty to have *some* consideration for my *past* services; and that a *year's imprisonment*, *five years exile*, the *ruin* of my *fortune*, the *submission* with which I have *borne* these *punishments*, and the zeal I *still* am ready to shew for your Majesty's service, may plead in my favour, and *disarm* your Majesty of your *indignation* against me. It is true, that in making your Majesty the offer of my life, I offer what is of *little value* even to *myself*. But it is *all* I have to offer. The misfortune I have lain under, these *six years*, of your *Majesty's displeasure*, has rendered life *so insipid* to me, that *besides* the *honor* of losing it in your *Majesty's service*, the prospect of an *end*, being, by *death*, put to my *vexations*, makes the thought of my dissolution *pleasing* to me. If it *should seem good* to your

Humble remonstrance.

Beseeching

Earnest Solicitation.

Remorse.

Beseeching.

Humble remonstrance.

Dejection.

Profound Submiſſion. Majesty to finish my distresses the *other way*, I mean, by your most *gracious pardon*, the obligation will be *still greater*; and to the *zeal* I have for your Majesty's, *interest*, I shall think myself obliged to add *gratitude* suitable to so *important a favour*. And with *such sentiments* Reſolution. there is *nothing* I shall not be willing to enterprize for your Majesty's *service*. May *heaven* touch Devotion. the *heart* of your *Majesty*, that you may *at last* forgive your *sincerely penitent subject*. *No one* knows better than your Majesty, that it is *as* Humble remonſtrance. *great* to *forgive* as to *punish*. If I *alone* am doomed to have *no benefit* from that goodness, which extends to *so many*, my lot must be *peculiarly calamitous*.

XII.

PRAISE, UNDER THE APPEARANCE OF BLAME. (1)

VOITURE'S whimſical Commendation of the MARQUIS DE PISANY'S Courage. (*Pens. Ing. Anc. Mod.* p. 152.)

Congratulation. I AM *extremely glad* to hear that you are grown so *hardy*, that neither *labour*, *watching*, *sickness*, *lead*, nor *steel*, can *hurt* you. I *could* Wonder. *not* have *thought*, that a man, who lived *on water-gruel*, should have so *thick* a *skin*; nor did I imagine you had a *spell*, by which you was *powder-proof*. To account, how you come to be *still alive*, after the *desperate hazards* you have *run*, Congratulation. is more than *I can pretend to*. But I had rather, it were by the help of the *Devil himself*, than that you were as poor *Attichy*, or *Grenville*; if Diſapprobation. you were *embalmed* with the richest *drugs* of the *East*. To tell you my *opinion plainly*, Sir, let

(1) This is to be ſpoken in the ſame manner as if one was *finding fault in earneſt*; for it is the character of *Humour* to *mean* the *contrary* of what it *ſeems* to mean. And though the matter was originally part of a *Letter*, it may be imagined as *ſpoken*.

a man die for his *country*, or for *honor*, or *what you please*, I cannot help thinking he makes but a *silly figure*, (1) when he is *dead*. It seems to me a *great pity*, that some people should be *so careless* about their *lives*, as they *are*. *For despicable as life is*, a man when he has *lost it*, is not worth *half* what he was when he *had it*. In short, a *dead king*, a *dead hero*, or even a *dead demi-god*, is in *my mind*, but a *poor character*, and *much good* may it do *him* who is *ambitious* of it. Concern. Remonſtrance.

XIII.

A Love-Sick Shepherd's Complaint.

AH *well-a-day! how long* must I endure Lamentation.
This *pining pain?* (2) or *who* shall speed my *cure?*
Fond Love *no cure* will *have*; seeks *no repose*; Anguiſh.
Delights in *grief*, nor *any measure* knows.
(3) Lo! now the moon begins in clouds to rise, Complaint.
The bright'ning stars bespangle all the skies.
The winds are hush'd. The dews diſtil; and sleep
Hath clos'd the eye-lids of my weary sheep.
(4) *I, only*, with the prowling wolf, conſtrain'd Anguiſh.
(5) *All night to wake.* With *hunger he* is pain'd,
And *I with love.* His *hunger he* may *tame*;
But who can quench (6) *O cruel love!* thy flame?
Whilom did I, all as the poplar fair, Lamentation.
Up-riſe my heedleſs head, devoid of care;
'Mong ruſtic routs the *chief* of wanton game;
Nor could they merry make, till Lubin came.

(1) The ſpeaker will naturally utter theſe words, *ſilly figure*, with a *ſhrug*.
(2) The words *pining pain*, cannot be ſpoken too ſlowly. See *Complaining*, page 30.
(3) Theſe four lines are to be ſpoken *ſlowly*; and with a *torpid uniformity* of *tone*.
(4) The ſpeaker is to ſeem *rouſed here*, as by a ſudden *pang*.
(5) These four words to expreſs extreme *anguiſh*.
(6) A *ſtop* before and after the words, *O cruel love*, which are to be expreſſed with acclamations of *anguiſh*.

Who better seen than I in shepherd's arts,
To please the lads, and win the lasses' hearts?
How deftly to mine oaten reed so sweet,
Wont they, upon the green, to shift their feet:
And, *wearied* in the dance, *how* would they *yearn*
Some well devised tale from me to learn!
For many a *song*, and *tale* of *mirth*, had I
To chase the loit'ring sun adown the sky.
But *ah!* since Lucy, coy, *deep wrought* her *spight*
Within my *heart*, *unmindful* of *delight*,
The jolly youths I fly: and all alone
Deprecation. To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitless moan,
Oh! *leave* thy *cruelty*, relentless Fair,
Complaint. E'er lingering long, I *perish* through *despair*.
Had *Rosalind* been mistress of my mind,
Tho' not so *fair*, she *would* have prov'd more *kind*.
Advice. O *think*, unwitting maid! while yet 'tis time,
How flying years impair the youthful prime!
Thy virgin bloom will not *for ever* stay,
And flow'rs, tho' left ungather'd, *will decay*,
The flow'rs, anew, returning seasons bring;
But faded *beauty* has *no second Spring*.
Despair. (1) My *words* are *wind!* She, *deaf* to *all my cries*,
Takes *pleasure* in the *mischief* of her *eyes*.

[*A. Philips.*]

XIV.

REMONSTRANCE.

Part of *Socrates'* speech to *Montaigne*, in the French DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD. (*Pens. Ing. Anc. Mod.* p. 117.)

Antiquity. ANTIQUITY is an object of a *peculiar sort*: Distance magnifies it. If you had been personally acquainted with *Aristotle*, *Phocion*, and *me*; you would have found *nothing in us* very *different* from what you may find in people of your *own age*. What commonly prejudices us in *favour* of *antiquity*, is that we are prejudiced *against* our *own times*. We *raise* the ancients, that we may *depress* the moderns. When *we ancients*

Disapprobation.

(1) A long pause.

were *alive*, we *esteemed* our *ancestors more* than they *deserved*. And *our posterity* esteem *us* more than *we* deserve. But the very *truth* of the matter is, our *ancestors*, and *we*, and our *posterity*, are *all very much alike*.

XV.

AUTHORITY AND FORBIDDING.

Jupiter forbids the Gods and Goddeſſes taking any part in the contention between the Greeks and Trojans.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn, Narration.
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn;
When Jove conven'd the senate of the skies,
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops arise,
The *Sire* of *gods* his *awful* silence *broke*; Awe.
The *heavens*, *attentive*, *trembled* as he *spoke!*
"*Celestial states! immortal gods!* give *ear*; (1) Authority.
Hear our *decree*; and *rev'rence* what ye hear;
The *fix'd decree*, which not *all heaven* can *move*;
Thou, *Fate! fulfil* it; and ye, *Powers*, *approve*.
(2) What god shall enter yon *forbidden field*, Threatening.
Who *yields* assistance, or but *wills* to yield.
Back to *skies* with *shame* he shall be *driven*,
Gash'd with dishonest *wounds*, the *scorn* of *heaven*.
(3) Or from our *sacred hill*, with *fury thrown*,

(1) There are three pretty long *pauſes* to be made in this line, at the words, *ſtates*, *gods*, and *ear*. The words, *Celeſtial ſtates!* may be ſpoken with the *right* arm extended, the palm upwards, and the *look* directed toward the *right*, as addreſſing that part of the aſſembly. The words *immortal gods!* with the *left* arm extended, in the ſame manner, (the right continuing likewiſe extended) and the look directed toward the left hand part of the aſſembly. And the words, *give ear*, with the look bent directly forward. See *Authority*, page 22.

(2) At the words, *What god ſhall enter*, the left arm, which ſhould continue extended, with the right, to the beginning of this fourth line of the ſpeech, may be drawn in, and placed upon the hip, while the right is brandiſhed with the clenched fiſt, as in threatening. See *Boaſting*, page 22.

(3) The ſpeaker will naturally here point *downward* with the fore-finger of his right hand.

Deep, in the *dark Tartarian gulph*, shall *groan*;
With *burning chains fix'd* to the *brazen floors*,
And *lock'd* by *hell's inexorable doors*;
As *deep* beneath th' *infernal centre hurl'd*,
As from that centre to th' *æthereal world*.
(1) Let each, submissive, *dread* those *dire abodes*,
Nor *tempt* the *vengeance* of the *God* of *gods*.
Challenging. League *all* your *forces*, then, ye pow'rs *above*;
Your strength *unite* against the *might* of *Jove*.
Let down our golden *everlasting chain*,
Whose *strong embrace* holds *heaven*, and *earth*, and *main*.
Strive all of *mortal* and *immortal* birth,
*Contempt To *drag* by this the *Thunderer* down to *earth*,
†Challenging. (2) Ye* *strive in vain*, if I † but *stretch* this *hand*,
I *heave* the *gods*, the *ocean*, and the *land*.
I *fix* the *chain* to *great Olympus' height*,
And the *vast world* hangs *trembling* in my *sight*.
For *such* I *reign unbounded*, and *above*;
And *such* are *men* and *gods*, compar'd to *Jove*.

XVI.

SUBLIME DESCRIPTION.

An ODE, from the xixth Pſalm.

(*Spect.* No. 465.)

I.

Admiration THE *lofty pillars* of the *sky*,
And *spacious concave rais'd* on *high*,
Spangled with *stars*, a *shining frame*,
Their *great original* proclaim.
Th' *unwearied sun*, *from day* to *day*,
Pours knowledge on his *golden ray*,

(1) "Let each," &c.] The ſpeaker may here again extend both arms as before, the open palms upwards, caſting a look over the whole room, ſuppoſe to be filled with the gods.

(2) The ſpeaker will do well here, to have his arms in any other *poſture* rather than extended; becauſe, after the pauſe in the middle of the line, the right arm muſt be *extended* with great ſolemnity.

And *publishes* to *ev'ry land* — Veneration
The *work* of an *Almighty hand.*

II.

Soon as the *ev'ning shades prevail,* — Admiration
The *moon* takes up the *wond'rous tale,*
And *nightly* to the *list'ning earth*
Repeats the *story* of her *birth* ;
Whilst *all* the *stars,* that *round* her *burn,*
And *all* the *planets,* in their *turn,*
Confirm the *tidings,* as they *roll,*
And *spread* the *truth* from *pole* to *pole.*

III.

What, tho' in *solemn silence,* all — Question.
Move *round* the dark terrestrial ball ?
What, tho' no *real voice,* nor *sound*
Amid their *radiant orbs* be found ?
In *Reason's ear* they a*ll rejoice,* — Veneration
And utter forth a *glorious voice,*
For *ever singing,* as they *shine,*
" The *hand,* that *made us,* is *divine.*"

XVII.

DESCRIPTION, SUBLIME AND TERRIBLE.

The fight about Patrocles' body, broke off by Achilles' appearing on the rampart, unarmed, and calling aloud. (*Pope's Hom. Il.* xviii. v. 241.)

——— THE *hero rose,* — Admiration
Her *Ægis Pallas* o'er his shoulder *throws* ;
Around his brows a *golden cloud* she *spread* ;
A *stream* of *glory flam'd* above his *head* ;
As when from some beleagur'd town arise,
The *smokes high-curling* to the shaded *skies,*
(Seen from some *island,* o'er the main, afar,
When men, distrest, hang out the sign of war)
With *long projected beams* the seas are *bright,*
And heaven's wide *arch reflects* the *ruddy light* ;
So from Achilles head the *splendors rise,*

Reflecting *blaze* on *blaze* against the *skies*.
Forth march'd the *chief*, and distant from the crowd,
High on the *rampart* (1) *rais'd* his *voice aloud*.
With her own *shout* Minerva *swells* the *sound!*
Terror. Troy *starts astonish'd*, and the *shores rebound*.
As the loud *trumpet's brazen mouth* from *far*,
With *shrilling clangor sounds* th' alarm of war,
Trepidation So high his *dreadful voice* the hero rear'd;
(2) *Hosts dropp'd* their *arms*, and *trembled* as they heard;
And *back* the *chariots roll*, and *coursers bound*,
And *steeds* and *men* lie *mingled* on the *ground*.
Terror. *Aghast* they see the *living lightning play*,
And *turn* their *eyeballs* from the *flashing ray*.
Thrice from the trench his *brazen voice* he *rais'd*,
And *thrice* they *fled confounded* and *amaz'd*.
Twelve in the tumult *wedg'd*, untimely *rush'd*
On their *own spears*, by their *own chariots crush'd*:
While, *shielded* from the *darts*, the Greeks obtain
The *long disputed carcase* of the *slain*.

XVIII.

COMPLAINT.

Humorous petition of a French gentleman to the king, who had given him a title, to which his income was not equal, by reason of the weight of the taxes levied from his eſtate. (*Penn. Ing. Anc. Mod.* p. 428.)

[*After acknowledging the honour done him by the king's conferring on him a title, he goes on as follows.*]

Complaining. YOUR Majesty has only made me *more unhappy* by giving me a title. For there is nothing more *pitiable* than a *gentleman loaded* with a Vexation. *knapsack*. This *empty sound*, which I was such

(1) The reader will hardly need to be told, that ſuch matter ought to be expreſſed with a *raiſed voice*.
(2) Theſe three lines to be ſpoken *quicker* than the reſt.

a *fool* as to be *ambitious* of, does not keep away *hunger*. I know well enough, that *glory* makes us *live* after we are dead; but in *this world*, a man has but a *poor* time on't, if he has not a bit of *bread* to put in his *mouth*. I had but a *little* bit of land on the banks of the Rhone, on which I made a *shift* to *live*. But as it is now *taxed*, *any body* may have it for *me*; for I suppose I shall soon, with my *title* and *estate*, be glad of an *alms-house* for my seat. I have no *resource*, if there be a prosecution commenced against me, as they threaten, but in your Majesty's *goodness*. If indeed, my fate is to be decided by *that*, I am in no danger, but shall *laugh* at them *all*. If your Majesty were to seize my *poor patrimony whole*, *what* would a *few acres* of *marsh-land* be to the* *mighty monarch* of *France* and *Navarre*? It † bears nothing but *willows*, and your Majesty values *no trees* but the ‡ *laurel*. I therefore beseech your Majesty to give me leave to *enjoy* what my *little spot brings in*, without *deduction*. All that a *poor subject* asks of your Majesty is —That your Majesty would *ask nothing of him*.

Apprehension.
Comfort.
Deprecation
*Pomp.
†Contempt
‡Flattery.
Submission.
Intreating.

XIX.

TERRIBLE DESCRIPTION.

IN *elder* days, ere yet the Roman bands
Victorious, this our *distant* world subdu'd,
A *spacious city stood*, with *firmest walls*
Sure mounded, and with *num'rous turrets crown'd*,
Aeriel spires and *citadels*, the *seat*
Of *kings* and *heroes resolute* in *war*;
Fam'd Ariconium; *uncontroll'd* and *free*,
Till *all-subduing Latian arms prevail'd*.
Then likewise, tho' to *foreign* yoke submiss,
Unlevell'd she remained; and e'en till *now*
Perhaps had stood, of *ancient* British *art*
A *pleasing monument*, not less admir'd
Than what from *Attic* or *Etruscan hands*

Narration.

Arose ; had not the *heav'nly pow'rs* averse
Decreed her *final doom*. And now the fields
Labour'd with *thirst*. Aquarius had not shed
His *wonted show'rs*, and Sirius parch'd with *heat*
Solstitial, the *green herb*. Hence 'gan *relax*
The earth's *contexture*. Hence *Tartarian dregs*,
Horror. *Sulphur* and *nitrous spume*, enkindling *fierce*,
Bellow'd tremendous in her *darksome caves*,
More *dismal* than the *loud disploded roar*
Of *brazen engin'ry*, that ceaseless *storm*
The bastion of a well-built city, deem'd
Impregnable. Th' infernal *winds*, till now
Closely imprison'd by Titanian warmth
Dilating, and with *unctuous* vapour fed,
Disdain'd their narrow cells ; and, their *full* strength
Collecting, from beneath the solid mass
Up-heav'd, and all her *castles*, *rooted deep*,
Shook from their *lowest seat*. Old *Vaga's* stream
Forc'd by the sudden *shock*, her *wonted track*
Forsook, and drew her *humid train* aslope,
Awe. *Wrinkling* her *banks*. And now the *low'ring sky*,
The *baleful light'ning*, and loud *thunder*, voice
Of *angry heav'n*, fierce *roaring*, with dismay
Trepidation The *boldest* hearts appall'd. (1) *Where* should they turn
Distress'd ? *Whence* seek for aid ? When from below
Hell *threatens* ; and when *fate supreme* gives *signs*
Despair. Of *wrath* and *desolation*. *Vain* were *vows*,
And *plaints*, and suppliant *hands*, to heav'n erect!
Yet some to temples fled, and humble rites
Contempt. Perform'd to *Thor* and *Woden*, fabled gods,
Who with their *vot'ries* in *one* ruin shar'd,
Trepidation *O'erwhelm'd* and *crush'd*. Others in *frantic mood*,
Run *howling* through the *streets*. Their hideous *yells*
Horror. *Rend* the dark *welkin*. *Horror stalks* around
Wild *staring*, and his *sad* concomitant

(1) To be spoken quick from the words, *Where should*, to *desolation*.

Despair, of *abject* look. At ev'ry *gate* Trepidation
The *thronging* populace with *hasty* strides
Press *furious*, and, too *eager* of escape,
Obstruct the spacious way. The *rocking* street
Deceives their *footsteps*. To and fro they reel
Astonish'd, as with *wine* o'ercharg'd. When lo!
The parched earth her *riven* mouth disparts Horror.
Horrible chasm *profound*! With *swift* descent
Old *Ariconium sinks*; and *all* her tribes,
Heroes and *senators*, *down* to the realms
Of *endless night*. Meanwhile the *loosen'd* winds
Infuriate, molton *rocks* and *globes* of *fire*
Hurl'd *high* above the *clouds*; till all their force
Consum'd, her *rav'nous jaws*, earth satiate, *clos'd*.

[*A. Philips.*]

XX.

RIDICULE.

SWIFT on Tranſubstantiation. (1) *(Tale of a Tub*, Sect. IV.*)*

SCENE.—*Lord Peter's house; a table covered with plates, knives, and forks, and a brown loaf in the middle of the table.*

LORD PETER, MARTIN, *and* JACK.

Peter. BREAD, gentlemen, bread is the *staff* Diſtating.
of *life*. In bread is contained *inclusive*, the *quintessence* of *beef*, *mutton*, *veal*, *venison*, *partridge*, *plumb-pudding*, *and custard*; and, to render *all complete*, there is intermingled a due quantity of *water*, whose *crudities* are *corrected* by *yeast*, and which therefore becomes, to *all intents* and

(1) A pupil, in order to his expreſſing properly this leſſon, muſt be let a little into the author's plot; that by Peter is meant the Pope; by Martin, the Lutheran Church; and by Jack, the Calviniſts. That in this paſſage, he expoſes the doctrine of the wafer's being tranſubſtantiated into the real body of Chriſt; the Papiſts refuſing the cup to the laity; the arrogance of the Popes; and the evils ariſing from perſecution.

purposes, a *wholesome fermented liquor diffused* through the *mass* of the *bread*. Therefore, he who eats *bread*, at the same time *eats* the *best* of *food*, and *drinks* the *best* of *liquors*. *Come on*
Inviting. brothers, the *cause* is *good*; fall to, and spare not. Here is a shoulder of *excellent Banstead mutton* [pointing to the brown loaf] as *ever* was *cut* with *knife*. Here you may *cut* and come *again*. But, now I think on it, I had better help you *myself*, now my hand is in. Young people are *bashful*. *Come*, brother Martin, let me help you to this *slice*.

Surprise. *Martin*. *My lord!* [so Peter ordered his
Submission. brothers to call him] I doubt, with *great submision*, here is some *little mistake*. In my humble———

Peevishness *Peter*. *What*, you are *merry? Come, then*, let us *hear* this *jest*, your *head* is so *big* with.

Submission. *Martin*, No jest *indeed* my lord. But unless I am *very much deceived*, your lordship was pleased, a little while ago, to drop a word about *mutton*; and I should be glad to *see* it upon the *table*.

Peevishness *Peter*. *How!* I don't comprehend you;
Submission. *Jack*. Why, my lord, my brother Martin, I suppose, is *hungry*, and longs to see the *shoulder* of Banstead *mutton*, you spoke of, come to table.

Peevishness *Peter*. Pray *explain* yourselves, gentlemen. Either you are both out of your *wits*, or are disposed to be merry a little *unseasonably*. You had better keep your jokes till after *dinner*. Brother
Recollection. Martin, if you don't *like* the *slice* I have helped you to, I will cut you *another*; though I should think it the *choicest bit* of the *whole shoulder*.

Question. *Martin*. What then, my lord, is this *brown*
Wonder. *loaf* a shoulder of Banstead *mutton* all this while?

Reproving. *Peter*. Pray, Sir, *leave off* your *impertinence*, and eat your *victuals*, if you please. I am not disposed to *relish* your *wit* at present.

Martin. May I then, my lord, be *soused* over *head* and *ears* in a *horse-pond*, if it seems to my *eyes*, my *fingers*, my *nose*, or my *teeth*, either *less* or *more*, than a slice of a stale six-penny *brown loaf*. Affirmation

Jack. If I *ever saw a shoulder* of *mutton* in my *life* look *so like* a six-penny brown *loaf*, I am an old *basket-woman*. Confirmation.

Peter. *Look you*, gentlemen, to *convince* you what a couple of *blind*, *positive*, *ignorant puppies*, you are, I will use but *one* plain argument. The *devil roast both* your *souls* on his *gridiron* to all *eternity*, if you don't believe *this* [clapping his hand upon the brown loaf] to be a *shoulder* of as *good mutton* as ever was *sold* in *Leaden-hall market*. Reproving. Execration.

Martin. Why truly, upon more *mature consideration*——— Recollection.

Jack. Why, ay, now I have thought *better* on the thing, your lordship seems to be in the *right*.

Peter. *O now* you are *come* to *yourselves*. Boy fill me a bumper of *claret*. *Come*, brothers, here is a good *health* to you both. Reconciliation.

Martin and Jack. *Thank* your good *lordship*, and shall be glad to *pledge* you. Submission.

Peter. *That* you *shall*, my boys. I am not a man to refuse you *any thing* in *reason*. A *moderate* glass of wine is a *cordial*. *There*, [giving them a crust each,] There is a *bumper a-piece* for you. *True natural* juice of the *grape*. None of your nasty *balderdash* vintners' *brewings*—*What now?* [Observing them to stare,] are you at your doubts *again?* *Here*, *boy*; call neighbour *Dominic* (1) the *blacksmith*, here. Bid him bring his *tongs* with him. *Red hot*—d'ye *hear?* *I'll* teach you to *doubt*. Giving. Threatening.

Martin. (2) *Come*, *Jack*; this house is like to be too *hot* for you and me soon. He is quite Trepidation

(1) St Dominic was the inventor of the Inquisition.
(2) To be spoken *quick* to the end.

raving mad. Let's get *away* (1) as *fast* as we *can.*

Jack. A *plague* on his *crazy head.* If ever I put my nose within his *doors again*, may it be *pinched off* in good *earnest.* [*Exeunt, running.*]

XXI.

EXHORTATION.

Prologue to Cato.

Teaching. TO *wake* the *soul* by *tender strokes* of *art*,
To *raise* the *genius*, and to *mend* the *heart*; (2)
Courage. To make mankind in *conscious virtue bold*,
Live o'er each *scene*, and *be* what they *behold*;
Teaching. For *this* the *tragic* muse first *trod* the *stage*,
Commanding *tears* to *stream* through ev'ry *age*.
Tyrants no more their *savage* nature kept,
Wonder. And foes to *virtue wonder'd* how they *wept*.
Contempt. (3) Our *author shuns* by *vulgar* springs to *move*,
The *hero's glory*, or the *virgin's love*.
In *pitying love*, we but our *weakness* show,
And *wild ambition* well *deserves* its *woe*.
Exciting. *Here tears* shall *flow* from a more *gen'rous* cause,
Such tears as *patriots* shed for *dying laws*.
He bids your *breast* with *ancient ardors rise*,
And calls forth *Roman drops* from *British eyes*.
Virtue confest in *human shape* he *draws*,
Veneration. What *Plato thought*, and *godlike Cato was*;
No *common object* to your sight displays;
Awe. But what with *pleasure heav'n itself surveys*,
Esteem. A *brave man* struggling in the storms of fate,
And *greatly falling* with a *falling state*.
While Cato gives his *little senate laws*,

(1) Separation of the Proteſtants from the Romiſh church.

(2) The words, *mend the heart*, may be expreſſed with the *right hand* laid upon the *breaſt*

(3) I queſtion whether all readers of this line (*Our author ſhuns*, &c.) underſtand it as the Author meant it. The ſenſe, in plain proſe, would be, "Our author thinks it beneath him to endeavour to affect you by the common ſubject of tragic diſtreſs, as the fall of a prince or ſtateſman, or the misfortunes occaſioned by love."

What *bosom* (1) *beats* not in his *country's cause?* Earnestness
Who sees him *act*, but *envies* ev'ry *deed?*
Who hears him *groan*, and does not *wish* to *bleed?*
Ev'n when proud *Cæsar* midst triumphal *cars*, Contempt.
The *spoils* of *nations*, and the *pomp* of *wars*,
Ignobly vain, and *impotently great*,
Shew'd Rome her *Cato's figure* drawn in state,
As her dead *father's rev'rend image past*, Dejection.
The *pomp was darken'd*, and the *day o'ercast*;
The *triumph ceas'd*. *Tears gush'd* from *ev'ry eye*; Grief.
The *world's* great *victor* pass'd *unheeded* by. Contempt.
Her *last good man* dejected Rome *ador'd*,
And honor'd *Cæsar's less* than *Cato's sword*. Grief.
Britons attend! Be *worth like* this *approv'd*, Teaching.
And shew, you have the *virtue* (2) to be *mov'd*.
With *honest scorn* the first fam'd Cato view'd Contempt.
Rome *learning* arts from *Greece*, whom she *subdu'd*.
Our scene precariously subsists *too long*
On *French translation* and *Italian song*;
Dare to have *sense yourselves*: *Assert* the *stage*, Exciting.
Be *justly warm'd* with your own *native rage*,
Such plays alone should please a *British* ear,
As *Cato's self* had not *disdain'd* to *hear*.

XXII.

HUMOROUS

Scene between DENNIS *the Critic, (satyrically reperesented by Swift, as mad) and the* DOCTOR.

SCENE.—DENNIS's *Garret*. DENNIS, DOCTOR, NURSE, LINTOT *the Bookseller, and another Author*. DENNIS, *looking wise, and bringing out his words slowly and formally*.

Dennis. BEWARE, Doctor, that it fare not Warning.
with *you*, as it did with your predecessor, the

(1) The words, *What bosom beats not*, may be spoken with the right hand prefsed to the breast. (2) So may the word, *virtue*.

famous Hippocrates, whom the *mistaken* citizens of Abdera sent for in this *very manner*, to *cure*
Pride. the philosopher *Democritus*. He returned full of *admiration* at the *wisdom* of the person, whom he had supposed a *lunatic*. *Behold*, Doctor, it was *thus* that *Aristotle himself*, and *all* the great *ancients*, spent their *days* and *nights wrapped up* in *criticism*, and *beset all round* with their *own writings*. As for *me*, be assured, I *have no disease*, besides a swelling in my *legs*, of which I say nothing, since your art may farther certify you.

Queſtioning *Doctor*. Pray, Sir, how did you *contract* this *swelling* ?

Dennis. By *Criticism*.

Wonder. *Doctor*. By *Criticism !* That's a distemper I have *never heard* nor *read* of.

Sudden anger. *Dennis*. *Death*, Sir! A *distemper !* It is *no distemper* ; but a *noble art*. I have sat *fourteen*
Contempt. *hours a day* at it ; and are *you* a *doctor*, and don't know that there is a communication between the *brain* and the *legs* ?

Question. *Doctor*. What made you sit so *many hours*, Sir ?

Earneſtly. *Dennis*. *Cato*, Sir.

Doctor. Sir, I speak of your *diſtemper*. What gave you this *tumour* ?

Peeviſhneſs *Dennis*. *Cato*, *Cato*, *Cato*. (1)

Intreating. *Nurse*. For *God's sake*, Doctor, name not this *evil spirit* ; it is the *whole cause* of his *mad-*
Grief. *neſs*. Alas ! *poor master* will have his *fits* again. [*Almoſt crying*.]

Wonder. *Lintot*. *Fits !* with a pox ; a man may well have *fits* and swell'd *legs*, that sits writing *fourteen hours* in *a day*. The *Remarks* the *Remarks*, have brought *all* his *complaints* upon him.

Question. *Doctor*. The *Remarks !* What are *they* ?

Wonder. *Dennis*. Death ! have you never read my *Re-*
Peeviſhneſs *marks* ? I'll he *hang'd* if this *niggardly bookſeller*

(1) He publiſhed Remarks on Cato, in the year 1712.

has *advertised* the book as it should have been.

Lintot. Not *advertise* it, quotha! Pox! I have laid out *pounds* after *pounds* in *advertising*. There has been as *much done* for the book, as could be done for *any book* in *Christendom*.

Doctor. We had better not talk of *books*, Sir: I am *afraid* they are the *fuel* that *feed* his *delirium*. Mention books *no more*. I desire a word in private with this gentleman. I suppose, Sir, you are his *apothecary?* Cautioning. Queftion.

Gent. Sir, I am his *friend*.

Doctor. I doubt it not. What *regimen* have you *observed*, since he has been under your care? You remember, I suppose, the passage in *Celsus*, which says, "If the patient, on the third day, have an *interval*, *suspend* the *medicaments* at *night*." Let *fumigations* be used to *corroborate* the *brain*. I hope, you have, upon *no account*, promoted *sternutation* by *Hellebore?* Teaching.

Gent. Sir, you *mistake* the *matter quite*

Doctor. What! An *apothecary* tell a *physician* he *mistakes! You* pretend to *dispute my prescription!. Pharmacopola componat. Medicus solus præscribat. Fumigate* him, I say, this *very evening*, while he is relieved by an interval. Pride and anger. Authority.

Dennis. Death Sir! Do you take my *friend* for an *apothecary!* A man of *genius* and *learning* for an *apothecary! Know*, Sir, that this gentleman professes, like myself, the two *noblest* sciences in the universe, Criticism, and Poetry. By the *immortals*, he *himself* is author of *three* whole *paragraphs* in my *Remarks*, had a hand in my *Public Spirit*, and assisted me in my description of the *Furies* and *infernal regions* in my *Appius*. Anger. Authority.

Lintot. He is an *author*. You *mistake* the gentleman, Doctor. He has been an author these *twenty years*, to his *bookseller's* knowledge, if to *no one's else*. Sneer.

Dennis. Is all the *town* in a *combination!* shall *poetry* fall to the *ground!* Must our *reputation* in *foreign countries* be *quite lost?* O Vexation

Anguiſh. *Destruction! Perdition! Cursed Opera! Confounded Opera!* (1) As *poetry* once *raised* cities, so, when poetry *fails*, *cities* are *overturned*, and the *world* is no *more*.

Anxiety. *Doctor.* He *raves*, he *raves*. He must be *pinioned*, he must be *strait-waistcoated*, that he may do *no mischief*.

Vexation. *Dennis.* O I am *sick!* I am *sick* to *death!*

Comfort. *Doctor.* That is a *good symptom*; a very good symptom. To be sick to death (says the modern theory) is *symptom præclarum*. When a patient is *sensible* of his *pain*, he is *half cured*. Pray,

Queſtion. Sir, of *what* are you *sick?*

Peeviſhneſs *Dennis.* Of *every thing*. Of *every thing*. I am sick of the *sentiments*, of the *diction*, of the *protasis*, of the *epitasis*, and the *catastrophe*. *Alas*, for the *lost drama!* The *drama* is no *more*.

Obſequious *Nurse.* If you want a *dram*, Sir, I will bring you a couple of penn'orths of *gin* in a *minute*. Mr. Lintot has drank the last of the *noggin*.

Peeviſhneſs *Dennis.* O *scandalous want!* O *shameful omission!* By all the *immortals*, here is not the *shadow* of a *peripetia!* No *change* of *fortune* in the *tragedy*.

Obſequious *Nurse. Pray*, Sir, don't be uneasy about *change*. Give me the *six-pence*, and I'll get you *change* immediately at the *gin-shop next door*.

Doctor. Hold your *peace*, good woman.

Directing. His fit *increases*. We must call for *help*. Mr.

Fear. Lintot a——*hold him*, pray, [*Doctor gets behind Lintot.*]

Lintot. Plague on the *man!* I am afraid, he

Anxiety. is *really* mad. And, if *he* be, who, the *devil* will buy the *Remarks?* I wish [*scratching his head*] he had been *whip'd* rather than I had meddled with his *Remarks*.

Doctor. He must use the *cold bath*, and be *cupped* on the *head*. The *symptoms* seem *des-*

(1) He wrote a Treatiſe to prove, that the decay of public ſpirit proceeds from the Italian Opera.

perate. Avicen says, "If *learning* be mixed with a *brain* that is not of a contexture *fit* to receive it, the brain *ferments*, till it be totally *exhausted.*" We must endeavour to *eradicate* these *indigested ideas* out of the pericranium, and to restore the patient to a competent *knowledge* of *himself.* Directing.

Dennis. *Caitiffs, stand off! Unhand* me, *miscreants!* [*The Doctor, the nurse, and Lintot, run out of the room in a hurry, and tumble down the garret stairs altogether.*] Is the *man*, whose *labours* are calculated to bring the town to *reason*, *Mad?* Is the *man*, who settles poetry on the basis of *antiquity*, *mad? See Longinus* in my *right* hand, and *Aristotle* in my *left!* [*Calls after the Doctor, the bookseller, and the nurse, from the top of the stairs.*] *I am* the *only man* among the *moderns*, that support the *venerable ancients.* And am I to be *assassinated?* Shall a *bookseller*, who has *lived* upon *my labours*, take away *that life*, to which he owes his *support?* [*Goes into his garret, and shuts the door.*]

XXIII.

ADORATION.

Milton's Morning Hymn. (PARAD. LOST. B. V. v. 153.)

THESE are thy *glorious works*, *Parent* of *good*, Veneration.
Almighty! thine this *universal frame*,
Thus *wond'rous fair! Thyself* (1) how *wond'rous* Admiration.
then
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above the heav'ns, Veneration.
To *us invisible*, or *dimly* seen
In these thy *lowest* works; yet *these* declare Love, with
Thy *goodness* beyond *thought*, and *pow'r divine.* Veneration.

(1) "*Thyself how wond'rous*," &c. The ſenſe, in proſe, would be, "If thy works be ſo wonderfully excellent, thy own original excellence is unſpeakable, and inconceivable." It is not, I believe, generally underſtood ſo, elſe readers would not (as I have heard many) make a pauſe between the word *then* and *unſpeakable.*

Speak, ye who *best* can *tell*, ye *sons* of *light*,
Sacred Rapture. *Angels!* For (1) *ye behold* him, and with *songs*
And *choral symphonies, day* without *night*,
Circle his throne rejoicing. (2) *Ye* in *heav'n!*
On *earth* join *all ye creatures* to *extol*
Him first, *him* last, *Him* midst, and *without end.*
Fairest of *stars*, last in the train of *night*,
If better thou belong not to the *dawn*,
Sure *pledge* of *day*, that *crown'st* the *smiling morn*
With thy bright *circlet!* praise him in thy sphere
While morn arises, that *sweet hour* of *prime.*
Admiration (3) Thou *sun*, of this *great world* both *eye* and *soul*,
Lowly Submission. Acknowledge *Him* thy *greater*. *Sound* his praise
In thy *eternal course*, both when thou *climb'st*,
And when *high noon* hast *gain'd*, and when thou *fall'st*,
Rapture. *Moon*, that now *meet'st* the orient *sun*, now *fly'st*
With the *fix'd stars*, fix'd in their sphere on *high*,
And ye five other *wand'ring orbs*, that move
In mystic dance, *not without song!* resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye *elements*, the *eldest birth*
Of *nature's womb*, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and *mix*
And *nourish all things*; let your *ceaseless change*
Vary to our *great Maker* still *new praise.*
Ye *mists*, and *exhalations*, that now rise
From *hill*, or streaming *lake*, *dusky* or *grey*,
'Till the sun *paint* your *fleecy skirts* with *gold*,
In *honor* to the *world's* great *Author* rise;
Whether to *deck* with *clouds*, th' *uncolour'd sky*,
Or *cheer* with *falling show'rs* the *thirsty ground*,

(1) The reader need scarce be told, that such matter ought to be expressed with as much smoothness and liquidity of utterance as possible

(2) "*Ye in heav'n.*" This is generally ill pointed. These words are a complete sentence. The meaning is, "I call on you (Angels) to praise God in your celestial *habitation.*" And then the poet goes on to call on the *terrestials* to join their humble tribute.

(3) "Thou *sun* of this," &c. To be spoken a little more *ore rotundo*, or *full-mouthed*, than the foregoing, to image the stupendous greatness of a world of fire, equal as supposed by astronomers, to a million of earths.

Rising, or *falling*, *still* advance his *praise*.
His *praise*, ye *winds* that from four quarters *blow*
Breathe soft or *loud*, and *wave* your *tops*, ye *pines*,
With *ev'ry plant*, in sign of *worship wave*.
Fountains, and ye that *warble* as ye *flow*
Melodious murmurs, *warbling* tune his praise,
Join voices, all ye *living souls*. Ye *birds*,
That *singing*, up to *heaven's high gate ascend*,
Bear on your *wings*, and in your *notes* his *praise*.
Ye that in *waters glide*, and ye that *walk*
The *earth*, and *stately tread*, or *lowly creep*.
Witness, if I *be silent*, *morn* or *ev'n*
To *hill* or *valley*, *fountain*, or *fresh shade*
Made *vocal* by my song, and taught his *praise*.
Hail, *universal Lord!* Be *bounteous* still, Profound
To *give* us *only good*; and if the *night* Submission.
Have *gather'd* aught of *evil*, or *conceal'd*,
Disperse it, as now *day* the *dark dispels*.

XXIV.

PEEVISHNESS.

The scene between Priuli, a Venetian senator, and Jaffier, who had married his daughter without his consent, and being afterwards reduced to poverty, and soliciting his father-in-law to relieve his distress, receives the following treatment. [VENICE PRESERVED.]

PRIULI *and* JAFFIER.

Priuli. NO *more*! I'll *hear* no *more*. Be *gone* and *leave* me. Peevishness.

Jaffier. Not *hear* me! By my sufferings but you *shall*. Courage.
My *lord!* my *lord!* I am *not* that *abject wretch*
You *think* me. Where's the *difference*, throws me back Remonstr.
So far *behind* you, that I must not *speak* to you?

Priuli. Have you not *wrong'd* me? Peevishness.

Courage. *Jaffier.* Could my nature e'er
But have endur'd the *thought* of doing wrong,
Diſtreſs. I need not now thus *low* have bent myself
To gain a *hearing* from a *cruel* father.
Remonſtr. You *cannot say* that I have *ever wrong'd* you.
Peeviſhneſs. *Priuli.* I say you've *wrong'd* me in the *nicest point,*
The *honor* of my *houſe.* You *can't defend*
Remonſtr. Your *baseness* to me. When you first came home
From travel, I with *open arms* received you.
Pleased with your *seeming virtues*: sought to *raise* you.
My *houſe*, my *table*, *fortune*, *all* was *yours*;
Chiding. And, in *requital* of my *best endeavours*,
You *treacherously* practis'd to *undo* me;
Seduc'd the *joy* of my *declining age*,
My *only child*, and stole her from my *bosom.*
Remonſtr. *Jaffier.* Is this your *gratitude* to him who *sav'd*
Your daughter's life? You *know*, that, but for me
Self defence You had been *childleſs.* *I restor'd* her to you,
When *sunk* before your *eyes* amidst the *waves*,
I *hazarded* my *life* for her's; and *she*
Has *richly paid* me with her *generous love.*
Reproach. *Priuli.* You stole her from me, like a *thief* you stole her,
At *dead* of *night.* That *cursed* hour you chose
To *rifle* me of *all* my heart held *dear.*
Execration. But may *your joy* in her prove *false* as *mine.*
May the *hard hand* of *pinching poverty*
Oppress and *grind* you; till at last you find
The *curse* of *disobedience* all your *fortune.*
Chiding. *Home*, and be *humble.* Study to *retrench.*
Discharge the lazy *vermin* of thy *hall*,
Those *pageants* of thy *folly*;
Reduce the *glittering trappings* of thy *wife*
To *humble weeds* fit for thy *narrow state.*
Then to some *suburb-cottage* both retire,
And with your *starveling brats* enjoy your *misery.*
Home, *home*, I say. [*Exit.*]

XXV.

CONTEMPT OF THE COMMON OBJECTS OF PURSUIT.

HONOR and *shame* from no *condition* rise; Teaching.
Act well your *part*: *There* all the honor lies.
Fortune in men has some *small diff'rence* made;
One *flaunts* in *rags*; one *flutters* in *brocade*;
The *cobler apron'd*, and the *parson gown'd*;
The *friar hooded*, and the *monarch crown'd*.
"*What differ more* (you cry) than *crown* and *cowl*?" Question.
(1) I'll *tell* you, friend! A *wise man* and a *fool*. Informing.
You'll *find*, if once the *wise man* acts the *monk*; Teaching.
Or, *cobler* like, the *parson will* be *drunk*;
*Worth makes the *man*, and †*want* of it the *fellow*; *Approbat. †Contempt
The *rest* is all but *leather* or *prunella*.
Stuck o'er with *titles* and *hung round* with *strings*,
That thou may'st be by *kings*, or *whores of kings*, Sneer.
Boast the *pure blood* of an *illustrious race* Contempt.
In *quiet flow* from *Lucrece* to *Lucrece*:
But by your *father's* worth if *yours* you rate,
Count me those only, who were *good* and *great*.
Go! if your *ancient*, but *ignoble* blood,
Has crept thro' *scoundrels* ever since the flood;
Go! and pretend your family is *young*,
Nor own, your fathers have been *fools* so long.
What can ennoble *sots*, or *slaves*, or *cowards*? Question.
Alas! not *all* the *blood* of all the *Howards*.
Look next on *greatness*. Say, where *greatness* lies? Sneer
Where but among the *heroes* and the *wise*.
Heroes are all the *same* it is agreed,

(1) This line (I'll *tell* you, friend," &c.) may be expreſſed in a ſort of important *half-whiſper*, and with ſignificant *looks* and *nod*, as if a grand *secret* was told.

Contempt. From *Macedonia's madman* to the *Swede*.
The whole *strange purpose* of their lives to *find*,
(1) Or *make*—*an enemy* of *all mankind*.
Not *one* looks *backward*: *onward* still he goes;
Yet ne'er looks *forward* farther than his *nose*.
No less alike the *politic* and *wise*;
(2) All *sly*, *slow* things, with *circumspective* eyes.
Men in their *loose*, *unguarded hours* they take,
Not that *themselves* are *wise*, but *others* weak;
Remonstr. But *grant* that *those* can *conquer*; *these* can *cheat*;
Aversion. 'Tis phrase *absurd* to call a *villain great*.
Who *wickedly* is *wise*, or *madly brave*,
Is but more the *fool*, the *more* a *knave*.
Approba. Who *noble ends* by *noble means* obtains,
Or, failing, *smiles* in *exile*, or in *chains*,
Admiration Like good *Aurelius* let him *reign*; or *bleed*
Like *Socrates*; that man is *great* indeed.
Contempt. What's *fame*? A *fancy'd life* in *others breath*,
A thing *beyond* us, e'en *before* our *death*.
Just what you *hear's* your own; and what's *unknown*,
The same (my lord!) if *Tully's* or your own.
All, that *we feel* (3) of it, *begins* and *ends*
In the *small circle* of our *foes*, or *friends*;
To all *besides* as much an *empty shade*,
An *Eugene living*, as a *Cæsar dead*;
Alike or *when*, or *where*, they *shone*, or *shine*,
Or on the *Rubicon*, or on the *Rhine*,
Contempt. A *wit's* a *feather*, and a *chief's* a *rod*;
Approba. An *honest man's* the *noblest* work of God.
Aversion. *Fame*, but from death a *villain's name* can save,
As *justice* tears his *body* from the *grave*;
Blaming. When what t' *oblivion* better were resign'd,

(1) I have put a *pause*, after *make*, though to the contrary to general rule, to mark the *antithesis* between *find* and *make*, more distinctly.

(2) "All *sly*, *slow* things," to be pronounced very *slowly*, and with a *cunning look*.

(3) "*All* that *we feel*," &c. to be expressed with the *right hand* laid upon the *breast*.

Is hung on *high* to poison half mankind.
All fame is *foreign*, but of *true desert*,
Plays round the *head*, but *comes* not to the *heart*. (1) Contempt.
One *self-approving hour* whole *years outweighs*
Of *stupid starers*, and of *loud huzzas*;
And more *true joy* Marcellus *exil'd* feels,
Than *Cæsar* with a *senate* at his heels.
In *parts superior* what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be *wise*? Question.
'Tis but to *know*, how *little* can be known; Concern.
To see all *other's* faults and feel our *own*;
Condemn'd in *bus'ness*, or in *arts* to *drudge*
Without a *second*, and without a *judge*.
Truths would you *teach*, to *save* a *sinking land*,
All fear; *none aid* you; and *few understand*.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view Suffering.
Above life's *weakness*, and its *comforts* too.
Bring then these blessings to *a strict account*, Arguing.
Make *fair deductions*: see to what they *'mount*.
How much of *other each* is sure to *cost*;
How *each* for *other* oft is wholly *lost*;
How inconsistent *greater* goods with *these*;
How sometimes *life* is risk'd, and always *ease*,
Think.—And if *still* such things thy envy call,
Say, would'st thou be the *man* to whom they *fall*? Question.
To sigh for *ribbands*, if thou art so silly, Contempt.
Mark how they grace *Lord Umbra*, or *Sir Billy*.
Is *yellow dirt* the passion of thy life? Contempt.
Look but on *Gripus*, or on *Gripus' wife*.
If *parts* allure thee, think how *Bacon* shin'd, Concern.
The *wisest*, *brightest*—*meanest* of mankind.
Or ravish'd with the *whistling of* a *name*, Contempt.
See *Cromwell damn'd* to *everlasting fame*: Aversion.
If all *united* thy ambition call, Teaching.
From *ancient story* learn to *scorn* them all.

POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.

(1)—"*Comes* not to the *heart*," to be spoken with the *right hand* laid upon the *breast*. As is likewise, "Marcellus *exil'd* feels," in the line below.

XXVI.

CLOWNISH BASHFULNESS AND AWKWARDNESS.

The meeting of Humphrey Gubbin and Mr. Pounce.

(From the Comedy of the TENDER HUSBAND.)

Foolish wonder. *Humph.* HOW prettily this park is stock'd with *soldiers*, and *deer*, and *ducks*, and *ladies*.—*Ha!* Where are the *old fellows* gone? *Where* can they *be*, trow? I'll ask these people.——A--a--a--you *pretty young gentleman*, [to Fain-
Question. love] did you see *Vather*?

Fain. Your *father*, *Sir*?

Humph. Ey, my *Vather*, *a weasel-faced cross* old gentleman, with *spindle shanks*?

Fain. No, Sir.

Humph. A *crab stick* in his hand.

Pounce. We have met nobody with these *marks*. But *sure* I have seen *you before*, are you
Question. not Mr. *Humphrey Gubbin*, *son* and *heir* to Sir *Harry Gubbin*?

Humph. *Ey*, *ey*, an that were all, I'se his *son*; but how lung I shall be his heir, I *can't* tell: for a talks o' *disinheriting* on ma every *day!*

Joy. *Pounce.* Dear Sir, I am *glad* to see you. I have had a desire to be acquainted with you ever since I saw you *clench* your *fist* at your father, when his back was turned toward you. I *love* a young man of *spirit*.

Vexation. *Humph.* Why, Sir, would it not *vex* a man to the very *heart*, *blood* and *guts* on him, to have a crabbed old fellow *snubbing* a body every minute before *company*?

Exciting. *Pounce.* Why, Mr. Humphrey, he uses you like a *boy*.

Complaining. *Humph.* Like a *boy*, quotha! He uses me like *a dog*. A *lays ma* on now and then, e'en as if a were a breaking a *hound* to the game.—You can't

think what a *tantrum* a was in this morning, because I boggled a little at marrying my own *born cousin*.

Pounce. A man can't be too *scrupulous*, Mr. Humphrey; a man can't be too *scrupulous*. Cautioning.

Humph. Why, Sir, I could as soon love my own *flesh* and *blood*. We should squabble like *brother* and *sister*, not like *man* and *wife*. Do you think we *should not* Mr.——. Pray, gentlemen, may I crave your *names* ? Complaining. Queſtion.

Pounce. Sir, I am the *very person*, that has been employed to draw up the *articles* of *marriage* between *you* and your *cousin*. Curioſity.

Humph. Ho, ho! say you so? Then mayhap, you can *tell* one some things one wants to *know*.——A—a—pray, Sir, what *estyeate* am I heir to ? Wonder.

Pounce. To *fifteen hundred pounds a year*, *intailed estate*. Information

Humph. *Sniggers!* I'se *glad* on't with *all my heart*. And—a—a—can you satisfy ma in *another question*—Pray, how *old* be I ? Joy. Queſtion.

Pounce. *Three* and *twenty* last March. Information

Humph. *Plague on it!* As sure as you are there, they have kept ma *back*. I have been told by goody *Clack*, or goody *Tipple*, I don't know which, that I was born the *very year* the stone *pig stie* was built; and every body knows the *pig stie* in the back close is *three* and *twenty* years *old*. I'll be *duck'd* in a *horse-pond*, if here has not been *tricks* play'd ma. But, pray, Sir may'nt I crave your *name* ? Vexation. Queſtion.

Pounce. My name, Sir, is *Pounce*, at your ſervice. Information

Humph. *Pounce* with a P——

Pounce. Yes, Sir, and *Samuel* with an S.

Humph. Why, then, Mr. *Samuel Pounce*, [chuckling and wriggling, and rubbing his hands earneſtly] do you know any *clever gentlewoman* of your acquaintance, that you think I could *like*? For I'll be *hang'd* like a *dog*, an I Earneſtneſs.

han't taken a *right down aversion* to my cousin, ever since Vather proposed her to ma. And since every body knows I came up to be *married*, I should not care to go down again with a *flee* in my *ear* and look *balk'd*, d'ye see.

Plotting. *Pounce.* [After a pause.] Why, Sir, I have a *thought just* come into my *head.* And if you will walk along with this gentleman and me, where we are going, I will communicate it.

Joy. *Humph.* With all my heart, good Mr. Samuel Pounce. (Exeunt.)

XXVII.

MOURNFUL DESCRIPTION.

From Æneas's account of the Sack of Troy. (*Dryd. Virg. Æn.* II.)

Attention. ALL were *attentive* to the *godlike man*,
When from his lofty couch he thus *began*:
Respect. *Great queen!* What you command me to relate
Grief. Renews the *sad remembrance* (1) of our *fate*;
An *empire* from its *old foundations rent*,
And *every woe* the Trojans *underwent*;
A *pop'lous city* made a *desart place*;
All that I *saw* and part of which I *was*;
Not ev'n the *hardest* of our *foes* could hear,
Nor *stern Ulysses tell* without a *tear*.

* * * * * * * *

Horror. 'Twas now the *dead* of *night*, when *sleep repairs*
Our *bodies worn* with *toils*, *our minds* with *cares*,
When *Hector's ghost* (2) before my sight *appears*;
Pity. *Shrouded* in *blood* he *stood*, and *bath'd* in *tears*
Such as when by the *fierce Pelides slain*,
Thessalian coursers *dragg'd* him o'er the *plain*.
Swoln were his *feet*, as when the *thongs* were *thrust*

(1) The words, "*sad remembrance*," may be spoken with a *sigh* and the *right-hand* laid upon the *breast*.

(2) The words, "*Hector's Ghost*," may be spoken with a start, and the attitude of fear. See *Fear*, page 21.

Through the *pierc'd limbs:* his *body black* with *dust:*
Unlike that *Hector*, who *return'd* from *toils*
Of *war triumphant* in *Æacian spoils*,
Of him who made the *fainting* Greeks *retire*, Courage.
Hurling (1) amidst their *fleets* the *Phrygian fire*,
His hair and beard were *clotted stiff* with *gore*, Pity.
The *ghastly wounds*, he for his *country bore*,
Now *stream'd afresh.*
I *wept* to see the visionary man, Grief.
And whilst my trance continu'd thus began.
(2) *O light* of *Trojans*, and *support* of *Troy*,
Thy *father's champion*, and thy *country's joy!*
O, *long expected* by thy *friends!* From *whence*
Art thou *so late* return'd to our *defence?*
Alas! what *wounds* are *these?* What *new disgrace*
Deforms the *manly honors of* thy *face?*
(3) The *spectre*, *gnawing* from his inmost breast, Horror.
This warning in these mournful words express'd. Warning.
"*Haste*, goddess born! *Escape* by *timely flight*,
The *flames* and *horrors* of this *fatal night.*
The *foes already* have *possess'd* our *wall*;
Troy nods from *high*, and *totters* to her *fall.*
Enough is *paid* to *Priam's royal name*,
Enough to *country* and to *deathless fame.*
If by a *mortal arm my fathers throne*
Could have been *sav'd—this arm* the *feat* had *done.*
Troy now commands to *thee* her *future state*,
And gives her gods *companions* of thy *fate.*
Under *their* Umbrage hope for *happier* walls, Directing.
And follow where thy *various fortune calls.*"

(1) "*Hurling*," to be expreſſed by *throwing out* the *arm*, with the *action* of *hurling.*

(2) "*O light* of *Trojans*," &c. to be expreſſed by *opening* the *arms* with the *action* of *welcoming.*

(3) "The *ſpectre*," &c. these two lines, and the ghost's ſpeech, are to be ſpoken in a *deep* and *hollow voice*, *ſlowly* and *ſolemnly*, with *little riſing* or *falling*, and a *torpid inertia* of *action.*

(1) He said, and brought, from forth the *sacred choir*,
The *gods*, and *relicks* of th' *immortal fire*.
Trepidation Now *peals* of *shouts* came *thund'ring* from *afar*,
Cries, *threats*, and *loud lament*, and *mingled war*,
The *noise approaches*, though *our palace stood*
Aloft from *streets*, *embosom'd close* with *wood*;
Louder and *louder still*, I hear the *alarms*
Of *human cries*, *distinct*, and *clashing arms*.
Fear broke my *slumbers*.
I *mount* the *terrace*; *thence* the *town survey*,
And *listen* what the *swelling sounds convey*.
Then *Hector's faith* was *manifestly clear'd*;
And *Grecian fraud* in *open light appear'd*.
The *palace* of *Deiphobus ascends*
In *smoky flames*, *and catches* on his *friends*.
Ucalegon burns *next*; *the seas* are *bright*
With *splendors* not their *own*, and *shine* with *sparkling light*.
New *clamours*, and new *clangors* now *arise*,
The *trumpet's voice*, with *agonizing cries*.
Courage. With *frenzy seiz'd*, I run to meet th' *alarms*,
Resolv'd on *death*, resolv'd to *die* in *arms*.
But first to *gather friends*, with *whom* t'oppose,
If fortune favour'd, and *repel* the *foes*,
By *courage rous'd*, by *love* of *country fir'd*,
With sense of *honour* and *revenge inspir'd*.
Trepidation *Pantheus*, Apollo's *priest*, a *sacred name*,
Had *scap'd* the Grecian *swords*, and *pass'd* the *flame*.
With *relics loaded*, to my *doors* he *fled*,
And by the hand his *tender grandson led*.
Question. *What hope*, *O Pantheus? Whither can we* run,
Where make a *stand?* Or *what* may yet be *done?*
Scarce had I *spoke*, when Pantheus, with a *groan*
Grief. (2) *Troy*—is no *more!* Her *glories now* are *gone*.

(2) "He said, and," &c. Here the voice resumes its usual key.
(1) "*Troy* is *no more*," Such short periods, comprehending much in a few words, may often receive additional *force* by a *pause* (not exceeding the length of a semicolon) between the *nominative* and the *verb*, or between the *verb* and what is governed by it, which, otherwise, is contrary to rule.

The *fatal day*, th' *appointed hour* is *come*, Awe.
When *wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom*
Transfers the *Trojan state* to *Grecian hands*:
Our *city's wrapt* in *flames*: the *foe commands*. Horror.
To *sev'ral posts* their *parties* they *divide*;
Some *block* the *narrow streets*, some scour the *wide*.
The *bold* they *kill*; th' *unwary* they *surprize*;
Who *fights* meets *death*, and *death* finds him who *flies*.

XXVIII.

RUSTICITY. AFFECTATION.

The scene of Humphrey Gubbin's introduction to his romantic Cousin. [*Tend. Husb.*]

HUMPHREY, AUNT, *and* COUSIN BIDDY.

Humph. AUNT, your *saarvant*——your *saarvant* aunt.—Is—*that*—*ha*,—*aunt?* Respect. Question.

Aunt. *Yes* cousin Humphrey, *that is* your *Cousin Bridget*. Well, I'll *leave* you *together*. [Ex. Aunt. They sit.] Information with Satisfaction.

Humph. *Aunt does* as she'd be *done by*, cousin Bridget, *does not she*, cousin? [A long pause looking hard at her.] *What*, are *you* a *Londoner*, and *not* give a *gentleman* a *civil answer*, when he asks you a *civil question?*—*Look ye*, *d'ye see*, cousin, the *old volks* resolving to *marry us*, I thought it would be proper to see how I *lik'd* you. For I don't love to buy a *pig* in a *poke*, as we say in th' country, he, he, he. [Laughs.] Question. Wonder. Indifference

Biddy. Sir, your *person* and *address* bring to my mind the *whole story* of *Valentine* and *Orson*. *What*, would they give me for a *lover*, a *Titanian*, a *son* of the *earth? Pray*, *answer* me a *question* or *two*. Stiff affectation. Affected delicacy.

Humph. *Ey*, *ey*, as many as you *please*, cousin Bridget, an they be not too *hard*. Indifference

Affectation Queſtion. *Biddy.* *What wood* were you *taken* in? how *long* have you been *caught?*

Wonder. *Humph.* *Caught!*

Queſtion. *Biddy.* *Where* were your *haunts?*

Surpriſe. *Humph.* My *haunts!*

Queſtioning. *Biddy.* Are not *clothes* very *uneasy* to you? Is this *strange dress* the *first* you ever *wore?*

Wonder. *Humph.* *How!*

Queſtion. *Biddy.* Are you not a great admirer of *roots,*

Affectation of Fear. and *raw flesh?*—Let me look upon your *nails,* I hope you won't *wound me* with them.

Wonder. *Humph.* *Whew!* [Whistles] *Hoity, toity! What* have we *got?* Is she *betwattled?* Or is she gone o' *one-side.*

Affected averſion. *Biddy.* Can'st thou *deny,* that thou wert *suckled* by a *wolf,* or at least by a female *satyr?* Thou hast not been so *barbarous,* I hope, since thou cam'st among men, as to hunt thy *nurse.*

Pity. *Humph.* *Hunt* my *nurse! Ey, ey, 'tis so,* she's out of her *head,* poor thing as *sure* as a *gun.*

Anxious enquiry. [Draws away.] *Poor cousin Bridget! How long* have you been in *this condition?*

Offence. *Biddy.* *Condition! What* dost thou mean by *condition,* monster?

Queſt. with Pity. *Humph.* *How* came you upon the *high ropes?* Was you never in *love* with any body before *me?*

Affected averſion. *Biddy.* I never *hated* any thing so heartily before thee.

Indifference *Humph.* For the *matter* of *that* cousin, an it were not a *folly* to talk to a *mad-woman* there's

Queſtion. no *hatred lost,* I *assure* you. But do you *hate* me in *earnest?*

Averſion. *Biddy.* Dost think *any human being* can *look* upon thee with *other eyes,* than those of *hatred?*

Humph. There is *no knowing* what a *woman loves* or *hates,* by her *words.* But an you were in your *senses* cousin, and *hated* me in *earnest,* I should be *main contented,* look you. For, may I

Indifference be *well horse-whipt,* if I *love* one *bone* in your

Boaſting. *skin,* cousin; and there is a *fine woman* I am told, who has a month's *mind* to ma.

Biddy. When I think of such a *consort* as *thee*, the *wild boar* shall defile the *cleanly ermine*, or the *tyger* be wedded to the *kid*. Aversion.

Humph. An I marry you, cousin, the *polecat* shall *catter-waul* with the *civit*.

Biddy. To imagine such a *conjunction*, was as *unnatural* as it would have been to describe *Statira* in *love* with a *chimney sweeper*, or *Oroondates* with a *nymph* of *Billingsgate*; to paint, in romance, the *silver streams* running *up* to their *sources* in the sides of the *mountains*; to describe the *birds* on the leafy *boughs* uttering the *hoarse sound* of *roaring bears*, to represent *knights errent murdering distressed ladies*, whom their profession obliges them to *relieve*; or *ladies* yielding to the suit of their enamoured *knights* before they have *sighed* out *half* the *due* time at their feet. Romantic affectation.

Humph. If this *poor gentlewoman* be not out of *herself*, may I be *hang'd like a dog*. Clownish pity.

XXIX.

ASKING. REPROOF. APPROBATION.

From Mr. Pope's TEMPLE OF FAME. (1)

A *Troop* came next, who *crowns* and *armour* wore,
And proud *defiance*, in their *looks* they *bore*.
" For *thee*," (they cry'd) " amidst *alarms* and *strife*, Cringing.
We sail'd in *tempests* down the stream of life;
For thee *whole nations fill'd* with *fire* and *blood*,
And *swam to empire* through the *purple flood*.
(2) Those *ills* we *dar'd*, *thy inspiration own*;
What *virtue* seem'd, was done for thee *alone*."

(1) The pupil, if he has not read the TEMPLE OF FAME, muſt be informed of the plot of the poem, viz. The author repreſents numbers of the purſuers of fame, as repairing, in crowds, to the temple of that goddeſs, in queſt of her approbation, who are differently received by her, according to their reſpective merits, &c.

(2) " Those *ills*," &c. The meaning of this line (which is not too obvious) is, " Our being guilty of ſuch extravagancies, ſhews how eager we are to obtain a name."

Reproof. "*Ambitious fools!*" (the Queen reply'd and frown'd)
"Be *all* your *deeds* in dark *oblivion drown'd.*
There *sleep forgot*, with *mighty Tyrants gone*;
Your *statues moulder'd*, and *your names unknown.*"

Wonder. A *sudden cloud* straight *snatch'd* them from my *sight*,
And each *majestic phantom sunk* in *night.*
When came the *smallest* tribe I yet had seen;
Plain was their *dress*, and *modest* was their *mien.*

Indiff'rence "*Great idol of mankind! We* neither *claim*
The *praise* of *merit*, nor *aspire* to *fame*;
But *safe* in *desarts* from the *applause* of *men*,
Would *die unheard of* as we *liv'd unseen.*
'Tis *all* we *beg* thee, to *conceal* from *sight*
Those acts of *goodness*, which *themselves requite.*

Delight. O let us still the *secret joy* (1) partake,
To follow *virtue* e'en for *virtue's* sake."

Wonder. "And *live* there *men* who *slight immortal fame?*
Who then with incense shall *adore* our *name?*

Information But, mortals! *know*, 'tis still *our greatest pride*
To *blaze* those *virtues* which the *good* would *hide.*

Exciting. *Rise*, Muses! *rise*! Add *all* your *tuneful breath!*
These must not *sleep* in *darkness*, and in *death.*"

Beautiful description She said. (2) In air the *trembling music floats*,
And on the *winds triumphant swell* the *notes*;
So *soft*, tho' high; so *loud*, and yet so *clear*;
Ev'n *list'ning angels lean* from *heaven* to *hear.*
To *farthest shores* th' *ambrosial spirit flies*,
Sweet to the *world*, and *grateful* to the *skies.*
While thus I *stood intent* to *see* and *hear*,
One came, methought, and *whisper'd* in my ear;

Quest. with Reproof. (3) "*What could* thus *high* thy *rash ambition raise?*
Art *thou, fond youth!* a *candidate* for *praise?*"

(1)—"The *secret joy*," to be expressed with the *hand* laid upon the *breast.*

(2) To be spoken as *melodiously* as possible.

(3) "*What could* thus *high*," &c. must be spoken with a lower voice than the foregoing.

'Tis *true*, said I, not *void* of hopes I came; Apology.
For who so fond, as *youthful bards*, of fame?
But *few*, alas! the *casual blessing boast*, Concern.
So *hard* to *gain*, so *easy* to be *lost*.
How *vain* that *second life* in *others' breath*,—
Th' *estate*, which *wits inherit—after death*.
Ease, *health*, and *life*, for *this* they must *resign*,
(Unsure the *tenure*, and how *vast* the *fine!)*
The *great* man's *curse*, without the *gains* endure,
Though *wretched*, *flatter'd*, and though *envy'd*, *poor*.
All *luckless wits* their enemies *profest*,
And all *successful*, *jealous friends* at best.
Nor *fame* I *slight*, nor for her *favours call*; Indifference
She comes *unlook'd* for, if she comes *at all*.
But if the *purchase* costs *so dear a price*, Apprehension of evil.
As *soothing folly*, or *exalting vice*;
And if the Muse must *flatter lawless sway*,
And follow still, where *fortune* leads the way;
Or if *no basis* bear my *rising name*,
But the *fall'n ruins* of *another's fame*;
Then *teach* me, *Heav'n*, to *scorn* the *guilty bays*, Deprecation.
Drive from my *breast* that *wretched* lust of praise.
Unblemish'd let me *live*, or *die unknown*;
O *grant* me *honest fame*; or *grant me none*.

XXX.

POLITE CONVERSATION.

The scene between Mr. Bevil and Indiana, in which she endeavours to find out whether he has any other regard for her, than that of rational esteem, or Platonic love.

(Conscious Lovers.)

Bevil *and* Indiana.

Bev. MADAM, your most *obedient*. How do you do to-day? I am afraid you *wished* me *gone* last night before I *went*. But you were partly to *blame*. For *who* could *leave* you in the *agreeable humour* you was in? Respect.

Ind. If *you* was pleased, Sir, we were *both pleased.* For your company, which is *always agreeable,* was more *peculiarly so* last night.

Bev. *My* company, Madam! You *rally.* I said very *little.*

Ind. Too little you *always* say, Sir, for *my improvement,* and for my *credit*; by the *same token,* that I am afraid, you gave me an opportunity of saying *too much* last night; and unfortunately when a woman is in the talking vein, she wants *nothing* so *much* as to have *leave* to *expose herself.*

Bev. I hope, Madam, I shall always have the sense to give you leave to expose yourself, as you call it, without *interruption.*

[Bowing respectfully.]

Ind. If I had *your talents,* Sir, or your *power,* to make my *actions* speak for me, I might be *silent,* and yet pretend to somewhat *more* than being *agreeable.* But as it is——

Humility. *Bev.* Really, Madam, I know of *none* of *my actions* that deserve your *attention,* If I might be *vain* of any thing, it is, that I have *understanding* enough to mark *you out,* Madam, from *all* your *sex,* as the most *deserving* object of my *esteem.*

Anxiety. *Ind.* [Aside,] A *cold word!* Though I cannot *claim* even his *esteem.* [To him.] Did I think,

Respect. Sir, that your esteem for me proceeded from any thing in *me,* and not altogether from *your own generosity,* I should be in danger of *forfeiting* it.

Bev. How *so,* Madam?

Ind. *What* do you *think,* Sir, would be *so likely* to puff up a weak woman's *vanity,* as the *esteem* of a man of *understanding*? *Esteem* is the result of *cool reason*; the voluntary *tribute* paid to inward *worth.* *Who,* then, would not be *proud* of the *esteem* of a person of *sense,* which is always *unbiassed*; whilst *love* is often the effect of *weakness.* [Looking hard at Bevil, who casts down his eyes respectfully.] *Esteem* arises from

a *higher* source, the substantial merit of the *mind*.

Bev. True, Madam—And *great minds only* can *command* it, [bowing respectfully.] The utmost *pleasure* and *pride* of my *life*, Madam, is, that I endeavour to *esteem* you as—I *ought*. Apprehension.

Ind. [Aside,] As he *ought*! Still *more perplexing!* He neither *saves* nor *kills* my *hope*. I will *try* him a little *farther*. [To him.] Now, I think of it, I must beg your *opinion*, Sir, on a point, which created a *debate* between my *aunt* and me, just *before* you came in. She would *needs* have it, that no man ever does any *extraordinary kindness* for a *woman*, but from *selfish* views. Question. Respect.

Bev. *Well*, Madam, I connot say, but I am in the *main*, of *her opinion*: if she means, by *selfish views*, what *some* understand by the *phrase*; that is, his own *pleasure*; the *highest* pleasure *human nature* is *capable* of, that of being conscious, that from *his superfluity*, an *innocent* and *virtuous spirit*, a person, whom he thinks one of the *prime ornaments* of the *creation*, is raised *above* the *temptations* and *sorrows* of *life*; the pleasure of seeing *satisfaction*, *health* and *gladness*, *brighten* in the countenance of one he *values* above *all mankind*. What a man bestows in *such* a way, may, I think, be said, in *one sense*, to be laid out with *a selfish* view, as much as if he spent it in *cards*, *dogs*, *bottle companions*, or *loose women*. with this *difference*, that he shews a *better taste* in *expense*. Nor should I think this any such *extraordinary* matter of *heroism* in a man of an *easy fortune*. *Every gentleman ought* to be capable of this, and I doubt not but *many are*. For I hope, there are *many* who take more delight in in *reflection* than *sensation*; in *thinking*, than in *eating*—But *what* am I *doing?* [Pulls out his watch hastily] My hour with Mr. Myrtle is *come*—Madam, I must take my leave *abruptly*. Sudden Recollection.

But, if you please, will do myself the pleasure of waiting on you in the *afternoon*. Till when, Madam, your most obedient. [Exit.]

XXXI.

SERIOUS MEDITATION.

From Young's NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Alarm. THE *clock* strikes *one*. We take *no note* of *time*,
But by its *loss*. To give it then a *tongue*
Is *wise* in *man*. As if an *angel* spoke,
I *feel* the *solemn sound*. If heard *aright*,
It is the *knell* of my *departed hours*.
Where are they?—With the *years beyond* the *flood*.
It is the *signal* that demands *dispatch*.
How *much* is *still* to *do*! My *hopes* and *fears*
Start up *alarm'd*, and o'er *life's narrow verge*
Look down—on *what*?—A *fathomless abyss*.
Admiration How *poor*, how *rich*, how *abject*, how *august*,
How *complicate*, how *wonderful* is *man*!
How *passing* wonder *He*, who *made* him such!
Who *center'd* in our make such *strange extremes*,
From *diff'rent natures marvellously mixt*,
Connexion exquisite of *distant worlds*!
Distinguish'd *link* in Being's endless *chain*,
Midway from *nothing* to the *One Supreme*.
A *beam ætherial*—*sully'd*, and *absorpt*!
Though sully'd and dishonor'd, *still divine*!
Dim *miniature* of *Greatness absolute*!
An *heir* of *glory*! A frail *child* of *dust*!
Helpless immortal! *Insect infinite*!
A *worm*! A *God*! I *tremble* at *myself*!
What can *preserve* my *life*? or what *destroy*?
An *Angel's arm* can't snatch me from the *grave*,
Legions of *angels* can't *confine* me there.

XXXII.

SEEMING CIVILITY.

The meeting between the knight of the Red Cross, attended by Truth, with Hypocrisy.

(Spencer's FAIRIE QUEENE.) (1)

AT length they chaunst to *meet* upon the way — Description
An *aged sire* (2) in *long black weeds* yclad, (3)
His *feete* all *bare*, his *beard* all *hoarie grey*,
And by his *belt* his *booke* he hanging had.
Sober he seem'd, and very *sagely sad*,
And to the *ground* his *eyes* were *lowly bent*,
Simple of *shew*, and *void* of *malice bad*.
And all the way he *prayed* as he went,
And often *knock'd* his *breast* as one that did *repent*.

He faire the knight *saluted*, *louting* (4) *low*,
Who faire him *quited*, (5) as that courteous was,
And after *asked* him, if he did know
Of straunge *adventures* which abroad did pas.
"*Ah* my deare *sonne*," (quoath he) "how should, alas, — Civility.
Silly *old man*, that lives in hidden *cell*,
Bidding his *beads* (6) all day for his trespas,
Tidings of *warre*, and worldly *trouble* tell?
With *holy father* fits not with such things to *mell*. (7)

But if of *daunger*, which hereby doth dwell,
And *homebred evil* ye desire to heare,

(1) The edition from which this is taken viz. *Church's*, is in my opinion, incomparably preferable, for correctness, to all others.
(2) Hypocrisy.
(3) Clothed.
(4) Bowing.
(5) Returned his salutation.
(6) Saying his prayers.
(7) Meddle.

Alarm. Of a *straunge man* I can you *tidings tell*,
That wasteth *all this countrey* far and neare."
"Of *such*," (said he) "I *chiefly* do *inquere*,
And shall thee *well rewarde* to shew the place
In which that *wicked Wight* (1) his dayes doth *weare*. (2)
Threatening. For to all *knighthood* it is *foul disgrace*,
That such a *cursed creature* lives so *long a space*."

Fear. "Far *hence* (quoath he) in *wastfull wildernesse*
His *dwelling* is, by which *no living wight*
May *ever pass*, but thorough *great distresse*."
Advising. "*Now*" said the ladie(3) "*draweth toward night*,
And well I wote, (4) that of your *later fight*
Ye all *forwearied* be: for what so *strong*,
But, *wanting rest*, will also *want* of *might*?
The *sunne*, that *measures heavens* all day long,
At *night* doth *baite* his *steeds* the *ocean waves* emong.

Then with the *sunne*, take, Sir, your *timely rest*,
And with new *day* new *worke* at once begin,
Untroubled night, they say, gives council *best*."
"*Right well*, Sir knight, ye have advised bin."
Quoath then that aged man! "The way to *win* (5)
Is *wisely* to *advise*; now *day* is *spent*
Inviting. Therefore with me you may take up your *Inn*
For this *same night*." The knight was well content:
So with that godly Father to his home they went.

(1) Creature.
(2) Pass.
(3) Truth.
(4) Know.
(5) Conquer.

XXXIII.

TREPIDATION. VEXATION.

The humorous scene of craming Sir John Falstaff into the basket of foul linen, to prevent his being caught by jealous Ford. (1)

FALSTAFF *and* MRS. FORD.

Serv. [*without.*] MADAM, Madam, Madam! Here is Mrs. *Page*, *sweating* and *blowing*, and looking *wild*, and says she *must speak* with you *immediately*. — Haſte.

Fal. She *shan't* see *me*. I will *ensconce* me behind the *arras*. — Fear.

Mrs. Ford. Pray do. She is a very *tattling woman*. — Directing.

Enter MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What's the *matter*? How *now*? — Queſtion.

Mrs. Page. *O Mrs. Ford! What* have you *done!* You're *sham'd*; you're *overthrown*; you are *undone forever*. — Alarm.

Mrs. Ford. What's the *matter*, good Mrs. Page? — Fear.

Mrs. Page. *O well a-day*, Mrs. *Ford!* Having an *honeſt man* to your *huſband*, to give him ſuch cauſe of *ſuſpicion*. — Reproof.

Mrs. Ford. *What* cauſe of *ſuſpicion*? — Queſtion.

Mrs. Page. *What* cauſe of *ſuſpicion! Out upon* you; How I'm *miſtaken* in you; I could not have thought you *capable* of ſuch a *thing*. — Reproof.

(1) In teaching the right utterance of this ſcene, the pupil muſt be let into the plot of it, if he has not read or ſeen the play. He muſt be made to underſtand, that Falſtaff, a fat, old, humorous, worthleſs, needy knight, has, in the former part of the play, made love to Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, with a view, merely of getting money of them, and that they concert this interview, and its conſequences, on purpoſe to be revenged on him for his attempt to corrupt them; while Ford is jealous in earneſt; and Falſtaff, from time to time, communicates to him, under the name of Brook, (not knowing him to be Mrs. Ford's huſband,) an account of his intrigues, and their bad ſucceſs.

Anxiety. Alarm. *Mrs. Ford.* Why, *alas!* *what* is the *matter?*

Mrs. Page. *Matter!* Why, woman, your *husband* is a *coming hither*, with *all* the *officers* of *Windsor*, to *search* for a *gentleman*, that is *here now* in the *house*, by *your consent*, to take an *ill advantage* of his *absence*. You are *undone*.

Fear. *Mrs. Ford.* It is not so, I hope.

Warning. *Mrs. Page.* Pray *heaven* it be not so, that you have a *man* here. But it is most *certain*, that Mr. Ford is coming with *half Windsor* at his heels, to *search* the *house*. I come *before* to *tell* you. If you know yourself *clear*, I am *glad* of it. But if you *have* any body *here*, convey him *out* as *fast* as you *can*. Be not *amazed*. Call your *senses* to you. *Defend* your *reputation*, or bid *farewel* to your *happiness* forever.

Trepidation *Mrs. Ford.* *What* shall I *do?* There is a *gentleman* here, my *dear* friend. And I fear not mine *own shame*, so much as *his peril*. I had rather than a *thousand pounds* he were *safe out* of the *house*.

Exciting. *Mrs. Page.* Never stand crying: *You had rather! You had rather.* Your *husband's* at hand. Bethink you of some *conveyance*. In

Advising. the *house* you *cannot hide* him. *Look*, here is a *basket*. If he be of any *reasonable stature*, he may creep in *here*, and you may throw *foul linen* upon him, as if it were going to *bucking*. It is *whitening* time; send him by your two men to *Datchet-mead*.

Anxiety. *Mrs. Ford.* He is too *big* to go in there. *What shall I do?*

Enter FALSTAFF *from behind the arras.*

Hurry. *Falst.* Let me *see it*. I'll *in*. I'll *in*. *Follow* your friend's *counsel*. I'll *in*.

Surprize & reproach. *Mrs. Page.* *What*, Sir John *Falstaff!* Is *this* the *love* you *professed* to *me* in your *letters?*

Apology. *Falst.* I *do love you* for all *this*. *Help* me out of this *scrape*, and I'll *convince* you how

much I *love* you. [He goes into the basket: they cover him with foul linen.]

Mrs. Page. [To Falstaff's boy.] *Help* to cover your *Master*, sirrah. [To Falstaff.] *Ah*, you are a sad *dissembler*, Sir John. [To Mrs. Ford.] Call your *men*, Mrs. Ford. *Quick*, *quick*. Haste. Reproaching.

Mrs. Ford. What, *John! Robert! John!* Why *John*, I say. Make *haste* and take up these *clothes* here. *Where's* the *cowl-staff?* How you *gape!* Carry them away *directly* to Mrs. Plash, the laundress, at *Datchet-mead*. [They carry away the basket. Ford meets them. Is prevented searching the basket. Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page retire, and enjoy the punishment, they had inflicted on Falstaff.] Ordering.

Scene changes to the Inn.——*Enter* FALSTAFF *just out of the Thames.*

Falst. Bardolph, I say.

Bard. Here, Sir.

Falst. Go, fetch me a *quart* of *sack*. Put a *toast* in it. (Exit Bard.) Have I *lived* to be *carried* in a *basket*, like a *barrow* of butcher's *offals*, and to be *thrown* into the *Thames?* *Well*, if ever I let myself be served such *another* trick, I'll have my *brains*, if there be *any* in my *skull*, taken out, and *buttered*, to be given my dog *Jowler* for his breakfast on *new year's day*. The rogues *chucked* me into the *river* with as little *remorse* as they would have drown'd a bitch's *blind puppies*, *fifteen* i' the *litter*. And then a man of *my weight* must have a *comfortable alacrity in sinking*. If the bottom had been on a level with the bed of the river *Styx*, *down* I should have *gone*. For that matter, I had been fairly *drown'd* if the shore had not been so kind as to *shelve* it a little in my favour. And then to *think*, only to *think* of *my* being *drown'd!*—A man of *my size!* For your fresh water swells you an *ordinary* man Confusion. Vexation. Self Condemnation. Vexation.

to the size of your middling *porpus*. As for me, an I were to be drown'd, I suppose there is ne'er a *whale* of them all, that would not be out of *countenance* at the sight of me.—Bardolph—is the *sack brew'd?*

To him enter FORD.

Ford. *Bless* you, Sir.

Falst. Now, Master *Brook*. You come to know what has passed between me and *Ford's wife*.

Ford. That is indeed my *business*, Sir John.

Falst. Master *Brook*, I will not *lie* to you. I was at her house at the *hour* she *appointed* me.

Ford. And you *sped*, Sir.

Vexation. *Falst.* *Very ill-favouredly*, Master *Brook*.

Surprise *Ford.* *How*, Sir, did she change her *mind?*

Vexation. *Falst.* *No*, Master *Brook*. But the *mischievous* old cuckold, her *husband*, Master Brook, dwelling in a *continual alarm* of *jealousy*, comes *provoked* and *instigated* by his *distemper*, and at his heels a whole *rabble* of people to *search* the house for his wife's *lover*.

Surprise. *Ford.* What! While *you* were *there?*

Falst. While *I* was *there*, Master *Brook*.

Question. *Ford.* And did he *search* for you, and could not *find* you?

Information with Vexation. *Falst.* Master *Brook*, you shall hear. As *good luck* would have it, *comes* in one Mrs. *Page*, gives intelligence of *Ford's* approach; and by her *invention*, and Ford's wife's *direction*, I was conveyed into a *buck-basket*.

Wonder. *Ford.* A *buck-basket?*

Vexation. *Falst.* *Yea*, a *buck-basket*; *rammed* in with

Remembrance. *foul shirts* and *smocks*, *sweaty socks*, *dirty handkerchiefs*, *greasy night caps*, and *infant's clouts fresh* from their *stinking tails*; that, Master Brook, there was as great a *variety* of *villainous smells*, as there was of *living things* in Noah's *ark*. There I suffered the pangs of *three* unnatural

deaths. First, the intolerable *fear* of being *detected* by a *jealous* old *bell-weather*; next, to be *coil'd up* like an overgrown *snake* in a dung-hill, *roll'd round* within the *circumference* of a *peck*, *hilt* to *point*, *heel* to *head*; thirdly and lastly, Master Brook, to be *stopt in*, like a *strong distillation*, with *stinking cloathes* that *fermented* in their own *grease*. Think of *that* Master Brook, a man of *my body*; that am as liable to *melt* as a lump of Epping *butter* exposed to the *sun-beams* on the twentieth of June at *noon-day*. Think of *that*, Master Brook, and that, while I was in the *midst* of this high salivation, from which that I escaped without *suffocation*, is neither more nor less than a *miracle*; while I was in the height of this hot bath, I say, with my very *bones melted* almost to the consistency of *calves foot jelly*, to be flung into the *Thames*, *cool'd*, *glowing hot* as I *was*, *case-hardened* at *once*; think of *that*, Master Brook; *hissing hot*; think of *that* Master Brook.

XXXIV.

VARIOUS CHARACTERS.

From Mr Pope's MORAL ESSAYS. (Epist I.)

'TIS from *high life high characters* are drawn,
A saint in *crape* is *twice* a saint in *lawn*. Sneer, or Mock Praise
A *judge* is *just!* a *chanc'lor—juster still*;
A *gown-man learn'd*: a *bishop*—what you *will*;
Wise, if a *minister*; but if a *king*,
More wise, *more just*, *more learn'd*, *more every thing*.—
'Tis *education* forms the common mind; Teaching.
Just as the *twig* is *bent*, the *tree's inclin'd*.
(1) *Boastful* and *rough*, your *first* son is a '*squire*;

(1) Though these lines contain *descriptions*, or *characters*, they may be expressed with *action*, almost as if they were *speeches*. This first line, "*Boastful* and *rough*," &c. may be spoken with the action of *Boasting*. See *Boasting* in the Essay, page 27. The next with that of *tempting*. See *Tempting*, page 30. The *soldier's* character

Smooth. The *next* a *tradesman*, *meek*, and *much* a *liar*;
Strut. *Tom struts* a *soldier*, *open*, *bold* and *brave*;
Sneering. *Will sneaks* a *scriv'ner*, an *exceeding knave*.
Pride. Is he a *churchman?* Then he's fond of *pow'r*;
* Formal. A *Quaker?** *sly*. A *Presbyterian?†* *sour*;
† Peevish. A smart *free-thinker?* *All* things in an *hour*—
Teaching. *Manners* with *fortunes*, *humours* turn with *climes*,
Tenets with *books*, and *principles* with *times*.
Search then the *ruling passion*; *There* alone
The *wild* are *constant*, and the *cunning known*.
This *clue* once *found unravels all* the *rest*;
The *prospect clears*, and *Wharton* stands *confest*;
*Contempt *Wharton!* the *scorn*,* and *wonder*,† of our
† Admirat. days,
Whose *ruling passion* was the *lust* of *praise*.
Born with whate'er could *win* it from the *wise*,
Eagerness. *Women* and *fools*, *must like him* or he *dies*,
Admiration Tho' *wond'ring senates hung* on *all* he *spoke*,
Contempt. The *club* must *hail* him *master* of the *joke*.
Shall parts *so various* aim at nothing *new?*
He'll shine a *Tully* and a *Wilmot* too,
Then turns *repentant*, and his *God adores*,
With the *same spirit* as he *drinks* and *whores*.
Enough, if *all* around him but *admire*,
And now the *punk* applaud, and now the *friar*.
A *salmon's belly*, Helluo, (1) was thy *fate*, (2)
The *doctor* call'd, declares, all help *too late*.
"*Mercy*" (cries Helluo) "*mercy* on my *soul!*
Is there *no hope?*——*Alas!* then *bring* the
jowl."——(3)
"*Odious!* in *woolen!* 'Twould a *saint provoke*."

may be represented by the *arms a-kimbo*, the *lips pouting out*, and a *bluftering* manner of reading the line. The scrivener's, with the *eyes* turn'd *asquint*, a *low voice*, and the action of *shame*. See *shame*, page 21. The Quaker's, with the *words* spoken through the *nose*, and the appearance of *affectation* of *piety*. See *affectation*, page 27.

(1) *English* readers may not, perhaps, know, that *Helluo* signifies *Glutton*.

(2) That is, a surfeit of fresh salmon was thy death.

(3) The glutton will indulge appetite (so indeed will every habitual offender in every kind) in spite of all consequences.

(Where the *last words* that *poor* Narcissa *spoke*)
" No, let a *charming chintz*, and *Brussels lace*,
Wrap these *cold limbs*, and *shade* this *lifeless face*,
One *need not*, sure, be *ugly* though one's *dead*;
And—*Betty*—give this *cheek*—a *little*—*red*."
The *courtier smooth*, who *forty years* had *shin'd*
An *humble servant* to *all human kind*.
Just brought out *this*, when scarce his *tongue* could *stir*;
" If——where I'm *going*——I could *serve* you Sir." Civil, with Weakness.
" I *give* and I *devise*." (old Euclio said, Grief.
And sigh'd) " my *lands* and *tenements* to Ned."
" Your *money*, Sir"——" My *money*, Sir!—*What—all?*
Why—if I *must*"—(then wept)—" I give it *Paul*." Weeping.
" The *manor*, Sir? "—" The *manor—Hold—*" (he cry'd)
" I *cannot—must not* part with *that*"—and dy'd. Weakness.
And *you*, brave Cobham! at your *latest breath* Dignity.
Shall feel your *ruling passion strong* in *death*,
Such in *that* moment, as in *all* the *past*,
" O *save* my *country*, *Heav'n!*"—shall be your *last*. Praying.

XXXV.

RECONCILIATION.

The scene between Mr. Bevil and Mr. Myrtle.
[*Consc. Lov.*]

Bev. SIR, I am *extremely obliged* to you for this honour. Complaif.

Myrt. The *time*, the *place*, our *long acquaintance*, and *many* other *circumstances*, which *affect* me on this *occasion oblige* me, *without ceremony*, or *conference*, to desire, that you will *comply* with the requst in my *letter*, of which you have *already acknowledged* the *receipt*. Anger.

Complaif. *Bev.* Sir, I *have received* a *letter* from you in a very *unusual style*. But, as I am *conscious* (1) of the *integrity* of my behaviour with respect to you, and intend that *every thing* in *this matter*, shall be your *own seeking*, I shall *understand nothing* but what you are pleased to *confirm face* to *face*. You are therefore to take it for *granted* that I have *forgot* the contents of your *epistle*.

Anger. *Myrt.* Your *cool behaviour*, Mr. Bevil, is agreeable to the *unworthy use*, you have made of my *simplicity* and *frankness* to you. And I see, your *moderation* tends to your *own* advantage, not *mine*; to your own *safety*, not to *justice* for the *wrongs* you have done your *friend*.

Offence. *Bev.* My *own safety!* Mr. Myrtle?

Reproach. *Myrt.* Your *own safety*, Mr. Bevil.

Diſpleaſure *Bev.* Mr. Myrtle, there is *no disguising* any longer, that I *understand* what you would *force*

Firmneſs. me to. You *know* my *principle* upon that *point*; and you have *often* heard me express my *disapprobation* of the *savage* manner of deciding quarrels, which tyrannical *custom* has introduced, to the breach of *all laws* both *divine* and *human*.

Reproach. *Myrt.* Mr. *Bevil*, Mr. *Bevil!* It would be a *good* first *principle*, in those, who have so *tender* a *conscience that* way, to have as much *abhorrence* at *doing injuries*, as——[Turns away abruptly.]

Bev. As what?

Irritating. *Myrt.* As *fear* of *answering* them.

Self Vindication. *Bev.* Mr. Myrtle, I have *no fear* of answering *any* injury I have done *you*, because I have *meant* you none; for the *truth* of which I am ready to appeal to *any indifferent person*, even of

Seriouſneſs. your *own choosing*. But I *own*, I am afraid of doing a *wicked action*, I mean of *shedding your blood*, or *giving you* an opportunity of *shedding mine*, *cold*. I am not afraid of *you*, Mr. Myrtle.

Pious Veneration. But I own, I am afraid of *Him*, who *gave* me

(1)—"*conscious* of the *integrity*," &c. may be expreſſed with the right hand laid upon the breaſt

this *life* in trust, on *other conditions*, and with *other designs*, than that I should *hazard*, or throw it *away*, because a *rash inconsiderate man* is pleased to be *offended*, without *knowing* whether he is *injured*, or not. *No*—I *will not*, for *your*, or *any man's* humour, commit a *known* crime, a crime which I *cannot repair*, or which may, in the *very act*, cut me off from all *possibility* of *repentance*. Courage.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, I must tell you, this *coolness*, this *moralizing*, shall not *cheat* me of my *love*. *You* may *wish* to preserve your life, that you may *possess Lucinda*. And I have reason to be *indifferent* about it, if I am to *lose all that*, from which I expected *any joy* in life. But I shall first try *one means* toward recovering her, I mean, by *shewing* her what a *dauntless hero* she has chosen for her *protector*. Rage. Irritating.

Bev. Shew me but the least *glimpse* of argument that I am *authorised* to *contend* with you at the peril of the *life* of one of us, and I am *ready* upon your *own terms*. If *this* will not *satisfy* you, and you *will* make a *lawless assault* upon me, I will *defend* myself as against a *ruffian*. There is *no such terror*, Mr. Myrtle, in the *anger* of *those*, who are *quickly hot*, and *quickly cold* again, they *know* not how, or *why*. I *defy* you to shew wherein I have *wrong'd* you. Firmness.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, it is easy for *you* to talk *coolly* on this occasion. You, who *know not*, I suppose, *what it is* to *love*, and from your *large fortune* and your *specious* outward *carriage*, have it in your *power* to come, *without* much *trouble* or *anxiety*, to the *possession* of a *woman* of *honour*; *you* know *nothing* of what it is to be *alarmed*, *distracted* with the *terror* of *losing* what is *dearer* than *life*. You are *happy*. Your *marriage* goes on like *common business*, and, in the *interim*, you have for your soft moments of *dalliance*, your *rambling captive*, your *Indian princess*, your *convenient*, your *ready Indiana*. Irritating. Jealousy. Sarcasm.

Anger roused.

Bev. You have *touched* me beyond the *patience* of a *man* : and the defence of *spotless innocence*, will, I hope, excuse my *accepting* your *challenge*, or at least my *obliging* you to retract your *infamous aspersions*. I *will not*, if I can avoid it *shed your blood*, nor shall *you mine*. But

Authority.

Indiana's purity, I *will defend*. Who *waits* ?

Sumiſſion.

Serv. Did you *call*, Sir ?

Command.

Bev. Yes, go *call* a *coach*.

Trep. with ſubmiſſion.

Serv. Sir,—Mr. *Myrtle*—*Gentlemen*—You are *friends*—I am but a *Servant*—But—

*Anger.

Bev. **Call* a *coach*.

[Exit Serv.]

Recollect.

[*A long pauſe* ; *they walk ſullenly about the room*.]

[*Aside*.] Shall I (though provoked beyond *ſufferance*) *recover* myſelf at the entrance of a *third perſon*, and that my *ſervant* too ; and ſhall I not have a due *reſpect* for the dictates of my own *conſcience* ; (1) for what I owe to the *beſt* of *fathers*, and to the *defenceleſs innocence* of my *lovely Indiana*, whoſe very *life* depends on *mine* ? [To Mr. Myrtle.] I have, *thank heaven*, had *time* to *recollect* myſelf, and have *determined* to *convince* you, by *means* I would willingly have *avoided*, but which yet are preferable to *murderous duelling*, that I am more innocent of *nothing*, than of *rivalling* you in the affections of

Remonſtr.

Lucinda. *Read* this *letter* ; and *conſider*, *what effect* it would have had upon you to have *found* it about the man you had *murdered*.

Sullenneſs.

[*Myrtle* reads.] " I hope it *is conſiſtent* with the laws a woman ought to impoſe upon herſelf to

Surpriſe.

acknowledge, that your manner of *declining* what has been *propoſed* of a treaty of marriage in our

Riſing hope.

family, and *deſiring*, that the *refuſal* might

Joy.

come from *me*, is more engaging than the *Smithfield courtſhip* of him, whoſe arms I am in danger of being *thrown* into, unleſs your *friend exerts*

(1) To be ſpoken with the *right hand* on the *breaſt*.

himself for our comon *safety* and *happiness*. (1) ——*O, I want no more*, to *clear* your *innocence*, my *injured worthy friend*—I see her *dear name* at the *bottom*.—I see that you have been *far enough* from *designing any obstacle* to my happiness, while I have been treating my *benefactor* as my *betrayer*—*O Bevil*, with what *words* shall I—— Shame. Remorse.

Bev. There is no *need of words*. To *convince* is *more* than to *conquer*. If you are but *satisfied* that I *meant* you *no wrong*, *all* is as it *should be*. Benevolence.

Myrt. But *can* you—*forgive*—such *madness*? Anguish.

Bev. Have not I *myself offended*? I had almost been as *guilty* as *you*, though I had the *advantage* of *you*, by *knowing* what you did not *know*. Benevolence and forgiving.

Myrt. That I should be such a *precipitate wretch*? Remorse.

Bev. *Prithee no more.* Forgiving.

Myrt. *How many friends* have *died* by the hand of *friends*, *merely* for *want* of *temper*! *What* do I *not owe* to your *superiority* of *understanding*! What a *precipice* have I *escaped*! O my *friend*;—Can you *ever*—*forgive*—Can you *ever* again *look* upon me—with an *eye* of *favour*? Self condemnation with Horror. Intreating, with remorse.

Bev. Why should I *not*? *Any* man may *mistake*. *Any* man may be *violent*, where his *love* is concerned. I was *myself*. Benevolence.

Myrt. O *Bevil*! You are capable of *all* that is *great*, *all* that is *heroic*. Admiration

[Enters a servent to Bevil, and gives a letter.]

(1) In reading the letter, the *countenance* of Myrtle ought to *quit*, by degrees, the look of *anger*, and to pass to those marked on the margin.

XXXVI.

CHARACTERS.

From Mr. *Pope's* MORAL ESSAYS. (Epist. III.)

Narration. WHERE London's column, pointing to the skies,
Like a *tall bully*, *lifts* its *head*, and *lies*,
There dwelt a *citizen* of *sober* fame,
A *plain*, *good man*, and *Balaam* was his *name*;
Religious, *punctual*, *frugal*, and *so forth*;
His *word* would *pass* for *more* than he was *worth*.
One solid dish his *week-day* meal affords;
And added *pudding* solemniz'd the *Lord's*,
Constant at *church*, and *change*. His *gains* were *sure*,
His *givings rare*, save *farthings* to the *poor*.
Vexation. The *Devil* was *piqu'd* such *saintship* to behold,
Earnest. And *long'd* to *tempt him*, like good *Job* of *old*;
Narration. But Satan now is *wiser* than of *yore*,
And tempts by making *rich*; not making *poor*.
Rous'd by the prince of air the *whirlwinds sweep*
The *surge*, and plunge his *father* in the *deep*:
Then full against his *Cornish lands* they *roar*;
And two *rich shipwrecks bless* the *lucky shore*.
Pride. *Sir Balaam, now!* He *lives* like *other folks*;
He takes his *chirping pint*, and *cracks* his *jokes*.
"Live like *yourself*, was soon my *lady's* word;
And lo! *two puddings smoak'd* upon the *board*.
Asleep, and *naked*, as an *Indian* lay,
Craft. An *honest factor stole* a *gem away*;
And *pledg'd* it to our *knight*. Our *knight* had *wit*,
He *kept* the *di'mond*, and the *rogue* was *bit*.
Anxiety. Some *scruple rose*. But *thus* he *eas'd* his thought,
Affected piety. "I'll now give *six-pence* where I gave a *groat*;
Where *once* I went to *church*, I'll now go *twice*.
And am *so clear*, too, of all *other vice*."
Craft. The *tempter* saw his *time*; the *work* he *ply'd*;
Stocks and *subscriptions pour* on ev'ry *side*;
Earnest. Till *all* the *demon* makes his *full descent*,

In one *abundant show'r* of *cent* per *cent*;
Sinks *deep* within him, and possesses *whole*;
Then *dubs director*, and *secures* his *soul*.
Behold! Sir Balaam, now a man of *spirit*, Pride.
Ascribes his *gettings* to his *parts* and *merit*.
What late he call'd a *blessing*, now was *wit*,
And *God's* good *providence*, a *lucky hit*.
Things change their *titles*, as our *manners* turn; Narration.
His *compting-house* employs the *Sunday morn*.
Seldom at *church* ('twas such a *busy life*)
But duly sent his *family* and *wife*,
There (so the *Devil* ordain'd) one Christmas tide
My good old lady *caught* a *cold*, and *dy'd*.
A nymph of *quality admires* our *knight*.
He *marries*; *bows* at *court*; and grows *polite*:
Leaves the *dull cits*, and *joins* (to *please* the *fair*)
The *well-bred cuckolds* in St. *James's* air.
First, for his son a *gay commission* buys,
Who *drinks*, *whores*, *fights*, and in a duel *dies*.
His *daughter struts* a *viscount's tawdry wife*;
And bears a *coronet*, and *p—x* for *life*.
In Britain's *senate* he a *seat obtains*;
And *one more pensioner* St. Stephen's gains.
My lady takes to *play*; so *bad* her chance,
He *must* repair it. Takes a *bribe* from *France*.
The *house impeach* him. Coningsby *harangues*, Confusion.
The *court forsake* him; and Sir Balaam *hangs*.
Wife, *son*, and *daughter*, Satan! are thy *own*:
His wealth, *yet dearer*, forfeit to the *crown*.
The *devil* and the *king* divide the prize,
And *sad* Sir *Balaam curses God*, and *dies*.

XXXVII.

ANXIETY. RESOLUTION.

Cato sitting in a thoughtful posture. In his hand Plato's book on the immortality of the soul. A drawn sword on the table by him. After a pause, he lays down the book, and speaks.

IT *must* be so—*Plato* thou *reason'st well*— Deep contemplation.
Else whence this *pleasing hope*, this *fond desire*; (1)

(1)—"This *fond desire*," may be spoken with the *right hand* laid on the *breast*.

Desire. This *longing* after *immortality* ?
Fear. Or whence this *secret dread*, and *inward horror*
Of *falling* into *nought* ?—Why *shrinks* the *soul*
Back on *herself*, and startles at *destruction* ?
Awe. 'Tis the *Divinity* that *stirs within us* ;
'Tis *Heav'n itself* that *points out* an *Hereafter*,
And *intimates eternity* to man.
*Satisfact. †apprehen. (1) *Eternity !*——thou *pleasing**——*dreadful*†
thought !——
Curiosity. Through what *variety* of *untry'd being*,
Through what *new scenes* and *changes* must we
pass ?
The *wide*, th' *unbounded prospect* lies before me ;
Anxiety. But *shadows*, *clouds*, and *darkness*, *rest* upon it.
*Courage. †Venera. *Here *will* I *hold*. †If there's a *Power above* us ;
And *that there is*, all *nature* cries aloud
Through *all* her works——He *must delight* in
virtue.
Satisfact. And that, which *He delights* in, *must* be *happy*.
Anxiety. But *when !*—or *where !*—*This world* was made
for *Cæsar*.
*Courage. I'm *weary* of *conjectures*.—**This* must *end them*,
[Laying his hand on his sword.]
Firmness. Thus am I *doubly arm'd*. (2) My *death*, my
life ;
My *bane* and *antidote* : are *both* before me ;
Apprehen. *This*—in a *moment*, brings me to an *end*.
Comfort. Whilst *this* informs me, I shall *never die*.
Noble. The *soul* (3) *secur'd* in her *existence*, *smiles*
Pride. At the *drawn dagger*, and *defies* its point.
Triumph. The *stars* (4) shall *fade away*, the *Sun himself*
Grow *dim* with *age*, and *nature* sink in *years* ;
But *thou* (5) shalt *flourish* in *immortal youth*,

(1) " *Eternity !*—thou *pleasing*," &c. requires an *eye fixed* with *profound thoughtfulness*, on one point, throughout this line.

(2)—" My *death*, my *life*, &c. Long *pauses* between, and pointing, or looking at the *sword*, in pronouncing " my death," and at the *book*, in pronouncing " my life," and so in " my bane, and antidote," and in the two following lines.

(3) " The *soul*, &c. may be pronounced with the *right hand* laid upon the *breast*.

(4) " The *stars*," &c. may be spoken with the eyes raised toward Heaven, and the arms moderately spread.

(5)—" *thou* shalt *flourish*," &c. The *right hand* upon the *breast*.

(1) *Unhurt* amidst the *war* of *elements*,
The *wreck* of *nature*, and the *crush* (2) of *worlds*.

XXXVIII.

ANGER. THREATENING.

Satan's speech to Death, stopping his passage through the gates of hell; with the answer.

(Milt. *Parad. Loſt.* B. II. v. 681.)

WHENCE, and *what* art thou, *execrable shape*, — Queſt with
That *dar'st*, though *grim* and *terrible*, *advance* — Anger.
Thy *miscreated front athwart* my *way*
To *yonder gates*? Through *them* I mean to pass, — Reſolution.
That be *assur'd*, *without* leave ask'd of *thee*. — Contempt.
Retire, (3) or *taste* thy *folly*, and learn by *proof*,
Hell-born, *not* to *contend* with *spirits* of *Heav'n*.
To whom the goblin, full of wrath, reply'd,
" Art *thou* that *traitor Angel*, art *thou He*, — Anger.
Who *first broke peace* in Heav'n, and *faith* till *then*
Unbroken, and in *proud rebellious arms*
Drew after him the third *part of Heaven's sons*,
Conjur'd against the *Highest*, for which both *thou*
And *they*, *outcast* from *God*, are here *condemn'd*
To waste *eternal days* in *woe* and *pain*? — Contempt
And reckon'st *thou* thyself with *spirits of Heav'n*, — with Anger
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st *defiance here* and *scorn*,
Where *I reign king*, and to *enrage* thee *more*, — Pride.
Thy king and *lord*? *Back* to thy *punishment*, — Threaten.
False fugitive (4) and to thy *speed* add *wings*,
Lest with a *whip* of *scorpions*, I *purſue*
Thy *ling'ring*, or with *one stroke* of this *dart*
Strange horror ſeize thee, and *pangs unfelt before*."

(1) " Unhurt," &c. The *arms ſpread* again as before.
(2)—" The *cruſh*," &c. The *hands* brought *together* with *force*.
(3) " Retire," is to be ſpoken as a *whole ſentence*, and with the *greateſt force* of *threatening*. See *Anger*, page 29.
(4) " and to thy *ſpeed*," to be ſpoken quick.

XXXIX.

DEPRECATION. RECOLLECTION.

The speech of Sin to Satan, to prevent an hostile encounter between the latter and Death; with the effect of her speech.

(*Milt.* PARA. LOST. B. II. v. 726.)

Exclam. "(1) O *Father, what intends* thy *hand,*" (she cry'd)

Reproof. "Against thy *only son?* What *fury,* O son,
Possesses thee to *bend* that *mortal dart*
Against thy *father's head?* And know'st for *whom*;

Vexation. For *Him* who sits above, and *laughs* the while
At thee ordain'd his *drudge,* to execute
Whate'er his *wrath,* which he calls *justice, bids*;

Alarm. His *wrath*; which *one day,* will *destroy* ye both."

Narration. She *spake,* and at her words the hellish pest
Forbore. Then *these* to her, *Satan return'd*;

Surprise. "So *strange* thy *outcry,* and thy *words* so *strange*
Thou *interposest,* that my sudden hand

Recollect. *Prevented, spares* to tell thee yet by *deeds*
What it *intends*; till first I *know* of thee,

Question. What *thing* thou *art,* thus double form'd, and *why*
In this infernal vale *first met,* thou call'st
Me father, and that *phantasm* call'st *my son,*
I *know* thee *not*; nor ever *saw,* till now,

Aversion. *Sight* more *detestable* than *him* and *thee.*"

XL.

VEXATION. PERTNESS. CRINGING.

Part of Mr. *Pope's* complaint of the impertinence of scribblers.

Gratitude. FRIEND (2) to my *life!* (which did not *you prolong,*
(3) The *world* had *wanted*—many an *idle* song)

(1) "*O Father,*" &c. must be spoken *quick,* as people do, when they mean to prevent imminent mischief.

(2) Dr. Arbuthnot.

(3) "The *world* had *wanted.*"—Thus far ought to be spoken with great emphasis, as if somewhat very important were com-

What *drop*, or *nostrum*, can this *plague remove*?
Or *which* must *end* me, a *fool's wrath*, or *love*?
A *dire dilemma!* *Either* way I'm *sped*;
If foes, they *write*, if friends, they *read* me dead.
Seiz'd and *try'd down* to judge, how *wretched I*,
Who *can't* be *silent*, and who *will not lie*.
To *laugh* were want of *goodness*, and of *grace*;
And to be *grave* exceeds all *pow'r* of *face*.
I sit with *sad civility*. I read
(1) With *serious anguish*, and an *aching head*;
Then drop at last, but in *unwilling ears*,
This *saving counsel*. "Keep your piece *nine years*," (2) — Advising.
"*Nine years!*" cries he, who high in Drury-Lane, — Off. with Surprise.
Lull'd by *soft zephyrs* through the *broken pane*,
Rhymes ere he *wakes*, and *prints* before *term ends*,
Oblig'd by *hunger*—and *request of friends*;
"The piece, you think, is *incorrect*. Why *take it*, — Pertness.
I'm *all submission*; what you'd *have* it, make it. — Cringing.
Three things another's *modest* wishes bound; — Vexation.
My *friendship*, and a *prologue*, and *ten pound*. — Cringing.
Pitholeon (3) sends to me; "You know his *Grace*,
I want a *patron*—ask him for a *place*." — Offence.
"Pitholeon *libell'd* me—" *But here's a *letter* — * Cringing.
"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew *no better*.
Dare you *refuse* him? (4) Curl invites to *dine*; — Threatning.
He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn *divine*."
Bless me! A *packet!* "'Tis a *stranger* sues; — Surprise.
A *virgin tragedy*: an *orphan muse*."

ing; and the remaining part of the line, "many an *idle* song," in a ludicrous manner.

(1) "With *serious anguish*," &c. may be spoken as if sick. See *Sick-ess*, page 32.

(2) Alluding to Horace's "Nonumque prematur in annum.

(3) Pitholeon. The name of a foolish ancient poet.

(4) "Curl invites," &c. Mr. Pope was, it seems, ill used by Curl, a bookseller—by the writer of a Journal News-paper—and by a "Parson much bemus'd in beer."

Anger. If I *dislike* it, " *Furies, death*, and *rage!*"
Cringing. If I approve, " *Commend* it to the *stage.*"
Comfort. *There, thank my stars*, my *whole commission ends!*
The *players* and I are *luckily*, no *friends*,
Anger. *Fir'd* that the *house reject* him, " *Sdeath!* I'll *print it*,
Cringing. And *shame* the *fools*—Your *int'rest*, Sir, with *Lintot.*"
Excuse. " *Lintot* (dull rogue!) will think your price *too much*,"
Cringing. " Not if you, Sir, *revise* it and *retouch.*"
Vexation. All my *demurs* but *double* his *attacks*;
Wheedling At last he whispers, " Do; and we go *snacks.*"
Offence. *Glad* of a *quarrel, straight* I *clap* the *door*;
Dismission with Anger " *Sir*, let me see *you*, and your *works no more.*"

XLI.

REFLECTION

On lost Happiness. Self-Condemnation. Horror. Desperation.

Satan's Soliloquy. (*Milt.* Parad. Lost. B. IV. v. 32)

Admiration O *Thou*, that with *surpassing glory crown'd*,
Look'st from thy *sole dominion*, like the *god*
Of this *new world*; at whose *sight* all the *stars*
Hatred. Hide their *diminish'd heads*; to *thee* I call,
But with *no friendly voice*, and add thy *name*,
Painful Reflection. O *Sun*, to tell thee, how I *hate* thy *beams*,
That bring to my *remembrance* from what *state*
Self Condemnation I *fell*; how *glorious* once *above thy sphere*;
Till *pride* and worse *ambition* threw me *down*;
Warring in *heaven* 'gainst *heaven's matchless king.*
Ah *wherefore! He* deserv'd *no such return*
Vindication of an enemy. From *me*, whom he created what I was
In *that right eminence*, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor *was* his *service hard.*
What could be *less* than to afford him *praise*,
The *easiest recompense*, and pay him *thanks*,
Self condemnation How *justly due!* yet *all* his *good* in *me*
Produc'd *rank malice*; *lifted up* so *high*,

Subjection I *disdain'd*: thought *one step* higher
Would set me *highest*, and in a moment *quit*
The *debt immense* of *endless gratitude*,
So *burdensome*, *still paying*, *still* to *owe*.
Forgetful what from *him* I still *receiv'd*, — Self-Condemnation.
And *understood not*, that a *grateful mind*
By *owing owes not*, but *still pays*; at *once*
Indebted, and *discharged*; *what burden then?*
O had his *pow'rful destiny* ordain'd — Anguish.
Me some *inferior Angel!* I had stood — Reflect. on lost happin.
Then *happy*; no *unbounded hope* had rais'd
Ambition. Yet *why not?* some *other* pow'r
As great, might have *aspir'd*, and *me*, though *mean*,
Drawn to his *part*. But *other* pow'rs as great
Fell not, but stand *unshaken*, from *within*,
Or from *without*, to *all temptations arm'd*.
Had'st thou the same *free-will*, and *pow'r* to *stand?* — Self condemnation.
Thou *had'st*; *whom* hast thou then, or *what* t' accuse,
But Heaven's *free love* dealt equally to all? — Blasphemy.
Be then his *love accurs'd!* since *love* or *hate* — Rage. self condemn.
To me alike it deals *eternal woe*.
Nay curs'd be thou; since against *his*, *thy will*
Chose *freely* what it now so justly *rues*.
O *wretched spirit!* *which way* shall I *fly* — Desperation.
Infinite *wrath*, and infinite *despair*;
Which way *I fly* is *Hell*, *myself* am *Hell*;
And in the *lowest deep* a *lower deep*
Still *threat'ning* to *devour* me, *opens wide*,
To which the *Hell*, I suffer, seems a *Heaven*—
O then, at *last relent*. Is there no place — Essay toward repen.
Left for *repentance?* *None* for *pardon left?*
None left, but by *submission*; *and *that word* — *Pride.
Disdain forbids me, and my *dread* of *shame*
Among the *sp'rits beneath*, whom I *seduc'd*
With *other promises*, and *other vaunts*
Than to *submit*; boasting I could *subdue*
Th' Omnipotent. *Ay me!* *they* little know — Anguish.
How *dearly* I abide that boast so vain;

Under what *torments* inwardly I *groan*;
While they *adore* me on the throne of Hell,
With *diadem* and *sceptre* high advanc'd,
The *lower* still I fall, only *supreme*
In *misery*; such *joy ambition* finds.
Pride. But say I *could repent*, and *could obtain*,
By act of grace, my *former state*; how *soon*
Would *height* recal *high thoughts*, how soon *unsay*
What feign'd *submission swore? ease* would recant
Vows made in *pain*, as *violent* and *void*.
Malice. For *never* can *true reconcilement* grow
Where *wounds* of *deadly hate* have *pierc'd* so *deep*,
Which would but lead me to a *worse relapse*,
And *heavier fall*: So should I purchase *dear*
Short intermission bought with *double smart*.
Hopeleſs. This *knows* my *punisher*, therefore as *far*
Anguiſh. From *granting He*, as *I* from *begging* peace:
All hope excluded thus, *behold* instead
Malice. Of *us*, *outcast*, *exil'd*—his *new* delight,
Mankind, created, and for *them* this world.
So *farewel hope*; and with hope *farewel fear*,
Fixed deſperation *Farewel remorse*: all *good* to me is *lost*;
Evil be *thou my good*; by *thee* at least
Reſolved. *Divided* empire with heaven's King I hold,
Obdur. By thee, and *more* than *half*, perhaps, shall reign:
Malice bent on miſchief As *man*, ere long, and *this new world* shall *know*.

XLII.

WALKING IN SLEEP, AND A DISTURBED CONSCIENCE.

Enter LADY MACBETH, (1) *with a taper*.

Liſtening. *Gent.* LOOK *you! here she comes. This is* her *guise*. *Observe* her. Stand *close*.

(1) The pupil, if he has not seen MACBETH, muſt be informed, that Duncan, one of the ancient kings of Scotland, was, according to Buchanan and other hiſtorians, murdered by Macbeth, one of the nobles of that kingdom, at the inſtigation of his lady, in

Doct. Her *eyes* are *open*. Wonder.
Gent. *Ay*, but their *sense* is *shut*.
Doct. *What* is it she *does* now? *Look* how she *rubs* her *hands*. Attention.
Gent. It is an *accustomed action* with her to seem thus *washing* her *hands*. I have known her *continue this* a *quarter* of an *hour*.
La. Macb. *Yet* here's a *spot*. (1) Guilt.
Doct. *Hark*, she *speaks*. Attention.
La. Macb. *Out*, cursed *spot*. *Out*, I say— Guilt.
(2) *One*, *two*. *Now* is the *time* to do it—*Hell* *is murky*—*Fie*, my *lord!* A *soldier afraid!* *What* need we *fear?* *Who knows* it? *Who* has *power* to call us to *account?*—But, *who* could have *thought* the *old* man had so much *blood* in him? Horror. Encourag. Guilt.
Gent. Do you *mark that?* Atten. *with*
La. Macb. The Thane of Fife is a *married* *man*. Where is his *wife now?* *Murdered*, did you say? Who could be so *bloody* to *mangle* such *sweetness?*——What, will these hands *never* be *clean?* No more of *that*, my lord; no more of *that*. You mar all with your *starting*.——— Here is the *smell* of *blood* still——All the perfumes of *Arabia* will not sweeten this *little hand*. Oh! oh! oh! Suspicion. Guilt. Encourag. Guilt. Anguish.
Doct. What a *sigh* was there! That *heart* is *sorely charged*. This *disease* is beyond *my practice*. Suspicion.
La. Macb. *Wash* your *hands*, put on your night gown. Take *courage*——I tell you, Banquo is *buried*, all but the *blood* that was *shed* at his *dispatching*; and that has no *likeness* to be *known* by. Are you afraid that he'll come out of his *grave* again? To *bed*, to *bed*, to *bed*. Encourage. Fear.

their own house, in order to Macbeth's ascending the throne; and that *Shakespeare*, in this scene, intends to represent her troubled in her sleep with guilt and fear.

(1) There must be but *little emphasis* used in expressing what Lady Macbeth says, because it is but *dreaming*.

(2) "*One*, *two*," must be spoken as *counting* a great clock.

There is a *knocking* at the *gate*. *Come, come, come.* What is *done* cannot be *undone*. To *bed*, to *bed*, to *bed*.

XLIII.

INTREATING. COMPLAINT OF INJURY. REFUSING.

The Embassy from Agamemnon to Achilles, (after the latter had, in disgust, retired from the army) to endeavour to prevail with him to return, and join the allies against the Trojans. Ulysses at table, in Achilles's tent, speaks.

Submission. HEALTH to *Achilles!* *Happy* are thy *guests!*
Not *those more honor'd* whom *Atrides* feasts:
Tho' *gen'rous plenty crown* the *loaded boards*;
That Agamemnon's regal *tent affords.*
Anxiety. But *greater cares* sit *heavy* on our *souls*;
Not eas'd by *banquets*, or by flowing *bowls.*
Sympathy. What *scenes of slaughter* in yon *fields appear*,
The *dead* we *mourn*, and for the *living fear.*
Apprehen. *Greece* on the *brink* of *fate* all *doubtful stands*,
And owns *no help*, but from *thy saving hands.*
Troy, and her *sons*, for *ready vengeance call*;
Their threat'ning *tents* already *shade* our *wall.*
Hear how with *shouts* their *conquests* they *proclaim*,
And point at ev'ry *ship* the *vengeful flame.*
Awe with Apprehen. For *them* the *Father* of the *gods declares*;
Theirs are his *omens*, and his *thunder theirs.*
Terror. *See*, full of *Jove*, *avenging Hector rise!*
All human force the raging chief *defies*;
What *fury* in his *breast*, what light'ning in his *eyes!*
He waits but for the *morn*, to sink in flame
The *ships*, the *Greeks*, and *all* the *Grecian name.*
Beseeching. *Return*, *Achilles!* *Oh return*, tho' late,
To *save* thy *Greeks*, and *stop* the *course* of *fate*;
If in that *heart* or *grief*, or *courage lies*,

Rise to *redeem*: Ah *yet* to *conquer rise*.
The *day* may *come*, when, *all* our *warriors slain*, Warning.
That *heart* shall *melt*, that *courage* rise in *vain*.

He afterwards enumerates the advantageous conditions offered by Agamemnon, to engage him to return. To all which Achilles gives the following answer.

——————*Ulysses!* (1)—hear Stern Firmneſs.
A faithful speech, that knows nor *art*, nor *fear*,
What in my secret *soul* is *understood*,
My *tongue* shall *utter*, and my *deeds* make good.
Let *Greece* then *know* my *purpose* I *retain*,
Nor with *new treaties vex* my *peace* in *vain*.
Long toils, *long perils* in their cause I *bore*: Diſpleaſure
But *now* th' *unfruitful glories charm* no *more*.
Fight, or *not fight*, a *like reward* we claim;
The *wretch* and *hero* find their *prize* the *same*;
Alike, *regretted* in the *dust* he *lies*,
Who *yields ignobly*, or who *bravely dies*.
Of all my *dangers*, all my *glorious pains*,
A *life* of *labours!* *lo*, what *fruit remains!*
As the *bold bird* her *helpless young attends*,
From *danger guards* them, and from *want defends*;
In search of *prey* she *wings* the *spacious air*,
And with *untasted food supplies* her *care*;
For *thankless Greece* such *hardships* have I *brav'd*,
Her *matrons*, and her *tender infants sav'd*.
Long sleepless nights in *heavy arms* have *stood*,
And spent *laborious days* in *dust* and *blood*.
I sack'd *twelve ample cities* on the *main*,
And *twelve* lay *smoking* on the *Trojan plain*.
Then at *Atrides haughty* feet were *laid*
The *wealth I gather'd* and the *spoils I made*. Sneer *with* Reproof.
Your *mighty monarch these* in peace *possest*;
Some *few* my *soldiers* had; *himself* the *rest*.
Wrong'd in my *love*, all *proffers* I *disdain*;
Deceiv'd for *once*, I *trust not* kings *again*. Reſolution.

(1) "*Ulyſſes!*" is to be ſpoken as a whole ſentence.

Refuſing. Ye *have* my *answer*—*What *remains* to do,
*Sneer. Your *king*, *Ulysses*, may *conſult* with *you*.
What needs he the defence *this arm* can make?
Has he not *walls*, no *human force* can *ſhake*?
Has he not *fenc'd* his guarded *navy round*
With *piles*, with *ramparts*, and a *trench* pro-
found?
And will not *these*, the *wonders* he has done,
Repel the *rage* of *Priam's* ſingle *ſon*?
Self-comm. There *was a time* ('twas when for Greece I
fought)
When *Hector's prowess no ſuch wonders wrought*.
He kept the *verge* of *Troy*, nor *dar'd* to wait
Achilles' vengeance at the Scæan gate.
Reſolution. But now those *deadly contests* are no *more*,
To-morrow we the fav'ring *gods implore*;
Then ſhall ye ſee our *parting veſſels crown'd*,
And hear with oars the Helleſpont *reſound*.
Inſult. Then *tell* your *king*, that *all* the *Greeks* may
hear,
And learn to *ſcorn* the man they *baſely fear*.
(For, arm'd in *impudence*, mankind he *braves*,
And meditates new *cheats* on all his *ſlaves*;
Though *ſhameleſs* as he is, to meet these *eyes*
Fixed Is what he *dares not*; if he dares, he *dies*.)
Hatred. *Tell* him, *all terms*, *all commerce I decline*,
Nor *ſhare* his *counſels*, nor his *battles join*:
For, *once* deceiv'd was *his*; but *twice* were
mine.
Reſolution. *My fates*, long ſince, by *Thetis* were *diſcloſ'd*;
And each alternate, *life*, or *fame*, *propoſ'd*.
Here if I *ſtay* before the Trojan *town*,
Short is my *date*; but *deathleſs* my *renown*.
If I *return*, I quit immortal *praiſe*
For *years* on *years*, and *long* extended *days*.
Convinc'd tho' *late*, I *find* my fond *miſtake*,
Adviſing. And *warn* the Greeks the *wiſer* choice to make;
To *quit* these *ſhores*; their *native ſeats enjoy*,
Nor hope the *fall* of *heaven-defended Troy*.
Serious *Life* is not to be *bought* with heaps of *gold*;
Reflections Not all, *Apollo's* Pythian *treaſures hold*,

Or *Troy once held*, in peace and pride of sway,
Can bribe the *poor possession* of a *day*,
Lost *herds* and *treasures* we by *arms regain*,
And steeds *unrival'd* on the *dusty plain*.
But, from our lips the *vital spirit* fled,
Returns no more to *wake* the *silent dead*.

He concludes with declaring his determined resolution not to return. And the Ambassadors take their leave, to go back to the army.

XLIV.

HUMOROUS

SCENE FROM SHAKESPEAR'S MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout and Starveling.

Quince. IS all our company *here?* Inquiring.

Bot. You had best call them *conjunctly* and *severally*, *generally* and *especially*, that is, whereof to call them *man* by *man*, according to the *scrip*. Directing.

Quin. Here is the scroll of *every* man's *name* in *this* town, that is fit to be seen upon the *stage* before the *duke* and *dutchess*. Informing.

Bot. (1) Good *Peter Quince*, go to *work* in a *method*. Begin at the *top*, and go on to the *bottom*; that is, whereof as a man may say, first tell us what the *play treats of*, then read the *names* of the *actors*, and so your business will stand by itself as *regular*, as a *building* set upon the very *pinnacle* of its *foundation*. Directing.

Quin. Why then the play is the most *delectable* and *lamentable* comedy entitled and called, The *cruel tragedy* of the death of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*. Informing.

(1) "Good *Peter Quince*, &c." To be spoken with a great *affectation* of *wisdom*; but in a *clumsy* and *rustic* manner.

Pity. *Bot.* A very *moving play*, I warrant it. A very *deep tragedy*, I know by the *sound* of the *title* of it. *Pyramus* and *Thisby!* I suppose they are to have their *throats cut* from *ear to ear*, or their *bellies ripped up* from the waistbands of their
Directing. *breeches* to their *chins*. Well now, *good Peter*, call forth your *actors* by the *scrowl*. *Masters*, spread yourselves out into a *clump*, every man *conjunctly* by *himself*.

Authority. *Quin.* *Answer* as I *call* you. *Nick Bottom*, *weaver*.

Affectation *Bot.* *Ready*. *Name* my *part*, and *proceed*.

Smartneſs. *Quin.* You, *Nick Bottom*, are set down for *Pyramus*.

Authority. *Bot.* I am to play *Pyramus*? Well, and *who*
Inquiring. is *Pyramus*? A *gentleman* or a *simple* man?
Teaching. *Quin.* *Pyramus* is a *lovyer*, and *Thisby* is his *sweetheart*. Pyramus *kills himself* for *grief*, because a *lion* had got hold of Thisby's *cloak*, and *tore* it, which makes *Pyramus conclude*, as how he had tore *her* too, and *eaten* her *up*, all but the *cloak*; whereof he had not *touched* her. So that poor Pyramus loses his *life* d'ye see, for *nothing at all*; whereof you know, that is enough to make a man *hang himself*.

Inquiring. *Bot.* What then, am I to hang myself for *vexation*, because I had *killed* myself for *nothing*?

Denying. *Quin.* No; *that* is not in the *play*.

Apprehen. *Bot.* Here will be *salt tears wept*, or I am mistaken. An *I be the man*, that acts this same *Pyramus*, let the ladies look to their *eyes*. I will *condole* and *congratulate* to some *tune*. I will *break every heart*, that is not *double hooped* with *flint*. I have a *main notion* of acting your *lovyer*, that is *crossed* in *love*. There is but *one thing*, that is *more* to my *humour* than your tribulation lovyer. That is, your *tyrant*; your
Bombaſt. *thundering tyrant*; I could play you, for example I could play you such a tyrant as *Herriccoles*,(1)

(1) Hercules.

when he gets on the *brimstone shirt*, and is all on *fire*, as the unlucky boys burn a great rat alive with spirits. And then, when he takes up little—what's his name—(1) to *squirt* him off of the *cliff* into the *sea*. *O then* 'tis *fine*, (2) " I'll *spilt* the *raging rocks*; and *shiv'ring shocks*, with *thund'ring knocks*, shall *break* the *locks*, of *prison gates*. And *Febal's* (3) *ear*, shall *shine* from *far*, and *kindle war*, with many a *scar*, and *make* and *mar* the *stubborn fates*." There is your right tragedy stuff. This is *Harriccole's vein* to a *hair*. This is your only *true tyrant's vein*. Your *lovyer's vein* is more upon the *condoling* and *congratulating*. Now, *Peter Quince*, name the *rest* of the *players*. Ranting. Applause. Directing. Authority.

Quin. *Francis Flute, Bellows-mender.* Affectation

Flute. *Here, Peter Quince.* Smartness.

Quin. *Francis, you must take *Thisby* on you. *Authority

Flute. †*What*, that is to be *Nick Bottom's* sweetheart, and to have my *cloak worried alive* by the *great beast?* Why, *Peter*, I have a *beard* a coming. I shan't make a *clever woman*, as you may say, unless it were Mrs. *What d'ye call her*, Mrs. Tibby's *mother* or *aunt*. Has not the gentlewoman of the play a *mother*, or an *aunt*, that appears? †Inquiring Doubt. Inquiring.

Quin. *Yes*; but *you* must do *Thisby*. You will do *Thisby well enough*, man. You shall do it in a *mask*. *Robin Starveling, taylor.* Encourag. Authority. Affectation

Star. *Here, Peter Quince.* Smartness.

Quin. §*You* must play *Pyramus's Father*; I will play *Thisby's father*; *Flute* must play *Thisby*; and *Snowt Thisby's mother*. *Simon Snug, joiner.* §Authority Affectation

Snug. *Here, Peter Quince.* Smartness.

(1) Lichas.

(2) This bombastic passage (probably intended to ridicule some play written in Shakespeare's time) cannot be too much *mouthed* and *ranted*.

(3) Phœbus's.

* Authority

Quin. *Simon,** you must act the part of the lion.

Inquiring.

Snug. *Heh!* the part of the *lion*, do you say, Peter Quince? Why I never made a *beast* of myself in my *life*, but *now* and then, when I have drunk a *cup too much.*

Encourage.

Quin. *Pshaw, Pshaw,* a *better man than you or I either*, has been made a *beast* before *now*; ay, and a *horn'd beast* too. But the *lion* is a *royal beast*, the *king* of *beasts*. So, Simon, you must play the part of the *lion.*

Doubt.

Snug. Well, but an it be a *long part*, I can't *remember* it; for I have but a *poor brain*. Let me see how many *pages*.

Quin. Why, Simon, it is not *written*. And, for the matter of that, you may do it *off hand.* It is nothing but *roaring.*

Advising.

Bot. I'll tell you *what, Peter Quince*; you were better to let *me* act the part of the *lion*. *Simon Snug* is but a *hen-hearted* sort of a fellow. He won't roar you so loud as a *mouse* in the hole

Boasting.

in the *wall*. But, if you will let *me* play the part, I will make such a *noise*, as shall do any man's heart *good* to hear me. I will roar, that the duke shall cry, *Encore, encore*, let him *roar*, let him *roar*, once *more*, once *more.*

Cautioning

Quin. But if you were *too terrible*, you might *frighten* the *dutchess* and the *ladies*, that they would *shriek*, and that were enough to *hang us all.*

Self vindication.

Bot. *Ay*; if the dutchess and the ladies were *frighted* out of their *wits*, to be sure, perhaps they might have *no more wit*, than to get us all *hang'd*; but do *you think*, Peter Quince, that I have no more *inhumanity* in my nature, than to *frighten* people? I would *restrain* and *aggravate* my voice, that I would roar you as *gentle* as any *sucking dove*; I would roar you an it were any *nightingale.*

Quin. I *tell you*, Nick Bottom, hold your *tongue*, with your *roaring*, and set your heart at *rest*. You shall play *nothing* but *Pyramus*. Authority.

Bot. Well, if I *must*, I *must*. What cannot be *endur'd*, you *know*, must be *cur'd*. But what *beard* were I best to play it in? Submission. Inquiring.

Quin. You must not have on a *grey* beard, you know; because it will not look *natural* for a man with a *grey* beard to be acting the part of a *lovyer*. Directing.

Bot. Why *look you*, Master Peter Quince, I don't think it so very *unnatural* to see people, with grey beards, acting the part of *lovyers*; at least, I am sure, it had not *need* be *unnatural*; for it is *common* enough. But, howsomdever it will look a little unnatural, as you say, to see the *young woman*, Mrs. Tibby, *fondling* and looking *sweet* upon a man with a *grey beard*. Wherefore, upon *minture liberation*, I will play it in a beard *black* as *jet*. Self vindication.

Quin. *Here*, then, *Masters*, take your parts, and *con* them over with as much *retention* as you can: that you may be ready to *rehearse* by tomorrow *night*. Exhorting

Bot. But *where* must we *rehearse*, Peter Quince? Inquiring.

Quin. Why, your know, if we should go to rehearse in a *garret*, or a malt-loft, we should but draw a *mob*, and perhaps get ourselves taken up for *cromancers*. Therefore we must go to the *palace wood*, and do it by *moonlight*. Then you know, we shall do it with *dacity* and *imposer* of mind, when there is no body to *deplaud*, or *hiss*. Apprehen. Contriving.

Bot. *Right*, Peter Quince. We will be *ready* for you. [Exeunt.]

XLV.

CHIDING.

The Speech of HECTOR *to* PARIS, *on his avoiding, on the field of battle,* MENELAUS, *the husband of* HELEN, *whom he had decoyed from Sparta to Troy, which occasioned the Trojan war.*

(POPE's Homer, II. III. v. 53.)

Narration. AS *godlike Hector* sees the prince retreat,
He thus upbraids him with a gen'rous heat;
Reproof. " *Unhappy Paris!* But to *women—brave!*
So *fairly form'd*, and *only* to *deceive!*
Vexation. *Oh*, hadst thou *dy'd*, when first thou *saw'st* the *light*,
Or dy'd *at least* before the *nuptial rite!*
Contempt. A *better fate* than *vainly* thus to *boast*
And *fly*, the *scandal* of the *Trojan host.*
Vexation. *Gods!* how the *scornful Greeks exult* to see
Their *fears* of *danger undeceiv'd* in *thee!*
Thy *figure promis'd* with a *martial air*;
Contempt. But *ill* thy *soul* supplies a *form* so *fair.*
In *former* days, in all thy *gallant pride*,
When thy tall ships *triumphant stem'd* the *tide*;
When Greece beheld thy *painted canvas flow*,
And *crowds* stood *wond'ring* at the *passing show*;
Inquiry *with* contempt. Say, was it *thus*, with such a *baffled mien*,
You met the *approaches* of the *Spartan queen?*
Thus from her *realm convey'd* the *beauteous prize*,
And *both* her *warlike lords* (1) *outshone* in *Helen's eyes?*
This *deed*, thy *foes' delight*, thy *own disgrace*,
Thy *father's grief*, and *ruin* of thy *race*,
This *deed recals* thee to the proffer'd *fight*;
Challenge. Or hast thou *injur'd* whom thou *dar'st* not *right?*
Soon to thy *cost* his *sword* would make thee *know*,
Thou *keep'st* the *consort* of a *braver foe.*

(1) Theseus, her first, and Menelaus, her second husband.

Thy *graceful form* instilling *soft desire*, Warning.
Thy *curling tresses*, and thy *silver lyre*,
Beauty and *youth*—in *vain* to *these* you *trust*,
When *youth* and *beauty* shall be *laid* in *dust*.
Troy yet may *wake*, and one *avenging blow*, Threaten.
Crush the *dire author* of his *country's woe*."

XLVI.

REMORSE. CONFESSION. VIRTUOUS RESOLUTION. AFFECTION. JOY. RAPTURE.

Scene between Sir Charles Easy and his Lady, (to whom he had been false) after his coming to understand, that his falsehood was known to her, though borne without the least complaint, or outward appearance of dissatisfaction, on her part.

Sir Ch. SIT *still*, my dear—I want to *talk* with you—and, which you well may *wonder* at, what I have to say is of *importance* too. But it is in order to our *friendship's* being upon a *better footing* hereafter, than it has been *hitherto*. Serious conversation.

Lady Easy. Your behaviour to *me*, Sir Charles, has *always* been *friendly* and *loving*; nor can I charge you with a *look*, that ever had the *appearance* of *unkindness*. Affection *with* Submission.

Sir Ch. The *perpetual spring* of your *good humour* Madam, lets me draw *no merit* from what I have *appeared* to be. For you seem to be of a *temper* to *love*, or at least to behave *kindly* to your *husband*, let his *character* be *what it will*. Yet I cannot, *even now*, reconcile with your *good sense*, your *venturing* upon *marriage* with a man of my *indolent character*. Complim.

Lady Easy. I never thought it such a *hazard*. And your having *never shewn*, even in the time of *courtship*, the *least affectation* to be Submissive Affection.

any thing, but what you was *by nature* ; and your shewing, through that *carelessness* of *temper*, an undesigning *honesty* of *mind*, which I suspected a *want* of in *smoother behaviour*, *won* me by taking *no pains* to *win* me, and *pleased* and *courted* me by taking no *pains* to *please* or *court* me. I concluded, that, *such* a *temper* could never be *deliberately unkind*. Or, at the *worst*, I hoped, that any *errors* which might arise from *want* of *thinking*, might be *borne* ; and that *one moment's thought* would *end* them. Thus, Sir Charles, you see my *worst* of *fears*. And *these*, weighed against the *hopes* I had of *winning* your *heart*, (as you know our sex are not *too diffident* of the *power* of our own *charms*) were as *nothing*.

Wonder. *Sir Ch.* My dear, your *understanding*, when I consider my *own conduct*, *startles* me, and makes

Shame. my own look *despicable*. I *blush* to think I have worn so valuable a *jewel* in my *bosom*, and, till *this hour*, have scarce had the *curiosity*, or rather the *common sense*, to think of *looking* upon its *lustre*.

Self-denial. *Lady Easy.* You set too *high* a value, Sir Charles, on the *common qualities* of *harmlessness*, and *good nature* in a *wife*.

Praise. *Sir Ch. Virtues*, like *benefits*, are *doubled* by being *modestly concealed*. And I confess, I *sus-*

Shame. *pect* you, Madam, of *virtues*, which, as much as they *exalt your character*, *disgrace mine*.

Apprehen. *Lady Easy.* I don't *understand* you, Sir Charles.

Trepidation *Sir Ch.* I must speak *plainer* then—Be *free*, and tell me, *where* did you *leave* this *handkerchief* ? (1)

Starting. *Lady Easy. Ha!*

Tenderness. *Sir Ch.* What do you *start* at—*You* have

Shame. *nothing* to be *troubled* about.——Would to *Heaven* I had as *little*. [Aside.]

Anxiety. *Lady Easy.* I *cannot speak*—and I could *wish* you would not *oblige* me—It is the *only*

(1) It was by the handkerchief, that he knew his baseness was discovered by his lady.

thing I *ever refused* you—And, though I *cannot* give you a *reason*, why I *would* not speak, yet I hope you will *excuse* me, *without* a reason. Intreating.

Sir Ch. What then? Does this *delicate creature scruple* to *accuse* me of what I have *so little scrupled* to be *guilty of! Monster!* To *injure such goodness!* [Aside] *Well*, then, *Madam*, your *will* shall be a *reason*. I will *urge* the *point* no *farther*. And, indeed, it would *ill become me*. Since you are so *generously tender* of *reproaching* me, I will *declare* to you, that what your *delicacy avoids charging* me with, that my *own reflection* bears *home* upon me with *tenfold force*. Your *heroic behaviour* has *waked* me to a *sense* of your *disquiet past*—disquiet so *unworthily* caused by *me*—and—and—[hesitating through fulness of heart] so *nobly borne* by—her—who *least deserved* to be *forced* to bear it.——But, Madam—[sighing] if I *have* used you ill—I hope I have *sentiment* enough *still left* to secure you from *all fear* of my offending *hereafter*. As an *earnest* of which, let me *beg* of you to *discharge* your *woman*. Stinging remorse. Tenderneſs *with* admiration. Remorſe. Virtuous reſolution. Intreating. Intreating.

Lady Easy. My dearest! I think not of her. Your *tenderness overcomes* me. [Weeping.] Senſibility.

Sir Ch. Nay, surely, you have no room to praise my *tenderness*. Such *tenderness*, as I have shewn to *worth* like *yours*, might—but I see you are in *pain* to give me this *confusion*. I will not therefore, increase *your uneasiness* by reflections on what *I have been*; but rather, reserving them for my *private recollections*, try to *soothe* your *anguish* by the *prospect* of *happiness* to *come*—happiness from my *recovery* to a *sense* of your *inimitable excellence*, which hereafter, I intend shall be the *business* and the *joy* of my *life* to *study*, and *admire*. *Expect* then, thou *best* of *womankind*, from my *future affection*, all that can be *conceived* of *tender* and of *kind*. *Nothing*, you can *expect*, shall *come up* to what you shall *experience*; for *no tenderness* can equal Joy, & ſelf-abaſement. Remorſe. Tenderneſs Proteſtation of affection.

your *deservings* at the hands of such a husband as I have *hitherto been*. *Receive* me, then, *entire* at *last*, and take what *no woman* ever *truly had*, —*not* even your *incomparable self*—my *conquered heart*. [Embracing.]

Inexpreſſible tranſport of Love and Joy.

Lady Easy. O my *recovered*, my *almost lost*, my *inestimable jewel!*—My *husband*—My *love!*—O *extasy* of *joy!*—*Too much* for *human nature!*—*Thus* to have *all* I *love* on *earth*, come *voluntarily* and *unsolicited*, to *load* me with *kindness*, and *crown* me with *happiness!* What is the rapture of the *lover* sighing at our feet, to the *solid joy* of *receiving* the *relenting*, *returning husband! O dearest love! Be not* so *profusely kind. O Heaven!*—*Teach* me to shew *gratitude suitable* to such a *blessing*.

Pious gratitude.

XLVII.

DISCONTENT. EXCITING. REPROACHING. PLOTTING.

The scene, in which CASSIUS *excites* BRUTUS *to oppose* CÆSAR's *power.*

(Shakeſpeare's JUL. CÆS.)

Diſcontent. *Cassius.* HONOR is the *subject* of my *story*;
I cannot tell, what *you* and *other* men
Think of this *life*, but for *my single self*,
Contempt. I'd rather *sleep i' th' dust*, than live to be
In *awe* of *such* a thing as *I myself*.
Pride. I was born *free* as *Cæsar*. *So* were *you*.
We *both* have *fed* as *well*, and we can *both*
Endure the winter's *cold* as well as he.
Narration *with* Contempt. For once, upon a *raw* and *gusty* day,
The troubled Tiber *chafing* with his *shores*,
Cæsar says to me. "*Dar'st* thou, Cassius, now
Queſtion. *Leap in* with me into this *angry flood*,
And *swim* to yonder *Point?*" Upon the *word*,
Courage. *Accoutred* as I *was*, (1) I *plunged in*,

(1) This paſſage cannot be expreſſed with life, without ſomething of the action of *ſwimming*.

And bade him *follow* ; so indeed he *did*.
The torrent *roar'd*, and *we* did *buffet* it
With *lusty sinews*, *throwing* it *aside*,
And *stemming* it with hearts of *controversy*.
But ere we could *arrive* the Point *propos'd*,
Cæsar cry'd, " *Help me, Cassius, or I sink !*" — Distress & intreating.
*Then, as *Æneas*, our great *ancestor*, — *Courage.
Did from the *flames* of *Troy*, upon his *shoulders*,
The *old Anchises bear*, so, from the *waves* of *Tiber*,
Did I the *tired Cæsar* ; †and *this man* — †Wonder.
Is *now* become a *god*, and *Cassius* is
A *wretched creature*, and must *bend* his *body*, — Contempt.
If *Cæsar* carelessly but *nod* to him.
He had an *ague* when he was in Spain, — Narration *with* contempt.
And when the *fit* was on him, I did *mark*
How he did *shake* : 'tis *truth*, this *god* did *shake* ;
His *coward lips* did from their *colour fly*,
And that same *eye*, whose *bend* doth *awe* the *world*,
Did *lose* its *lustre* ; I did *hear* him *groan* ; — Contempt.
Aye, and that *tongue* of his, that bade the *Romans*
Mark him, and *write* his *speeches* in their *books*,
Alas, it *cry'd*, " Give me some *drink*, Titinius" — Sickness.
As a *sick girl*. Ye *gods*, it doth *amaze* me, — Wonder.
A man of such a *feeble* temper, should
So get the *start* of the *majestic world*,
And bear the *palm alone*.
Brutus. *Another* general *shout !* — Listening.
I do believe that their *applauses* are — Wonder.
For some *new honours* that are *heap'd* on *Cæsar*. — Discontent.
Cassius. Why, *man*, he doth *bestride* the *narrow world* — Ranting.
Like a *Colossus*, and we *sorry dwarfs*
Walk under his *huge legs*, and *peep* about
To find ourselves *dishonourable graves*.
Men *sometimes* have been *masters* of their *fates* : — Regret.
The *fault*, dear Brutus, *is not* in our *stars*,
But in *ourselves*, that we are *underlings*.
Brutus & *Cæsar* ! *What* should be in that *Cæsar* ? — Exciting.
Why should *that name* be sounded *more* than *yours* ?
Write them *together* ; *yours* is as *fair* a *name* ;
Sound them ; it doth *become* the *mouth* as *well* ;

Weigh them; it is as *heavy*; *conjure* with them;
Brutus will *start* a *ghost* as *soon* as *Cæsar*.
Wonder. Now in the *names* of *all* the *gods* at *once*,
Contempt. Upon *what meat* doth this our *Cæsar* feed,
That he is grown so *great*? *Age* thou art *sham'd*;
Rome, thou hast *lost* the *breed* of *noble bloods*.
When went there by an age, since the *sun shone*,
But it was fam'd with *more* than *one* man?
When could *they* say, 'till *now*, who talk'd of *Rome*,
That her *wide walls* encompass'd but *one man*?
Exciting. *Oh! you* and *I* have heard our *fathers* say,
There *was* a *Brutus once*, that would have *brook'd*
A *whipt-gall'd slave* to *lord* it over *Rome*
As *soon* as this dread *Cæsar*.
Approbat. *Brutus*. (1) That you do *love* me, I am *nothing jealous*;
Serious consideration. What you would *work* me to, I have *some aim*;
How I have *thought* of this, and of *these times*,
I shall recount *hereafter*. For this *present*,
I *would not* (so with *love* I might intreat you)
Be any *farther mov'd*. What you have *said*,
Plotting. I will *consider*; what you *have* to *say*,
I will with *patience hear*, and find a *time*
Both *meet* to *hear*, and *answer* such *high things*.
'Till *then*, my *noble friend*, *chew* upon *this*;
Discontent. *Brutus*—had rather be a *Lybian*,
Than to repute himself a *son* of *Rome*,
Under such *hard conditions* as *this time*
Is like to *lay upon us*. [Exeunt.]

XLVIII.

JOY. TROUBLE. FLATTERY. DARING. FEAR. ROMANTIC IMAGINATION.

Eve's Account of her troublesome Dream.

(Parad. Lost. B. V. v. 28.)

Joy & love. O *sole*, in whom my thoughts find *all repose*,
My *glory*, my *perfection*! *Glad* I see

(1) The character of Brutus being *cool courage*, his speech is to be expressed accordingly.

Thy *face*, and morn return'd. For I this night Disagreeable remembrance.
(*Such* night till *this* I *never pass'd*) have *dream'd*,
(1) *If dream'd—not* as I *oft* am *wont*, of *thee* :
Works of day *past*, or *morrow's* next *design* ;
But of *offence* and *trouble*, which my mind
Knew *never* till this *irksome night*. Methought,
Close at mine *ear*, one call'd me *forth* to *walk*,
With *gentle voice*; I thought it *thine*; it said,
" Why sleep'st thou *Eve* ? Now is the *pleasant* Wheedling
time,
The *cool*, the *silent*, save where silence yields
To the night *warbling bird*, that now awake, Pleasing
Tunes *sweetest* his *love labour'd song* ; now *reigns* description.
Full orb'd the *moon*, and with more *pleasing light*
Shadowy sets *off* the face of *things*. (2) In *vain*,
If *none regards*, *Heav'n wakes* with all his *eyes* Flattery.
Whom to behold but *thee*, *nature's desire* ?
In whose sight *all things joy* with *ravishment*,
Attracted by thy *beauty—still to gaze*."
I *rose*, as at thy *call* ; but *found* thee *not*, Narration.
To *find* thee I *directed* then my *walk* ;
And on, methought, *alone* I pass'd thro' *ways*,
That brought me on *a sudden* to the *tree* Apprehension.
Of *interdicted knowledge*. Fair it seem'd,
Much fairer to my *fancy* than by *day* : Wonder.
And as I *wond'ring look'd*, *beside it* stood
One *shap'd* and *wing'd* like *one* of *those* from
Heav'n,
By us *oft seen* ; his dewy *locks distill'd*
Ambrosia. On that tree he *also* gaz'd ;
And, " O *fair plant*," said he " with *fruit sur-* Pleasure *and*
charg'd, desire.
Deigns none to *ease* thy *load*, and *taste* thy
sweet,
Nor *god*, *nor man* ? Is *knowledge so despis'd* ? Inquiry.
Or *envy*, or *what reserve forbids to taste* ?
Forbid who *will*, *none* shall from *me* withold Resolution.

(1) " *If dream'd*." The impreſſion being ſo ſtrong, that ſhe was in doubt, whether it was a dream or reality.

(2) " In *vain*." &c. The pupil muſt be told, that this means, " No matter whether any *earthly* creature is awake to admire your beauty."

Longer thy *offer'd good, why else set here?*"
This said, he *paus'd not*, but with *vent'rous arm*
Fear. He *pluck'd*, he *tasted*. Me *damp horror* chill'd
At such *bold words*, vouch'd with a *deed so bold*.
Joy. But he, thus *overjoy'd*, " *O fruit divine,*
Sweet of *thyself*, but much *more sweet* thus *cropt*;
Forbidden here, it seems, as only *fit*
For *gods*; yet able to make *gods* of *men:*
And why not *gods* of *men*, since *good* the *more*
Communicated, more abundant grows.
The author *not impair'd*, but *honour'd more?*
Inviting. *Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve!*
Partake thou also, happy though thou *art*,
Flattery. *Happier* thou *may'st* be; *worthier canst not* be;
Tempting. *Taste this*, and be henceforth among the *gods*,
Thyself a *goddess*, not to *earth* confin'd,
But sometimes in the *air*, as *we*; sometimes
Ascend to *Heav'n*, by merit *thine*, and see
What *life* the *gods* live *there*, and *such live thou.*"
Tempting. So saying, he drew *nigh*, and to me *held*,
Ev'n to my *mouth*, of that *same fruit* held part.
Which he had *pluck'd*. The *pleasant sav'ry smell*
So *quicken'd appetite*, that I methought,
Could not but *taste*. Forthwith up to the *clouds*
Romantic. With him I *flew*, and underneath *beheld*
Imagination. The *earth* out stretch'd *immense*, a prospect *wide*
And *various*. *Wond'ring* at my *flight* and *change*
To this *high exaltation*; *suddenly*
My *guide was gone*, and I, methought, *sunk down*
Joy. And *fell asleep*. But *O how glad* I *wak'd*
To find this but a *dream*;

XLIX.

ANGUISH FOLLOWED BY TRANSPORT.

The scene of Indiana's being found to be Mr. Sealand's daughter. [*Consc. Lov.*]

Civility. *Ind.* I AM told, Sir, you come about *business*, which requires your speaking with me.

Seal. *Yes*, Madam. There came to my hands a bill drawn by Mr. Bevil, which is payable *to-morrow*; and as I have *cash* of his, I have made bold to bring you the money *myself*——A—a—a—and, to be *free*, madam, the *fame* of your *beauty*, and the *regard* which Mr. Bevil is but *too well known* to have for you, excite my *curiosity*. Confusion.

Ind. *Too well known* to have for *me!* Your sober *appearance*, Sir, made me expect no *rudeness* or *absurdity* from you—*Who waits?*——Sir, if you pay the money to a *servant*, it will be as *well*——[Going.] Offence.

Seal. *Pray*, Madam, be not *offended*. I came hither with an *innocent*, nay, a *virtuous* design. And, if you will have patience to *hear* me, it may be of *service* to *you*, as well as to my *only daughter*, on *whose account* I *come*, and whom I was *this day* to *dispose* of. Apology.

Ind. [Aside.] In *marriage* with Mr. *Bevil*, I fear. What I *dreaded* is *come*. But I must *compose* myself, if *possible*. [To him.] Sir, you may *suppose* I shall *desire* to *know any thing*, which may be interesting to Mr. *Bevil*, or to *myself*. As *appearances* are *against* me with regard to his *behaviour*, I ought to *forgive* your *suspicion*, Sir. Be *free* then; I am *composed* again. *Go on*, Sir. Apprehen. Recollect. Confusion. Apology.

Seal. I *feared* indeed, an *unwarranted passion* here. But I could not have thought *any man* capable of *abusing so much loveliness* and *worth* as as your *appearance*, and *behaviour bespeak*. But the youth of *our age* care not *what excellence* they *destroy*, so they can but *gratify*—— Wonder, *with* disapprobation. Vindication

Ind. [Interrupting.] Sir, you are going into very *great errors*. But please to *keep* your *suspicions*, and acquaint me, *why* the *care* of your *daughter*, obliges a person of your *seeming rank*, to be thus *inquisitive* about a *wretched, helpless, friendless*—[Weeps.] I *beg* your *pardon*, good Sir—I am an *orphan*, who can call *nothing* in Inquiry *with* apprehension. Distress. Apology.

this *world* my *own*, but my *virtue*—*Pray*, *good Sir*, *go on*.

Pity, *with* disapproba. *Seal.* *How* could Mr. Bevil *think* of injuring such *sweetness*.

Vindication Praise. *Ind.* You *wrong* him, Sir. He *never* thought of *injuring* me. His bounty he bestows for my support, *merely* for the *pleasure* of doing *good*.

Inquiry *with* apprehension. *You* are the *gentleman*, I suppose, for whose, *happy daughter* he is *designed* by his *worthy father*; and he has *consented*, perhaps, to the *proposal*.

Caution. Resolution. *Seal.* I own, such a *match* was *proposed*; but it *shall not proceed*, unless I am *satisfied*, that *your connection* with him may be *consistent* with it.

Distress. *Ind.* It is *only*, Sir, from his *actions* and his *looks*, that I have had *any reason* to flatter myself into the notion of his having *any particular affection* for me. From *them*, I own, I was led in to the *hope* of what I *earnestly wished*, that he had *thoughts* of making me the *partner* of his *heart*. But *now* I find my *fatal mistake*. The *goodness* and *gentleness* of his *demeanour*, with the *richness* of his *benevolence*, made me *misinterpret all* ——'Twas my *own hope*, my *own passion*, that *deluded* me. *He never* made *one amorous advance* to me—His *generous heart* and *liberal hand* meant *only* to help the *miserable*. And I——O

Self-condemnation. *fool* that I was!——I *fondly* suffered myself to be drawn into *imaginations too high*, and *too ambitious* for my *lowly wretchedness!*

[Weeping.]

Comfort. *Seal.* Make yourself *easy*, *Madam*, upon the score of *my daughter*, at *least*. The *connection* between Mr. *Bevil* and *her* is not gone *so far* as to render it *necessary* that *your peace* should be *destroyed* by such a *marriage*. *Depend* upon it, Madam, *my daughter* shall *never* be the cause of your *disappointment*.

Distress heightened *Ind.* Sir, your speaking so, makes me still *more wretched*. Shall *I be the cause* of *injury* to

my *noble benefactor?* Shall I, who have no *pretensions* to him, be the *hindrance* of his *happiness?* *Heaven forbid!* *No*, Sir; *give* your *daughter* to the *worthiest* of *men*. *Give* her to my *generous Bevil*—*They* may be *happy*, though *I* should run *distracted*. And, whilst I *preserve* my *senses*, I will *weary Heav'n* with my *prayers* for their *felicity*. As for my *own fate*, it is likely to *hold on* as it *begun*, a *series* of *wretchedness*—'Twas *Heaven's high will* that I *should be wretched*. Taken *captive* in my *cradle*—*tossed* on the *seas*—there *deprived* of my *mother*—that I should only *hear* of my *father*; but *never see* him—that I should then be *adopted* by a *stranger*—then *lose* my *adopter*—that I should then be delivered from the very *jaws* of *poverty* by the most *amiable* of *mankind*—that I should give my *fond unthinking heart* to this most *charming* of his *sex*—and that he should *disappoint all* my *romantic hopes*, without leaving me the *right* or the *pretence* of blaming *any one* but *myself*. For, Oh, I *cannot reproach* him, though his friendly hand, that *raised* me to this *height*, now throws me *down* the *precipice*. Oh! [Weeping.]

Distress *with* Gratitude.

Distress.

Lamentation.

Seal. *Dear Lady!* *Compose* yourself to *patience*, if *possible*. My heart *bleeds* for *your distress*.——And there is something in your very *strange story*, that *resembles*——Does Mr. *Bevil* *know* your *history particularly?*

Comfort.

Pity.

Inquiring.

Ind. *All* is *known* to him *perfectly*. And it is my *knowledge* of what I was by *birth*, and what I *should be now*, that *embitters all* my *misery*. I'll *tear* away *all traces* of my *former self*; all that can put me in mind of what I was *born to*, and am *miserably fallen* from. [In her disorder she throws away her bracelet, which Mr. Sealand takes up, and looks earnestly on it.]

Lamenta.

Phrenzy.

Seal. *Ha!* What *means this?* *Where am I?* It is the *same!* The very *Bracelet*, which my *wife wore* at our last *mournful parting*.

Amaze.

Surprise. *Ind.* *What said* you Sir. *Your wife! What* may this *mean?* That *bracelet* was my *mother's.* But *your* name is *Sealand.* *My* lost *father's*
Trepidation *name* was———

Seal. [Interrupting.] *Danvers,* was it not?
Amazem'nt *Ind.* What *new amazement! That was* his *name.*
Joy. *Seal.* *I am* the *true* Mr. *Danvers,* though I have *changed* my *name* to *Sealand*——*O my child, my child!* [Catching Indiana in his arms.]
Surprise & Joy. *Ind.* *All gracious Heaven!* Is it *possible?* Do I embrace my *father?*
Rapture. *Seal.* O my *child, my child!* my *sweet girl! My lost Indiana! Restored* to me as from the *dead!* I now see every *feature* of thy *lamented mother* in thy *lovely countenance! O Heaven!* how are our *sorrows past, o'erpaid* by such a *meeting!* To find thee *thus,* to have it in my power to *bestow thee* on thy *noble lover,* with a *fortune* not beneath his *acceptance.*
Extreme joy. *Ind.* O, it is *more like* a *dream* than a *reality.* Have I then a *father's sanction* to my *love! His bounteous hand* to *give,* and make my *heart* a *present worthy* of my *generous Bevil.*

Seal. Let us send *immediately* to him, and inform him of this *wond'rous turn*; which shews that

> Whate'er the gen'rous mind *itself denies,*
> The secret care of *Providence supplies.*

L.

REPROOF.

CALISTHENES's honest Speech in reproof of Cleon's flattery to Alexander, on whom Cleon wanted divinity to be conferred by vote.

(Q. Cart. VIII.)

Displeasure IF the *king* were present, Cleon, there would be *no need* of *my answering* to what you have

just proposed. He would *himself reprove you* for endeavoring to draw him into *an imitation* of *foreign absurdities*, and for bringing *envy* upon him by such *unmanly flattery*. As he is *absent*, I take upon me to *tell you in* his *name*, that no praise is *lasting*, but what is *rational*; and that you do what you can to *lessen* his glory instead of *adding* to it. *Heroes* have never *among*, *us*, been *deified*, till after their *death*. And, whatever may be *your* way of thinking, Cleon, for *my part*, I wish the king may not, for *many years* to come, *obtain* that *honour*. You have mentioned, as *precedents*, of what you *proposed*, *Hercules* and *Bacchus*. Do you *imagine*, Cleon, that they were *deified* over a cup of *wine*? And are *you* and *I* qualified to make *gods*? Is the king, our *sovereign*, to receive his *divinity* from *you* and *me*, who are his *subjects*? First *try* your *power*, whether you can make a *king*. It is surely, *easier*, to make a *king* than a *god*; to give an *earthly dominion*, than a *throne* in *heaven*. † I only wish, that the gods may have heard, without *offence*, the *arrogant* proposal you have made, of *adding one* to their number: and that they may still be so *propitious* to us, as to grant the *continuance* of that *success* to our *affairs*, with which they have hitherto *favoured* us. For *my part*, I am *not ashamed* of my *country*; nor do I approve of our *adopting rites* of *foreign nations*, or learning from *them* how we ought to *reverence* our *kings*. To receive *laws*, or rules of conduct, from *them*, what is it, but to confess *ourselves inferior* to *them*?

Reproof.

Remonstr.

Challenge.

†Apprehension.

Honest Pride.

LI.

INCULCATING. COMMANDING. INTREATING. WARNING.

The dying charge of Micipsa, king of Numidia, to Jugurtha, whom he had adopted, and made joint-heir to his kingdom, with his two sons, Adherbal and Hiempsal.

Exciting to gratitude.

YOU *know*, Jugurtha, that I *received* you under my *protection* in your *early youth*, when left a *helpless*, and *hopeless orphan*. I advanced you to *high honours* in my *kingdom*: in the full *assurance* that you would prove *grateful* for my *kindness* to you; and that, if I came to have *children* of my own, you would study to *repay* to *them*, what you *owed* to *me*. Hitherto I have had *no reason* to *repent* of my *favours* to you.

Commendation.

For to *omit* all *former* instances of your *extraordinary merit*, your *late behaviour* in the *Numantian war*, has *reflected* on *me* and *my kingdom*, a *new* and *distinguished* glory. You have, by your *valour*, rendered the *Roman commonwealth*, which *before* was *well affected* to our interest, much *more friendly*. In *Spain*, you have *raised* the *honour* of my *name* and *crown*. And you have *surmounted* what is justly reckoned one of the *greatest difficulties*; having by your *merit*, *silenced envy*. My *dissolution* seems now to be

Intreating.

fast approaching. I therefore *beseech* and *conjure* you, *my dear Jugurtha*, by *this right hand*; by the *remembrance* of my *past kindness* to you; by the *honour* of my *kingdom*, and by the *majesty* of the *gods*; be *kind* to my two *sons*, whom *my favour* to *you* has made your *brothers*; and *do not think* of forming a *connexion* with *any stranger* to the *prejudice* of your *relations*. It is

Warning.

not by *arms*, nor by *treasures*, that a *kingdom* is *secured*, but by *well affected subjects* and *allies*.

And it is by *faithful* and *important services*, that *friendship* (which neither *gold* will *purchase*, nor *arms extort*) is *secured*. But *what friendship* is more *perfect* than that which ought to obtain between *brothers*? *What fidelity* can be expected among *strangers*, if it is *wanting* among *relations*? The *kingdom* I *leave* you, is in *good condition*, if you *govern* it *properly*; if *otherwise*, it is *weak*. For by *agreement*, a *small* state *increases*; by *division* a *great* one goes to *ruin*. It will lie upon *you*, Jugurtha, who are come to *riper years* than your *brothers*, to provide, that no *misconduct* produce any *bad effect*. And if any *difference* should rise between *you* and your *brothers* (which may the *gods avert!*) the *public* will *charge you*, however *innocent* you may be, as the *aggressor*, because your *years* and *abilities* give you the *superiority*. But I *firmly persuade* myself, that *you* will treat *them* with *kindness*, and that *they* will honour and esteem *you*, as your *distinguished virtue* deserves.

Teaching. Remonstr. Warning. Inculcat. Devotion. Hope.

LII.

DRUNKENNESS. (1)

(*Shakespear's* OTHELLO.)

MONTANO, CASSIO, and IAGO.

Cassio. I'LL be ha—[hiccoughs] I'll be ha—hang'd, if these fellows han't given me a fil—a fil—a fillup on the brain-pan————a little one.

Montano. Why, good master lieutenant, we are not beyond pints a-piece as I'm a so—as I'm a so—as I'm a soldier. And that is a shallow

(1) It may perhaps, seem strange to some, that such a lesson as this should have a place. But, besides the diversion of seeing drunkenness well imitated, the moral is good. For this very frolick costs Cassio his place.

It is needless to mark the emphatical words in this passage. For drunkenness destroys all emphasis and propriety.

brain-pan, which will not hold a poor pint of good liquor.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [Sings.]

And let me the cannakin clink, clink,
And let me the cannakin clink,
A ſoldier's a man, and man's life but a ſpan,
Why then let a ſoldier have drink, drink,
Why then let a ſoldier have drink.

Some wine, boy!

Cassio. I'll be ſhot for a cow—for a cow—for a coward, if that ben't an excellent ſong.

Iago. I learnt it in England; where indeed they are moſt potent at the pot. Your Dane, your German, and your ſwag-belly'd Hollander, are nothing to your freeborn Engliſhman. Did you ever hear an Engliſhman reckon up the privileges he has by birth-right?

Cassio. No, good Iago. What are they pray?

Iago. Why, to ſay what he pleaſes of the government; to eat more roaſt beef, and drink more port, than any three ſubjects of any other country; and to do whatever he pleaſes, wherever he is. Therefore he raves at the beſt king, while your Frenchman worſhips the worſt; he breaks this week, the law he voted for laſt week, and in all countries he is winked at, when he does what would ſend a native to a mad-houſe; he eats you up the whole ox in leſs time than your Frenchman ſwills the ſoup he makes of the ſhins, and as to drinking, he lays you France, Auſtria, and Ruſſia, among the table's feet, with no more conſcience at the tavern, than in the field of battle.

Cassio. Here is our noble ge—our noble ge—our noble general's health for ever.

Montano. Ay, ay, good maſter lieutenant, and as much longer as you pleaſe.

Iago. O ſweet England! [Sings.]

King Stephen was an unworthy peer,
His breeches coſt him a whole crown;

He held them fix-pence all too dear,
With that he call'd his taylor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride, that pulls the country down,
So take thy old cloak about thee.

LIII.

VEXATION. SPITEFUL JOY,

The scene between SHYLOCK *and* TUBAL.

(*Shakespeare's* MERCHANT OF VENICE.) (1)

Shyl. HOW *now*, *Tubal*, what *news* from *Genoa*? Have you heard any thing of my *backsliding daughter*? — Quest. with Anxiety.

Tub. I often *came* where I *heard* of her, but *could not find* her. — Disappointment.

Shyl. Why *there, there, there!* A *diamond gone* that cost me *two thousand ducats* at Frankfort: The *curse* never fell upon our *nation* till now. I *never felt* it *before*. *Two thousand ducats* in that, and other *precious, precious jewels!* — Vexation.

I wish she lay *dead* at my *foot*, with the *jewels* in her *ear*. — Execrating.

I would she were *hears'd* with the *ducats* in her *coffin*. — Vexation.

No news of them! And I *know not what spent* in the *search*. *Loss* upon *loss*. The *thief* gone with *so much*; and *so much* to *find* the thief; and *no satisfaction, no revenge, no ill luck* stirring but what lights on *my shoulders*,

(1) The pupil muſt, if he does not know it, be told a little of the plot, viz. That Shylock had sent Tubal in search of his daughter, whom his ill usage, and the importunity of her lover, had occaſioned to elope from his house. And that Antonio was a merchant, mortally hated by Shylock, who had borrowed a sum of money of Shylock on the terms of his forfeiting a pound of his fleſh, wherever Shylock pleaſed to cut it, in case his failing to diſcharge the debt on the day it was due.

no sighs, but o' *my breathing*; *no tears*, but o' *my shedding*.

Narration. *Tub.* *Yes, other* men, have *ill luck too*. *Antonio*, as I heard in Genoa———

Spiteful joy *Shyl.* *What!* Has *he* had *ill luck?* [Earnestly.]

Narration. *Tub.* He has had a *ship cast away* coming from *Tripoli*.

Spiteful joy *Shyl.* *Thank God*; *thank God!* Is it *true?*

Narration. *Tub.* I *spoke* with some of the *sailors*, that *'scaped* from the *wreck*.

Spiteful joy *Shyl.* I *thank* thee, *good Tubal*, *good news*,
Queſtion. *good news*. *What* in *Genoa*, you spoke with them?

Narration. *Tub.* Your daughter *spent*, in Genoa, as I heard, in *one night*, *twenty ducats*.

Anguiſh. *Shyl.* Thou stick'st a *dagger* in me. I shall *never* see my *gold again*. *Twenty ducats* at a *sitting! Twenty ducats!*——*O father Abraham!*

Narration. *Tub.* There came divers of Antonio,s *creditors* in my company to Venice, that say, he *cannot but break*.

Spiteful joy *Shyl.* I'm *glad* of it. I'll *plague* him. I'll *torture* him. I'm *glad* of it.

Narration. *Tub.* One of them shewed me a *ring* he had of your daughter for a *monkey*.

Anguiſh. *Shyl.* *Out upon her!* Thou *torturest* me, Tubal. It was my *ruby*. I had it of *Leah*. I would not have given it for as *many monkeys* as could stand together upon the *Rialto*.

Narration. *Tub.* Antonio is *certainly undone*.

Spiteful joy *Shyl.* *Ay, ay*, there is *some comfort* in
Directing. that. *Go*, Tubal, *fee me an officer*; *bespeak*
Cruelty. him to be *ready*. (1) I will be *revenged* on An-
Revenge. tonio. I will *waſh* my *hands* to the *elbows*, in his *heart's blood*. [Exit.]

(1) This ſhould be ſpoken with malignant exultation and threatening. See *Malice*, page 29.

LIV.

SELF-VINDICATION: REPROOF.

The speech of C. Marius to the Romans, shewing the absurdity of their hesitating to confer on him the rank of General in the expedition against Jugurtha, merely on account of his extraction.

(*Salust.* BELL. JUGURTHIN.)

(1) IT is but *too common*, my countrymen, to observe a *material difference*, between the behaviour of those, who stand *candidates* for places of power and trust, *before* and *after* their obtaining them. They *solicit* them in *one* manner, and *execute* them in *another*. *They set out with a great appearance of *activity*, *humility*, and *moderation*; †and they quickly fall into *sloth*, *pride*, and *avarice*. It is, undoubtedly, *no easy matter* to discharge, to the *general* satisfaction, the duty of a supreme commander in *troublesome times*. I am, I hope, *duly sensible* of the *importance* of the *office* I propose to take upon me, for the service of *my country*. (2) To carry on, with *effect*, an *expensive* war, and yet be *frugal* of the *public* money; to *oblige* those to *serve*, whom it may be *delicate* to *offend*; to conduct, at the same time, a *complicated variety* of operations; to concert measures at *home* answerable to the state of things *abroad*; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of *opposition* from the *envious*, the *factious* and the *disaffected*; to do all this, my countrymen, is *more difficult*, than is *generally* thought. And besides the disadvantages, which are common to *me* with all *others* in eminent stations, *my case* is, in *this*

Explaining.

* Sneer.

† Reproof.

(1) This speech *begins calm* and *cool*. See *Tranquillity*, page 18. *Teaching*, page 23, &c.

(2) "*To carry on*," &c. The *antithesis*, in the sentence, must be carefully *marked* in pronouncing it.

respect, peculiarly hard; that, whereas a commander of *patrician* rank, if he is guilty of a neglect,
Contempt. or breach of duty, he has his great *connexions*, the *antiquity* of his *family*, the important *services* of his *ancestors*, and the *multitudes* he has by *power* engaged in his *interest*, to *screen* him from
Self defen. condign *punishment*; *my whole safety* depends upon *myself*; which renders it the more *indispen-*
Anxiety. *sably necessary* for me to take care, that my conduct be *clear* and *unexceptionable*. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the *public* is upon me; and that, though the *impartial*, who prefer the *real advantage* of the commonwealth to *all other* considerations, favour *my pretensions*, the patricians want *nothing so much*, as an *occasion* against me. It is, there-
Promising. fore my *fixed resolution*, to use my *best* endeavours, that *you* be not *disappointed* in me, and that *their* indirect *designs* against me may be *defeated*. I have from my *youth* been *familiar* with *toils*, and
Self defen. with *danger*. I was *faithful* to your interest, my countrymen, when I served you for *no re-*
Gratitude. *ward*, but that of *honor*. It is not my design to *betray* you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of *profit*. *You* have committed to *my conduct* the *war* against *Jugurtha*. The patricians are *offended* at this. But where would
Contempt. be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of *their* honourable body, a person of *illustrious birth*, of *ancient family*, of *innumerable statues*, but—of *no experience*. What *service* would his long line of *dead ancestors*, or his multitude of *motionless statues*, do his country in the day of *battle*? What could *such* a general do, but in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some *inferior* commander, for *direction in difficulties*, to which he was not *himself equal*? Thus your *patrician-general* would in fact, have a *general over him*; so that, the *acting* commander would *still* be a *plebian*. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have *myself* known

those, who have been chosen consuls, *begin then* to read the *history* of their *own country*, of which, *till that time*, they were *totally ignorant*; that is, they *first obtained* the employment, and *then* bethought themselves of the *qualifications necessary* for the proper *discharge* of it. I submit to *your* judgment, Romans, on *which side* the advantage lies, when comparison is made between *patrician haughtiness* and *plebian experience*. The very *actions* which *they* have only *read*, *I* have partly *seen*, and partly *myself atchieved*. What *they* know by *reading*, *I* know by *action*. *They* are pleased to *slight my* mean *birth*: *I despise their* mean *characters*. Want of *birth* and *fortune*, is the objection against *me*. Want of *personal worth* against *them*. But are not *all* men of the *same* species? What can make a *difference* between one man and another, but the *endowments* of the *mind*? For my part, I shall always look upon the *bravest* man as the *noblest* man. Suppose it were required of the fathers of such patricians as *Albinus*, and *Bestia*, whether, if they had their choice, they would desire *sons* of *their* character, or of *mine*; what would they answer, but that they should wish the *worthiest* to be their sons? If the patricians have *reason* to despise *me*, let them likewise *despise* their *ancestors*, whose *nobility* was the *fruit* of their *virtue*. Do they *envy* the *honours* bestowed upon me? Let them *envy* likewise my *labours*, my *abstinence*, and the *dangers* I have undergone for my country; by *which* I have *acquired* them. But those *worthless men* lead such a life of *inactivity*, as if they *despised* any *honors* you can bestow; whilst they *aspire* to *honours*, as if they had *deserved* them by the most *industrious virtue*. They arrogate the *rewards* of *activity* for their having enjoyed the *pleasures* of *luxury*. Yet none can be more *lavish*, than they are, in *praise* of their *ancestors*. And they imagine they honor *themselves* by cele-

Respect.

Contempt.

Questioning.

Contempt.

Argui. *with* Reproof.

Contempt.

brating their *forefathers*. Whereas they do the *very contrary*. For, by how much their *ancestors* were *distinguished* for *their virtues*, by so much are *they disgraced* by their *vices*. The glory of *ancestors* casts a *light*, indeed, upon their *posterity*; but it only serves to shew *what* the *descendants are*. It *alike* exhibits to public *view* their *degeneracy* and their *worth*. I own, I cannot boast of the deeds of my *forefathers*: But I hope I may answer the cavils of the patricians by standing up in defence of what I have *myself* done. Observe now my countrymen, the *injustice* of the patricians. They arrogate to *themselves* honours on account of the exploits done by their *forefathers*, whilst they will not allow *me* the due praise for performing the very same sort of actions in my *own person*. "He has no *statues*," they cry, "of his *family*. He can trace no venerable *line* of *ancestors*,"—*What* then! Is it matter of more praise to *disgrace* one's illustrious *ancestors*, than to *become illustrious* by his *own* good behaviour? *What* if I can shew no *statues* of my *family*? I can shew the *standards*, the *armour*, and the *trappings*, which I have *myself taken* from the *vanquished*: I can shew the scars of those wounds which I received by *facing* the enemies of my *country*. *These* are *my statues*. *These* are the *honours I boast* of; not left me by *inheritance* as *theirs*; but earned by *toil*, by *abstinence*, by *valour*; amidst *clouds* of *dust*, and *seas* of *blood*; scenes of action, where those *effeminate patricians*, who endeavour, by indirect means, to *depreciate me* in your *esteem*, have never *dared* to *shew* their *faces*.

Laudable (1) Pride

Contempt.

Affectation.

Contempt.

Self-Vindication.

Contempt.

(1) Laudble Pride. See *Courage*, page 22.

LV.

PLOTTING. CRUELTY. HORROR.

Macbeth full of his bloody design against good king Duncan, fancies he sees a dagger in the air.

IS this a *dagger*, which I see before me,	Starting
The *handle* toward my *hand?* (1) *Come* let me *clutch* thee—	Courage
I *have* thee *not*, and yet I *see* thee *still.*	Wonder.
Art thou not, *fatal vision!* sensible	Horror.
To *feeling* as to *sight?* or art thou but	
A *dagger* of the *mind*, *a false creation*	
Proceeding from the *heat-oppressed brain?*	
I see thee *yet*, in form as *palpable*,	Starting.
(2) As *this* which now I *draw*——	
Thou *marshal'st* me the *way* that I was *going*,	Horror.
And *such* an *instrument* I was to *use.*——	
Mine eyes are made the *fools* o' th' *other* senses,	
Or else *worth all* the rest——I *see* thee *still*,	Starting.
And on thy blade and dudgeon, *drops* of *blood*,	Horror.
Which *was not* so *before*——(3) There's *no such thing.*—	Doubt.
It is the *bloody business*, which informs	
This to mine *eyes*——(4) Now o'er one half the world	Plotting.
Nature seems *dead*, and *wicked dreams* abuse	
The curtain'd *sleep*; now *witchcraft* celebrates	
Pale Hecate's offerings: and *midnight murder*,	Horror.
(Alarmed by his centinel the *wolf*,	

(1) Reaching out his hand, as to fnatch it. The firſt eight lines to be ſpoken with the eyes ſtaring, and fixed on one point in the air, where he is ſuppoſed to ſee the dagger. See *Deſpair*, page 20. *Malice* 29.

(2) Drawing his dagger, and looking on it, and then on that in the air, as comparing them.

(3) A long pauſe. He recollects and composes himſelf a little, and gives over fixing his eyes upon the air-drawn dagger.

(4) Plotting is always to be expreſſed with a low voice. Eſpecially ſuch a paſſage as this, to the end.

Whose *howl's* his *watch)* thus with his *stealthy pace*,
Like Tarquin's ravishing *strides*, toward his design
Guilt. *Moves* like a *ghost*——Thou *sound* and *firm-set earth*,
Hear not my steps, which way they *walk*, for fear
The very *stones* should *prate* of *royal blood*
Soon to be *spilt*. [*Shakesp.* MACBETH.]

LVI.

AFFECTION. JOY. FEAR OF OFFENDING. GRATITUDE.

A Speech of ADAM *to* EVE.

(*Milt.* PARAD. LOST. B. IV. l. 411.

Tenderness. SOLE *partner*, and *sole part* of *all* these *joys*,
Awe. *Dearer thyself* than *all*. *Needs* must the *Pow'r*,
Pity. That *made* us, and for us this *ample world*,
Be *infinitely good*, and of his good
As *liberal* and *free*, as *infinite*;
Gratitude. That *rais'd* us from the *dust*, and *plac'd* us *here*
In *all* this *happiness*, who at *his* hand
Have *nothing merited*, nor can perform
Ought whereof he hath *need*; he who *requires*
From us *no other service*, than to keep
This *one*, this *easy charge*, of *all* the *trees*
In *paradise*, that bear *delicious* fruit
So *various*, not to taste that *only* tree
Of *knowledge*, planted by the tree of *life*;
Apprehens. So *near* grows *death* to *life*; *whate'er death* is;
Some *dreadful* thing no doubt; for well thou know'st
God hath pronounc'd it *death* to *taste* that *tree*,
The *only sign* of our *obedience* left,
Gratitude. Among so *many signs* of *pow'r* and *rule*
Conferr'd upon us, and *dominion* given

Over *all* other *creatures*, that possess
Earth air, and *sea*. Then *let us not* think *hard*
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to *all things else*, and *choice*
Unlimited, of *manifold delights*,
But let us ever *praise* him, and *extol*
His *bounty*, following our *delightful task* Pity.
To *prune* these *growing plants*, and *'tend* these Joy.
flowers,
Which, *were* it *toilsome*, yet with *thee*—were
sweet.

LVII.

INTERCESSION. OBSTINACY. CRUELTY. FORCED SUBMISSION.

Interesting scene from Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice, in which the Jew Shylock, by his persevering malice against Antonio, is completely humbled and punished.

DUKE, SHYLOCK, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, PORTIA, *and* GRATIANO.

Duke. MAKE *room*, and let him stand before Authority.
our *face*—
Shylock, the *world thinks*, and *I think* so too, Pleading.
That thou but *lead'st* this *fashion* of thy *malice*
To the *last* hour of *act*; and then, 'tis thought
Thou'lt shew thy *mercy* and *remorse*, *more strange*
Than is thy strange apparent *cruelty*.
And, where thou now *exact'st* the penalty,
Which is a *pound* of this *poor* merchant's *flesh* (1) Pity.
Thou wilt not only *lose* the *forfeiture*,
But, touch'd with *humane gentleness* and love, Pleading.
Forgive a *moiety* of the *principal*,
Glancing an *eye* of *pity* on his *losses*, Pity.

(1) See the note, page 155.

That have of late brought down such *ruin* on him,
Enough to make a *royal merchant*, *bankrupt*.
We all expect a *gentle answer*, Jew.

Obstinacy. *Shyl*, I have *possess'd* your grace of what I *purpose*,

Hypocrisy. (2) And by our *holy sabbath* have I *sworn*

Cruelty. To have the *due* and *forfeit* of my *bond*.

Threaten. If you *deny it*, let the danger light
Upon your *charter*, and your *city's freedom*——

Malice. You'll *ask*, me, why I rather chuse to have
A weight of *carrion flesh*, than to receive

Obstinacy. *Three thousand ducats ?* I'll *not answer* that ;

Malice. But, say it is my *humour* ; Is it *answered ?*

Obstinacy. What if my *house* be *troubled* with a *rat*,
And I be pleas'd to give *ten-thousand ducats*,
To have it *ban'd ?* What, are you *answer'd* yet ?

Reproof. *Bassanio*. This is *no answer*, thou *unfeeling man*,
T' excuse the current of thy *cruelty*.

Malice. *Shyl*. I am not bound to *please thee* with my answer.

Deject. *Antonio*. I pray you, think, you *question* with a *Jew*,
You may as well go stand upon the *beach*,
And bid the *main-flood' bate* his usual *height* ;
You may as well plead *pity* with the *wolf*,
When you behold the ewe *bleat* for the *lamb*,
As try to *melt* his *Jewish heart to kindness*.

Intreat. *Bass*. For thy *three* thousand ducats, here are *six*.

Obstinacy. *Shyl*. If *ev'ry ducat* in *six thousand* ducats
Were in *six* parts, and *ev'ry* part a *ducat*,
I *would not* draw *them* ; I would have my *bond*.

Grave. *Duke*. How shalt thou hope for *mercy*, *rendering* none ?

Obstinacy. *Shyl*. What *judgment* shall I *dread*, doing no *wrong*.

Cruelty. The pound of *flesh*, which I *demand* of him,
Is *dearly bought* : 'tis *mine*, and I *will have* it,

(1) See *Affectation*, hypocritical, page 27.

[*Enter Portia, disguised like a Doct. of Laws.*]

Duke. *Give* me your *hand*. You come from *learn'd Bellario?* — Welcoming

Portia. *I do*, my Lord.

Duke. You're *welcome:* take your *place*.

Are you *acquainted* with the cause in *question*. ? — Queſtion.

Portia. I am *informed thoroughly* of the *case*. — Anſwer.

Which is the *merchant* here? and which the *Jew?* — Queſtion.

Duke. *Antonio* and *Shylock*; both stand *forth*. — Authority.

Port. [To Shylock.] Is your name *Shylock?* — Queſtion.

Shyl. *Shylock* is my *name*. — Obſtinacy.

Port. [To Antonio.] You are *obnoxious* to *him, are you not?* — Queſtion.

Ant. Ay, so *he says*. — Deject.

Port. Do you *confess* the *bond?* — Queſtion.

Ant. I *do*. — Deject.

Port, Then must the Jew be *merciful*. — Intreat.

Shyl. On what *compulsion* must I? *Tell* me that. — Obſtinacy.

Port. The quality of *mercy* is not *strained*. — Adviſing.

It *droppeth* as the *gentle rain* from *Heav'n* — Pleaſure.
Upon the *happy soil*. It is *twice blest*,
In him, who *gives* it; and in him, who *takes*.
'Tis *mightiest* in the *Mightiest*. It becomes — Reverence.
The *throned monarch better* that his *crown*;
Itself enthroned in the *hearts* of kings.
It is the *loveliest attribute* of *Deity*;
And *earthly pow'r* shews *likest* to *divine*,
When *mercy* seasons *justice*. Therefore, Jew, — Adviſing.
Tho' *justice* be thy *plea*, *consider* this,
That, in the course of *justice*, none of us — Serious
Should see *salvation*. We do *pray* for *mercy*, — Reflection.
And that same *pray'r* doth teach us all to *render*
The *deeds* of *mercy*.

Shyl. My *deeds* upon my *head!* — Obſtinacy.
I crave the *legal forfeit* of my *bond*.

Bass. For *once* I beg the court to *bend* the law — Intreat.
To *equity*. 'Tis *worth* a *little* wrong
To *curb* this cruel *devil* of his *will*.

Port. It *must not* be. There is *no pow'r* in Venice — Forbidding.

Can *alter* a *decree established.*
'Twill be recorded for a *precedent,*
And many an error, by the *same example,*
Will *rush* into the *state.* It *cannot be.*

Applauſe. *Shyl.* A *Daniel* come to judgment! Yea, a *Daniel.*
O *wiſe young judge! How* do I *honor* thee!

Curioſity. *Port.* I pray you let me *look* upon the *bond.*

Applauſe. *Shyl. Here 'tis,* moſt *reverend doctor! Here it is.*

Adviſing. *Port. Shylock!*——there's *thrice* thy money *offer'd* thee.

Hypocriſy. *Shyl.* An *oath!* An *oath!* I have an *oath* in *Heav'n!*
Shall I lay *perjury* upon my *ſoul?*

Declam. *No,* not for *Venice.*
——*Port.* (1) Why, this *bond* is *forfeit,*
And *lawfully* by this the Jew may *claim*
A *pound* of *fleſh,* to be by him *cut off*

Advis. *Nearest* the merchant's *heart.*——Be *merciful.*
Take *thrice* thy *money.* Bid me *tear* the *bond.*

Obſtinacy. *Shyl.* When it is *paid* according to the *tenor.*
There is no *power* in the *tongue* of *man*
To *alter* me. I *ſtay* upon my *bond.*

Dejection. *Anton.* Moſt heartily I do *beſeech* the *court*
To give the *judgment.*

Paſſing Sentence. *Port.* Why then, *thus* it is;
You muſt *prepare* your *boſom* for this *knife.*

Thirſt *of* Blood. *Shyl.* Ay, his *breaſt;*
So ſaith the *bond; doth* it not, *noble judge?*
Nearest his *heart. These* are the very *words.*

Queſtion. *Port,* It *is ſo.* Are there *ſcales* to *weigh* the *fleſh?*

Anſwer. *Shyl.* I have them *ready.*

Interces. *Port.* Have here a *ſurgeon,* Shylock, at your charge,
To *ſtop* his *wounds,* leaſt he ſhould *bleed* to *death.*

Cruelty. *Shyl.* Is it ſo *nominated* in the *bond?*

(1) Portia ſpeaks all, to "*Stop* him, guards," *without* looking off the bond.

Port. It is not so *expressed*: but what of *that?* Interest.
'Twere good you do so much for *charity*.
Shyl. I cannot *find* it. 'Tis not in the *bond.* Cruelty.
Port. A *pound* of that same *merchant's* flesh is thine. Sentence.
The court *awards* it, and the *law* doth *give it.*
Shyl. Most *rightful judge!* Applause.
Port. And you must cut this *flesh* from off his *breast.* Sentence.
The law *allows* it, and the court *awards* it.
Shyl. Most *learned judge.* A *sentence!* Applause.
Come, prepare. Thristing.
Port. Tarry a *little.* There is *something else.*—— Doubt.
This bond——doth give thee here——no *jot* of *blood.*
The *words expressly* are, "a *pound* of *flesh.*"
Then *take* thy *bond.* Take thou thy *pound* of *flesh*; Direct.
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost *shed* Threaten.
One drop of Christian *blood*, thy *lands* and *goods*
Are, by the laws of *Venice forfeited.*
Grat. *O upright judge! Mark Jew!* O *learned judge!* Applause.
Shyl. Is that the *law?* Confusion.
Port. *Thyself* shall see the *act.* Positive.
For, as thou urgest *justice*, be *assur'd* Reproof.
Thou shalt have *justice, more* than thou *desir'st.*
Grat. *O learned judge! Mark, Jew!* A *learned judge!* Applause.
Shyl. I take his *offer* then. Pay the sum *thrice.* Confusion.
And let the *christian go.* Yielding.
Bass. *Here* is the *money.* Giving.
Port. *Softly.* No *haste.* The Jew sha have *strict justice.* Forbidding
His *claim* is *barely* for the *penalty.*
Grat. A second *Daniel!* Jew. Applause.
Now, infidel, I have *full hold* of thee. Triumph.

Question. *Port.* *Why* doth the Jew *pause*? *Take* thou thy *forfeiture.*
Confufion. *Shyl.* Give me my *principal*, and let me *go.*
Giving. *Bass.* I have it *ready* for thee. Here it is.
Forbidding *Port.* He hath refus'd it in the *open court.*
Reproof. He shall have merely *justice* and his *bond.*
Applaufe. *Grat.* A *Daniel still*, say I; a *second Daniel!* I *thank* thee, *Jew*, for *teaching* me that word.
Reproof.
Sneaking. *Shyl.* Shall I not *barely* have my *principal?*
Refufing. *Port.* Thou shalt have nothing but the *forfeiture*,
To be so *taken* at thy *peril*, *Jew.*
Difappoint *Shyl.* Why then the *Devil* give him *good* of it.
Spite. I'll stay no *longer question.*
Forbidding *Port.* *Stop* him guards.
Condemn. The law hath yet *another hold* on you.
Teaching. It is *enacted* in the *laws* of *Venice*,
If it be prov'd against an *alien*,
That by *direct* or *indirect attempt*,
He *seeks* the *life* of any *citizen*,
The *party* 'gainst the which he doth *contrive*,
Shall *seize* on *half* his *goods.* The *other half*
Goes to the privy *coffer* of the *state*;
And the *offender's* life lies in the *mercy*
Of the *Duke only*, 'gainst *all other voice*,
In which *predicament*, I say, *thou stand'st*,
Condemn. For it appears by *manifest proceeding*,
That *indirectly*, and *directly too*,
Thou hast *contriv'd* against the very life
Of the *defendant*; so that thou *incurr'st*
The *danger* formerly by me *rehears'd.*
Adviſing. *Down*, therefore, and beg *mercy* of the *Duke.*
Grant. *Duke.* That thou may'st see the *difference* of *our spirit*,
I *pardon* thee thy *life*, *before* thou *ask* it.
Defpair. *Shyl.* Nay, *take* my *life* and *all.* Pardon not *that.*
You *take* my *life*, *taking whereon I live.*

Port. What *mercy* can you *render* him, Antonio? Question.

Grat. A *halter's price*, and *leave* to *hang himself.* Triumph.

Anton. So please my Lord the *Duke*, and all the *court*, Granting.

To quit *their right* in *one half* of his *goods*,
I shall be well contented, if I have
The *other* half in *use*, until his *death*,
Then to *restore* it to the *gentleman*,
Who lately *stole* his *daughter*.

Duke. He shall *do* this, or else I do *recant* Threat'ning
The *pardon* I had *promis'd* to *bestow*.

Port. Art thou *contented*, Jew? *What* dost thou *say?* Question.

Shyl. I *pray* you give me *leave* to go from *hence*. Despair.

I am *not well*. *Send* the *deed after* me,
And I will *sign* it.

Duke. *Get* thee *gone*. But *do* it. Threat'ning

[Exeunt omnes.]

LVIII.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION WITH DISTRESS.

The scene between Hector and his wife Andromache.

(POPE'S *Hom.* B. VI. v. 488.)

HECTOR, this heard, return'd without delay, Narration.

Swift through the town he took his former way, Haste.
Thro' streets of palaces, and walks of state;
And met the *mourner* at the Sæan gate.
With *haste* to meet him *sprung* the joyful fair,
His blameless *wife*, Aëtion's wealthy heir.
The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest Tender
His *only hope* hung smiling at her breast; Description

Whom each *soft charm* and *early grace* adorn,
Fair as the new-born *star that gilds* the *morn*.
Silent the warrior *smil'd*, and pleas'd resign'd
* Courage. To *tender passions all* his * *mighty mind*.
Defcription of beauty in diftreſs. His beauteous princess cast a *mournful look !*
Hung on his *hand*, and then, *dejected, spoke*.
Her bosom labour'd with a *boding sigh*,
And the big *tear* stood *trembling* in her *eye*,
Affection. "*Too daring* prince ! *Ah whither* dost thou run ?
Ah, *too forgetful* of thy *wife and son !*
And *think'st* thou not how *wretched* we shall be,
Fear. A *widow* I, an *helpless orphan* he !
For sure such courage *length* of *life denies*,
And thou *must fall*, thy virtue's *sacrifice*.
Greece, in her *single* heroes, *strove* in *vain* :
Now *hosts* oppose thee, and thou must be *slain* ;
Deprecation. O *grant* me *gods !* ere Hector meets his *doom*,
All I can ask of *heav'n*, an *early tomb !*
So shall my days in *one sad tenor* run,
And end with *sorrows*, as they first *begun*.
Lamentation. *No parent now remains*, my *griefs* to *share*,
No *father*'s *aid*, no *mother's* tender *care*.
The fierce *Achilles* wrapt our *walls* in *fire*,
Laid *Thebe waste*, and *slew* my *warlike sire*.
His *fate*, *compassion* in the victor bred;
Stern as he was, he yet *rever'd* the *dead*.
His radiant *arms preserv'd* from hostile *spoil*,
And laid him decent on the *fun'ral pile*.
By the *same arm* my *seven brave brothers fell*,
In *one sad day* they view'd the *gate* of *hell*.
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
Amid their fields the *hapless heroes bled*.
My *Mother* liv'd to bear the *victor's bands*,
The queen of Hippoplacias's sylvan lands.
Redeem'd *too late*, she scarce beheld again
Her *pleasing empire*, and her *native plain*,
When, *Ah ! opprest* by life-consuming *woe*,
She *fell*, a victim to Diana's bow.
Comfort. Yet, while my *Hector* still *survives*, I see

My *father, mother, brethren, all in thee.*
Alas! my *parents, brothers, kindred all,* Apprehen.
Once *more* will *perish,* if my *Hector fall.*
Thy *wife,* thy *infant,* in the *danger* share;
O prove a *husband's* and a *parent's care.* Intreating.
That quarter most the skilful Greek's annoy, Apprehen.
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy.
Then from *this tow'r* defend th' *important post.*
There Agamemnon points his *dreadful host,*
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strives to *gain,*
And *there* the *vengeful Spartan fires* his *train.*
Thrice our bold foes the *fierce attack* have giv'n,
Or led by *hopes,* or *dictated* from *heav'n*;
Let *others* in the field their arms employ, Intreating.
But *stay* my *Hector here,* and guard his Troy."
The chief reply'd, "*That* post shall be my care; Courage.
Nor *that alone*; but *all* the works of war:
How would the *sons* of *Troy,* in arms *renown'd,*
And Troy's proud *dames,* whose garments sweep the gound,
Attaint the *lustre* of my former *name,*
Should Hector *basely quit* the *field of fame?* Averfion.
My *early youth* was *bred* to *warlike pains*; Courage.
My *soul impels* me to the *martial plains.*
Still *foremost* let me *stand* to *guard* the *throne,*
To save my *father's honours* and my *own.*
Yet *come* it *will!* the *day* decreed by *fates!* Apprehen.
(How my *heart trembles,* while my tongue *relates!*)
The day when *thou imperial Troy!* must *bend*;
Must see thy *warriors fall*; thy *glories end.* Grief.
And yet *no dire presage* so *wounds* my *mind,* Grief with
My *mother's death,* the *ruin* of my *kind,* Affection.
Not *Priam's hoary hairs defil'd* with *gore,*
Not *all* my *brothers gasping* on the *shore,*
As *thine, Andromache!* *Thy griefs* I *dread!*
I see thee *trembling, weeping, captive led,*
In *Argive looms* our *battles to design,*
And *woes,* of which so *large a part was thine.*
There while you *groan* beneath the *load* of *life,*

Insulting They cry—"*Behold the mighty Hector's wife!*"
Some *haughty Greek*, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy *woes* by *naming me.*
The thoughts of *glory past, and present shame,*
Pity. A *thousand griefs* shall *waken* at the *name*;
May I *lie cold* before that *dreadful day*;
Press'd with a load of *monumental clay!*
Thy Hector, wrapt in *everlasting sleep,*
Shall neither *hear* thee *sigh*, nor *see* thee weep."
Narration. Thus having spoke th' *illustrious chief* of *Troy,*
Tenderness. *Stretch'd* his *fond arms*, to *clasp* the *lovely boy,*
The *babe* clung, *crying*, to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd with the *dazzling helm*, and *nodding crest*
With secret *pleasure* each *fond parent smil'd,*
And Hector *hasted* to *relieve his child*;
The *glitt'ring terrors* from his *brows unbound,*
And plac'd *the beaming helmet* on the *ground*;
Then *kiss'd* the *child*, and *lifting high* in *air,*
Thus to the *gods preferr'd* a *parent's pray'r.*
Intercession "O *thou*, whose *glory* fills th' *ætherial throne,*
And all ye *deathless pow'rs*—*Protect* my *son!*
Grant him, like *me*, to *purchase just renown,*
To *guard* the *Trojans*, to *defend* the *crown,*
Against his *country's foes* the *war* to *wage,*
And *rise* the *Hector* of the *future age!*
So, when *triumphant* from *successful toils,*
Of *heroes slain*, he bears the *reeking spoils,*
Whole *hosts* may *hail* him with *deserv'd acclaim,*
And say—"This chief transcends his *father's* ame."
While *pleas'd* amidst the gen'ral shouts of Troy,
His *mother's conscious heart o'erflows* with *joy.*"
He spoke, and fondly *gazing* on her, *charms,*
Tenderness. Restor'd the *pleasing burthen* to her *arms*;
Soft on her fragrant *breast* the *babe* she *laid,*

Hush'd to *repose*, and with a *smile survey'd*.
The *troubled pleasure*, soon *chastis'd* with *fear*, Apprehen.
She mingled with the *smile* a *falling tear*.

LIX.

REMORSE. ATTEMPT TOWARDS REPENTANCE. OBDURACY. DESPAIR.

The wicked king's Soliloquy, expressing his remorse for the murder of his brother Hamlet, king of Denmark.

(*Shakespear's* HAMLET.)

King. OH my *offence* is *rank!* It smells to heav'n; Compunct.
It hath the *eldest curse* of heaven upon it.—
A *brother's murder!* Pray, alas! I *cannot*; Hardneſs of heart.
Though *sore* my *need* of what the *guilty pray for*;
My *stronger guilt defeats* my *strong intent*,
And, like a man to *double business* bound,
I stand in pause, where I shall first *begin*, * Glimpſe of hope.
And *both neglect*.—*What, if this *cursed hand*
Where *thicker* than *itself* with *brother's blood*,
Is there not *rain* enough in the *sweet heav'ns*
To *wash* it *white* as *snow*; Whereto serves *mercy*,
But to *confront* the *visage* of *offence*?
And what's in *prayer*, but this *two-fold force*,
To be *forestall'd*, ere yet we *come* to *fall*,
Or *pardon'd*, being *down*?—Then I'll *look up*.
My *fault* is *past*.—§ But *oh!* what *form* of † Guilt.
pray'r
Can serve my *turn*—† "Forgive me *my foul* § Doom.
murder!"
That cannot be, since I am still *possest*
Of those *effects*, for which I *did* the *murder*;
My *crown*, mine own *ambition*, and my *queen*.
May one be *pardon'd* and *retain* th' *offence*?
In the *corrupted currents* of *this world*,
Offence's *gilded hand* may *shove by* justice;
Nay, oft 'tis seen, the *wicked prize itself*

* Terror. *Buys out* the *law*. * But 'tis not so *above*:
There is *no shuffling*; there the *action* lies
In his *true nature*; we ourselves *compell'd*,
E'en to the *teeth* and *forehead* of our *faults*,
† Anxiety. To give in *evidence*—† *What* then? *What rests?*
Hope. Try what *repentance* can.—*What* can it *not*?
Obduracy. Yet *what can it*, when one *cannot repent?*
Despair. Oh *wretched state!* Oh *bosom, black as death!*
Oh *limed soul!* that *struggling* to be *free*,
§ Anguish. Art *more engag'd!* §*Help, Angels!* Make *essay*,
Bow, stubborn knees: and *heart* with *strings* of *steel*,
Be *soft* as *sinews* of the *new-born babe!*
All may be *well*,

[The king kneels, and by his looks and gestures, expresses great agony and horror; but no penitential melting of heart; after continuing a short time in that posture, he rises in despair, and speaks the following.]

Despair. My *words* fly *up*—My *thoughts* remain *below*—
Words without *thoughts never* to *Heav'n go*.

LX.

REPROACHING. EXCITING TO SELF-DEFENCE.

The speech of T. Q. Capitolinus to the Roman people, when the Æqui and Volsci, taking the advantage of the animosities then prevailing between the patricians and plebians, joined their forces, and, after plundering the Roman territories, advanced, in a hostile manner, to the very walls of the city.

[T. Liv. *Hist. Rom.*]

Vexation. THOUGH I am not *conscious* to myself, Romans, of *any offence* I have committed against my country; it is with *confusion* that I address you thus publicly on such an occasion. For what can be imagined more *shameful*, than that

it should be known to the *world*—that it should be known to *ourselves!*—and must be handed down to *posterity*——that in the *fourth consulship* of *Titus Quintius Capitolinus*, the *Æqui* and *Volsci*, so lately found scarce a *match* for the *Hernici*, advanced in arms—*uninterrupted*, and *unpunished*—to the very *walls* of *Rome!* Had I imagined that such a *disgrace as this* would have come upon my country in the year of *my* fourth consulship (though our affairs have of late gone in such a way, that *every thing* was to be feared) I would have *avoided* the consular honor—* the *shame* rather by *banishment*, or even by *death*. *How* much *more desirable* to have *died* in my *third* consulship, than to live to see the *dishonours*, which the times are like to bring upon us. But *whom* does the insolence of so contemptible an enemy *disgrace?* Is it *us*, the *consuls?* Or is it *you*, *Romans?* If the *fault* be in *us*; *take* from us that *authority*, we are so *unworthy* to *enjoy*. And if that be not *enough*, inflict on us the *punishment* we have *deserved*. † If it is owing to *you*, my countrymen, that the enemy have thus dared to insult us, § *all* I beg of the gods is, that they will *forgive* you: * and I wish no *other* punishment to come upon you, than *repentance* for your misconduct. † Our enemies have not presumed upon any *want* of *bravery* in *you*, Romans; nor upon any imagined *superiority* in *themselves*. They know both *you* and *themselves* too *well*. They have not forgot how often they have been *routed* in *battle*, how often put to *shameful flight*, deprived of their *lands*, and even made to pass under the *yoke*, by the *Romans*. It is the fatal *dissention* between the *patricians* and *plebians*, that give *courage* to the enemies of the Roman name. Our *quarrels* amongst *ourselves* are the *poison* of our *state*. While *you* are *dissatisfied* with the *power* enjoyed by the *patricians*, and we are *jealous* of the *plebeians*, the *enemy*, seeing their *time*, have *surprised* us.

* Agony.

Remonſt. *with* Vexation.

† Kindneſs.

§ Interceſ.

* Kindneſs.

† Courage.

Contempt.

Vexation.

Remon. But *what* (in the name of *all* the *gods!*) *will satisfy* you? You demanded *plebian* tribunes. For the sake of peace, *we*, patricians, *consented*. You then called for *decemviri*. *We agreed*, that the *decemviral power* should be *established*. You were quickly *tired* of *this* form of government, we obliged the *decemviri* to *abdicate*. Your *resentment pursuing* them even to their *retirement*, Grief. we gave our *consent* to the *exile* and *death* of some of the *first* men of *Rome* for *birth* and *merit*. Then you insisted, that the *tribunitial authority* should Remonſt. be *re-established*. You did accordingly *re-establish* it. We *bore* with the innovation of conferring the *consular power* upon men of *plebian rank*, tho' we saw how *injurious* it was to *our own*. We *bore patiently*, and do *still bear*, with the *tribunitial power*; with the right of *appeal* to the *people*; with the *obligation* upon the *patricians* to *submit* to the *popular decrees*; and with the *alienation* of our *peculiar rights* and *privileges* under pretence of *equalling* the different ranks, and reducing things to *order* in the commonwealth. But, my countrymen, *when* will you put an *end* to these *wranglings?* When shall this *unhappy state* be *united?* When shall we look upon *Rome* as our *common country?* We, of the *patrician* rank, though *losers*, are more disposed to *peace*, than *you*, who have *gained* all your *ends*. Is it not *enough* that you have made yourselves *formidable* to your *superiors?* *Now* you assemble, in a seditious manner, on the *Mount Aventine*; *then* on the *Mons sacer*; and against *us* your Rouſing *vengeance* is *always* directed. You were in *no* Shame. *haste* to prevent the enemy from seizing on the *Esquiliæ*, or from mounting our *works*. It is Reproach. only against the *patricians* that you *dare* to *shew* your *valour*. Go on, then, if you are so determined; and when you have *surrounded* the *senate house*, made the *forum dangerous* for any of *patrician* rank to be seen in, and got the *pri-*

sons filled with persons of the *first eminence*; keep up the same *heroic spirit* you shew against your own *countrymen*; sally out at the Esquiline gate, and repulse the *enemy*. Or if your *valour* is not sufficient to enable you to do *this*, at least shew that you have the *heroism* to *view* from the *walls*, your *lands wasted* by *fire* and *sword*, and *plundered* by the *irresistible army* of the *Æqui* and *Volsci!* Sneer.

Will any one pretend to answer to this, that it is only the *public* that suffers by the inroads of the enemy, and that the main of the *loss* will be only that of a little national *honour?* Were *that* the case *what Roman* could think of it with *patience?* But, *besides* the loss of our *honor*, what effect, do you think, these ravages will have upon private *property?* Do you expect any else, than that every individual of you should quickly have accounts of what he *himself* has *lost?* And how are those *losses* to be *made up?* Will your darling *tribunes* make good the *damages?* They will be active enough in *inflaming* you with their speeches; they will commence suits against the *principal* men in the *state*; they will gather *seditious assemblies*, and multiply *laws* on *laws*, and *decrees* on *decrees*. But which of you, my countrymen, has *gained* any thing by such proceedings? Has any Roman *carried home* to his family, from those tumultuous meetings, any thing, but *hatred*, *quarrels*, and *mischiefs*, *public* and *private?* The case was, in *former happier times*, *very different*, when you *submitted* to the rightful *authority* of the *consuls*, and were not, as now, the *dupes* of your *tribunes*; when you exerted yourselves in the *field* of *battle*, not in the *forum*; when your shouts of *courage* struck terror into your *enemies*; not your *seditious* clamours into your *countrymen*. Then you used to return home, *enriched* with *spoils*, and *adorned* with *trophies*; instead of which you *now ingloriously* suffer the enemy—and that enemy

Remonst. Rousing Honour. Alarm. Remonf. Reproach. Remorfe. Regret.

a *contemptible* one—to go off *unmolested*, and *loaded* with your *substance*. Bnt go on with your
Remonst. *seditious assemblies*, as long as you *can*. The
Alarm. time is approaching, when you will find yourselves *obliged* to *quit* them, though *so agreeable* to you, and to *betake* yourselves to what you
Reproach. have the greatest *reluctance* to, I mean your *arms*. You thought it a mighty *hardship* to be obliged to *march* against the Æqui and Volsci.
Alarm. They have *spared* you that *trouble*. They are now at your *gates*. And if you don't *drive* them from *thence*, they will soon be in the *city*, in the *capitol*, and in your *houses*. Two years ago an
Regret. order was given by authority of the *senate*, that
Reproof. *levies* should be *made*, and that the *army* should *march*. Instead of executing this salutary order, we have been *loitering* at home, *unemployed*, except in *wrangling* ; *forgetful*, while our *peace* was *undisturbed* from abroad, that this long *indolence* would probably be the very *cause* of *troubles* coming upon us from *various* quarters
Profess. at *once*. I know full well, my countrymen, that
Sincer. there are many subjects more *agreeable* to you
Alarm. than *those* I have now *spoken* to you upon. But the *necessity* of the *times* obliges me (if I were *less inclinable* of *myself*) to lay *truth* before you,
Profess. rather than *tickle* your *ears*. I wish I could
Sincer. *humour* your *inclinations* : but I had rather se-
Alarm. cure your *safety*, than gain your *good-will*. It
Apology. is commonly observed, that those who address the public from *selfish views*, are *more acceptable* than those whose *sole disinterested aim* is the
Remonst. *general advantage*. And I think you can *hardly*
Reproof. *imagine*, that those *flatterers* of the *plebeians*, who neither *suffer* you to *rest* in *peace*, nor in *war*, mean *your* good by continually *exciting* you to *tumult* and *sedition*. When they work you up to *discontent* and *rage*, they are *sure* to gain their *avaricious* or their *ambitious ends*. And, as in time of *peace* they find themselves to be of *no consequence*, rather than be *undistin-*

guished, they set themselves to promote *mischief*.

If you are at last (as I am sure you have *reason* to be) *sick* of such *absurd* and *ruinous proceedings*, and have a mind to resume your *own characters*, and to act agreeably to that of your *ancestors*; I am myself *ready now* to *head* you, and am willing to undergo *any enalty*, if I do not, in a few days, *force* these *plu derers* of our lands to *abandon* their *camp*, and if I do not carry the *terror* of *war*, which now *alarms* you, from *our* gates, to those of the *enemy*.

Exciting to self-defen.

Courage.

LXI.

DOUBTING. VEXATION. SERIOUS REFLECTION.

Hamlet's soliloquy upon his finding that the king his father was murdered by his uncle; in which he considers of the consequence of pu ting an end to a burthensome life. [*Shakes. H.* MLET.]

Ham. TO *be*——or *not* to *be* (1)—*that* is the *question*——

Anxiety.

Whether 'tis *nobler* in the mind to *suffer*
The *slings* and *arrows* of *outrageous fortune*:
Or to take *arms* against a *host* of *troubles*,
And by *opposing*, *end* them—*But to *die*—
To *sleep*—*No more*—(2) And by a *sleep* to *end*
The *heart-ache*, and the *thousand* natural *shocks*
That *flesh* is *heir* to—'Tis a *consummation*

Courage.

* Deep Thought-fulneſs.

Vexation.

(1) "To *be*—or *not* to *be*."—The thought, at length, would run thus, "Is *death* the total *deſtruction* of *conſciouſneſs*? Or do the *dead* ſtill continue to *think* and *act*, though in a different manner from that of the preſent ſtate? The thought in the ſecond line is different, viz. "Whether it is truly *heroic* to put an *end* to life, when it becomes *irkſome*?"

(2)—But to *die*—To *ſleep*—*No more*," The pauſes muſt be equal. The ſenſe, at length, being "Is dying only falling aſleep, and nothing elſe?"

|| Thought. (1) *Devoutly* to be *wish'd*—To || *die*—To *sleep*
‡ Apprehen To *sleep*——‡ Perchance to *dream*—A *start-*
ling thought—
For, in that *sleep* of *death*, what *dreams* may
come
When we have *shuffled off* this *mortal coil*,
Must give us *pause*. There's the *respect*
That makes *calamity* of so *long life*;
Vexation. For *who* would *bear* the *whips* and *scorns* of *time*,
Th' *oppressor's wrong*, the *proud* man's *contumely*,
Anguiſh. The *pangs* of *love despis'd*, the *law's delay*,
The *insolence* of *office*, and the *ſpurns*
† Meekneſs That *patient* † *merit* of the *unworthy** takes;
* Averſion. When he *himſelf* might his *quietus* make
¶ Courage. With a *bare bodkin*? Who would ¶ *bend* to
earth,
Fear. And *groan* and *sweat* under a *weary life*?
But that the *dread* of *ſomething after death*
(That *undiscovered country*, from whoſe *bourne*(2)
No traveller returns) *puzzles* the *will*,
And makes us rather *bear* thoſe *ills* we *have*,
Than *fly* to *others* which we *know* not *yet*?
Thus *conſcience* makes *cowards* of us all;
And thus the *native hue* of *reſolution*
Is *ſicklied o'er* with a *pale* caſt of *thought*,
And *enterprizes* of great *ſtrength* and *moment*,
With *this regard* their *currents* turn *away*,
And *loſe* the *name* of *action*.

(1) "*Devoutly* to be *wiſh'd*." To be ſpoken wish the eyes raiſed earneſtly to heaven. See *Veneration*, page 25.

(2)—"Whoſe bourne." That is *border*, or *coaſt*.

LXII.

EAGERNESS. CHIDING. INTREATING.

Ghosts of various characters press to be admitted into Charon's boat. Are repulsed by him and Mercury, on account of their coming loaded with their vices, follies, and wrong attachments. [*Lucian. Dial. Mort. Char. Merc. &c.*]

Charon LOOK you, gentlemen and ladies, *this* will *never* do. My *boat* is but small, and *old* and *leaky* into the *bargain*; so that, if it be either in the *least overloaded*, or not *exactly trimmed*, you will be among the Stygian *frogs* presently, *every single ghost* of you. You come *pushing*. and *crowding* in such *shoals*, and I know not how much *luggage* along with you, that you are like to *repent* of your being in such a *hurry*, at least those of you who *cannot swim*. Chiding. Treatening. Intreating.

1*st Ghost*. But you don't *consider*, Mr. Ferryman, how much we are *tired* of *dodging* about here, where we have neither *house* nor *home*, where there is nothing but *mud*, in which we sink over *shoes*, over *boots*, nor so much as a *tree* to hang a dog upon. *Pray*, *good Charon*, *push* us *over* as *fast* as you *can*. Complaint. Intreating.

Char. What a *plague ails* the *brainless* ghost? Would you have me do *impossibilities*? Do *Mercury*, *bear a hand* a little. *Push* them *back*. Don't let above *one* come into the boat at a *time*: that you may examine them *ghost* by *ghost*, and make them *strip*, and leave their *luggage*, before they set a *foot* in the *boat*. Chiding. Exciting. Refusing.

Merc. *Ay*. *ay*, I'll take care of that, Charon.—*Hold*. *Who* are *you*? Promising. Refusing.

2*d Ghost*. My name is *Menippus*, by trade a *cynic philosopher*. And to shew you how willing I am to be *conformable*, *look* you *there*, away go my *wallet* and my *staff* into the *Styx*. And as for my *cloak*, I did not *bring* it *with* me. Submission.

Approba. *Merc.* *That's* my *honest cynic.* Come into the *boat*, Menippus. Here is a ghost of *sense* for you. *Go, go forward* by the *helm*, where you may have *good sitting*, and may *see* all the *passengers.*—Your *servant*, Madam. *Who* may *you* be, if a man, I meant, if *god* may be so *bold?*

Affected Beauty. 3*d. Ghost* Sir, I am the celebrated *beauty*, who rated my favours so *high*, as to receive a *talent* for a *kiss.* It is true a certain *philosopher* did *grudge* my *price*, saying he had no notion of paying an *exorbitant sum* for so *unpleasant* a

Contempt. *bargain* as *repentance.* But my *comfort* is, that it was a *poor old-fellow.* and a *philosopher*, that made this *clownish speech*, so *different* from what I was *used* to.

Refusing. *Merc.* Look you, Madam, *this country* is not famous for *gallantry.* And, as you will make *nothing* of your *beauty* where you are *going*, I must desire you to leave it *all behind*, or you don't set a *foot* in the Stygian *ferry-boat.*

3*d Ghost.* *Pray*, Sir, *excuse* me. *Why* must

Intreat. one be *ugly*, because one is *dead?*

Insist *with* Blame *and* Sneer. *Merc.* *Come, come*, Madam, *off* with your *whole* apparatus of *temptation*, if you mean to cross the Stygian *pool.* You must not only lay aside the *paint* on your cheeks, but the *cheeks themselves.* You must throw off not only the gorgeous *attire* of your *head*, but the *hair*, and the very *skin*, to the *bare skull.* So far from granting you a passage with all your *finery* about you, we shall expect you to strip off both *skin* and *flesh* to the very *bones.* So, Mrs. *Beauty*, if you please to step aside, and *dispose* of your *tackle*, and present yourself by and by, in the *plain dress* of a *skeleton*, we shall perhaps carry you over the water.

Vexation. 3*d. Ghost.* It is *deadly hard*: and——

Insisting. *Merc.* *This* is *our way*, Madam—**Stop*—

* Refusing. *Who* are *you?* You seem to brush *forward*, as who should say, "I am no *small* fool."

Pride. 4*th Ghost.* Why, Sir, I am *no less person* than *Lampichus* the *tyrant.*

Merc. *Pray, good* Mr. *Lampichus* the *tyrant, where* do you intend to stow *all that luggage?* Sneer. Refuſing.

4th Ghost. *Consider,* Mercury, it is not *proper* that a *king* should travel without his *conveniencies* about him. Intreat. Refuſing.

Merc. Whatever may be proper for you in quality of a *king,* you must allow *me* to determine of the necessaries of life requisite for you in quality of a *ghost.* I shall therefore desire, that your tyrantship will be pleased to *leave* your *bags* of *gold,* your *pride,* and your *cruelty,* behind. For, if you were to go into our *poor crazy wherry* with them, you would *sink* it, if there were *no passenger* but *yourself.* Infiſting. Blame. Apprehen.

4th Ghost. *Pray, good Mercury,* let me carry my *diadem.* (1) It is not much *heavier* than an old-fashioned *wedding-ring.* How will the ghosts *know* that I am a *king,* without something of a *royal ensign* about me? Intreating.

Merc. There is no *difference,* where you are going, between a *king* and a *cobler,* unless the *cobler* has been the *better man,* which happens *commonly enough.*—But *who* are you, with your *rosy gills,* and your *round paunch?* Refuſing. Queſtion.

5th Ghost. I am only a *harmless good-natured fellow,* known by the name of *Damasias,* the *parasite.* You see I am *naked,* I hope, therefore, you will let me into the *boat.* Intreating.

Merc. I like such *naked* passengers as you. Pray do you think you can cross the Styx with such a load of *flesh* about you? One of your *legs* would *sink* the *boat.* Refuſing. Apprehen.

5th Ghost. *What,* must I *put off* my very *flesh?* Vexation.

Merc. *Yes, surely.* Infiſting.

5th Ghost. If I *must,* I *must.* **Now then,* let me *come.* *Intreat.

(1) Diadems are thought to have been only a sort of ring to go round the head, like a wreath.

Refuſing. *Merc.* *Hold.* *What* have you got under your *arm?*

Intreating. 5*th Ghost.* It is only a little *book* of *compliments* and *poems*, in praiſe of *great folks*, which I have *written out*, and keep *ready* by me, to put *any name* at the head of them, as *occaſion offers*, you know.

Contempt. *Merc.* You *ſilly fellow!* Do you think you
Queſtion. will have occaſion for *panegyrics* on the *other ſide* of the *Styx?*

Diſappoint. 5*th Ghost.* *What*, are there no *great folks* there?

Merc. Why, you ſimpleton, don't you know,
Contempt. that thoſe, who were *greateſt* in *t'other* world, are *meaneſt* in *that* you are *going* to? Beſides, there are neither *places* nor *penſions* to *give* there. ——*Who* are *you*, pray?

Queſtion. 6*th Ghost.* A *conqueror*. I am the famous—

Chiding. *Merc.* You ſhan't conquer *me*, I can tell you,
Reſolution. Mr. *Famous*; and, therefore, if you don't
Refuſing. throw your *ſword* and your *ſpear*, and all theſe *trophies*, into the *Styx*, you ſhan't ſet a *foot* in the *boat*,

Vexation. 6*th Ghost.* What muſt not my *immortal honours accompany* me? If I had not thought of *enjoying* them in the other *world*, I had not taken the *pains* I did *about* them.

Threaten. *Merc.* You will ſee preſently what *honours* judge *Minos* will *confer* on you for *ravaging mankind*, and *deluging* the *world* with *blood*— *Stop*; *who* are *you*.

Queſtion. 7*th Ghost.* Sir, I am an *univerſal genius*.

Affectation of learning *Merc.* † That is to ſay, in plain Engliſh, a *Jack of all trades*, and *good* at *none*.

Boaſting. 7*th Ghost.* Why, Sir, I have *written* upon *all manner* of *ſubjects*. I have publiſhed *ten* volumes in *folio*, *ſixteen quartos*, *thirty-five octavos*, *nineteen* volumes in *twelves*, and *twenty-two pamphlets*. *I* am a *ſtandard-author* in *aſtronomy*, in *natural hiſtory*, in *phyſic*, in *criticiſm*, in *hiſtory*, in *epic*, *tragic*, and *comic poetry*, in *metaphyſics*, in *grammar*, in——

Merc. Plague on thy *everlasting tongue*; is it *never* to lie *still* any *more?* What *mountain* of a *folio* is that, thou hast under thy *arm?* — Contemp. Queſtion.

7th Ghost. Sir, it is only my *common-place book.* — Intreating.

Merc. Well, if you will go and dispose of *it*, and of your *learned pride*, and your *scurrility* to all your *contemporary authors*, and of your *arrogance* in *pretending* to be *master* of so *many different subjects*, and of your *ostentation* in giving yourself so many silly *airs* of *learning* needlessly; and come back in the dress and disposition of a *modest well-behaved skeleton*, we shall think of giving you your *passage.*—Now, *who* are *you?* — Contempt. Queſtion.

8th Ghost. Sir, I am worth a *plum*, as I can shew you by my *ledger*. *Look* you *here.* — Boaſting.

"BALANCE *Dr. Per. Cont Cr.*"

Merc. What, in the name of *Plutus*, (1) has the silly *ghost* got in his *pericranium?* Dost *think*, friend, that there is *cheating*, and *usury*, and *stock-jobbing*, in the *lower regions?* Stand *out* of the *way.—Who* are *you?* — Chiding. Contempt. Refuſing Queſtion.

9th Ghost. Sir I am a *gentleman*, *rat me.* — Foppery.

Merc. Ay, there's little doubt of your *rotting*, now you *are dead.* You was *half rotten before* you *died.* — Contempt.

9th Ghost. Sir, I have been the *happiest* of all *mortals* in the favour of the *ladies*, *split me.* The *tender creatures* could *refuse* me *nothing. I conquered* whatever I *tried*, *stab* my *vitals.* — Foppery. Boaſting.

Merc. I cannot but *admire* your *impudence* to tell *me* a *lie.* Don't you *know*, sirrah, that *Mercury* is a *god? No lady*, whose *favours* where *worth having*, ever *cared* a *farthing* for *you*, or any *pig-tail'd puppy* of your *sort.* Therefore let *me* have *none* of your *nonsense*; but *go* and *throw* your *snuff-box*, your *monkey airs*, your *rat me's* and your *pretensions* to *favours* you never *received*, your foolish *brains*, and — Chiding. Command with Contempt.

(1) The god of riches.

your chattering *tongue* : throw them all into the *Styx*, and then we shall perhaps *talk* to you.

Boasting *with* Intr. 10*th Ghost*. I am an *emperor*, and could bring *three hundred thousand men* into the *field*, and—

Affecta. *with* Intreat. 11*th Ghost*. I am a *female conqueror*, and have had *princes* at my feet. My *beauty* has been always thought *irresistible*, nor has——

Affecta. *of* Piety. 12*th Ghost*. I am a venerable *priest* of the *temple* of *Apollo*, and *you know*, Mercury, whether the *report* of the Delphic *oracle's* being only a *contrivance* among us, be not a *malicious fiction* ; and whether the *priests*, in *all ages*, and in *all places*, *have* not *been*, and *will* not *always be eminent* for their *artless*, *undesigning simplicity*, their *contempt* of *riches*, their *honest opposition* to the *vices* of the *great*, and their *zeal* in promoting *truth* and *liberty* of *conscience*, and—

Self-Vindication.

Fawning. 13*th Ghost*. I have the *honour* to *tell you*, Sir, I am the *darling* of the *greatest prince* on *earth*. I have kept in *favour five* and *twenty years* ; in *spite* of the *hatred* of a *whole nation*, and the *arts* of *hundreds* of *rivals*. There is not, I will *take upon me* to *say*, Sir, a *fetch* in *politics*, nor a *contrivance* for *worming in*, and *screwing out*,

Whisper. that I am not *master* of. I had I *assure* you, Sir, (a *word* in your *ear*) I had my *king* as much at my *command* as a *shepherd* has his *dog*. Sir, I should be *proud* to *serve* you, Sir, if you——

Affec. 14*th Ghost*. I *presume*, *illustrious Sir*, you *wont hinder me* of my *passage*, when I inform you, I only want to *carry* with me a few *nostrums*, a little *physical Latin*, and a small collection of *learned phrases* for expressing *common* things more *magnificently*, which if they were put into a *vernacular tongue*, would be too *easily understood*. *Besides*, I have, I believe——

Affecta. *with* Wheedling. 15*th Ghost*. *Great god* of *eloquence*, you will not, I am persuaded, *stop* a *famous lawyer* and

Boast. *orator*. I am *master* of *every trope* and *figure*

that *ever* was *heard* of. I can make any *cause good*. By the time I have *talked half an hour*, there is not a *judge* on the *bench*, that *knows which side* the *right* is on, or whether there be *any right* on *either side*. And then for *brow-beating*, and finding useful and seasonable *demurs*, *quirks*, and the like, I dare *challenge*——

16*th Ghost*. Mercury, I do *intreat* you to let *me* come into the *boat*. I am sure, *judge Minos*, will pass a very *favourable sentence* on me. For it is *well known*, that *nobody ever was* a more *exact observer* of the religious *ceremonies* appointed by *authority*, and established by *custom*, than *myself*. And what was alledged against me, of my being given to *censoriousness*, *pride*, and *private sins*, is all *false*—almost —and— Hypoc. and Fawning.

17*th Ghost*. I am sure, Mercury, I shall be very well received by judge *Minos*, judge *Rhadamanthus*, and judge *Æacus*. For I never did *harm* to *any body*; but was always ready to do *any kindness* in my *power*. And there is *nothing* can be alledged *against me*, worth *naming*. For it is not *true*, that I *believed* neither *God* nor *future state*. I was *no Athiest*, as has been alledged, but only a *free-thinker*. Confidence. Self-Vindication.

18*th Ghost*. *Pray*, Mercury, let a *brave soldier* come into the *boat*. See what a *stab* in my *back* I *died* of. Intreating.

19*th Ghost*. *Pray*, Mercury, *don't* keep out an *industrious citizen*, who died of living *too frugally*.

20*th Ghost*. *Pray*, Mercury, let an *honest farmer pass*, who was knocked on the *head* for *not selling corn* to the *poor* for a *song*.

Merc. *Hoity*, *toity*! *What* have we *got*! *Why* don't you *all* bawl *together*? Now in the name of the three *Furies*, *Alecto*, *Tysiphone*, and *Megara*, of the *Vegoves*, the *Numina*, *læva*, and all the *Robigus's* and *Averruncus's* that Impatience.

stand on *Aulus Gellius's* list of *mischievous deities, what must* we *do*, Charon ?

Anger. *Cha. Push* them *away*. *Push* them into the *Styx*. There is not *one* of them *fit* to be *carried over*. One comes loaded with *pride* of *beauty* and *lust*, another with *arrogance* and *cruelty*, another with *falsehood* and *flattery*, another with *love* of *fame*, and *desire* of *boundless dominion*, another with *false learning*, another with *learned pride*, another with *spiritual pride* and *hypocrisy*, another with *avarice* and *churlishness*, another with *foppery* and *false pretensions* to *ladies favours*, another with *political craft*, *bribery*, and *corruption*, another with *law quirks*, another with *quackish nostrums*, and another with *priestcraft*; and they expect, that my *poor little old half rotten wherry* should carry *them* and all their *nasty luggage*, over at *one lift*. Why, Mercury, it would require such a *vessel*, as those they will build at the island of *Albion* two *thousand years hence*, which will be called *first rate men of war*, to carry such a *cargo*.

Determin. Therefore we must e'en *put off*, with this *half dozen* of *passengers*, and, perhaps, by the time we come *back*, some of them will be stripped to the *buff*, I mean to the *bones*, and *disencumbered* of their respective *appurtenances*, so as to be *fit* for the *voyage*.

Agreeing. *Merc.* We have *nothing else* for it, Charon. Therefore, *gentlemen* and *ladies*, if you don't

Threaten. *clear* the *way*, I must be *rude* to you. *Fall*

Command. *back*, *fall back*. I have not *room* to push the *boat off*——[Standing a tiptoe, and looking as

Doubting. at a distant object] O—Methinks, I see a couple of *modest-looking ghosts* whom I should *know*,

Inviting. standing at a *distance*. *Ay*, *Ay*, it is the *same*.

Approbati. *Hark* ye, you *good people*, come *this way*. You seem to have *shaken off* all your *useless lumber*. I *remember* you. You lived in a *little cottage* on the side of a *hill* in the *Chersonesu, Cimbrica*.

You were always *good, honest contented, creatures.*

Char. *Take* them *in*, Mercury. They are worth an *hundred* of your *cumbrous emperors, conquerors, beauties,* and *literati*. *Come,* let us *push off.* Kindness.

LXIII.

ACCUSATION.

From CICERO'S *Oration against* VERRES, *entitled Divinatio.*

HAVING formerly had the honour of being *quæstor* in *Sicily*, and leaving that people with such *grateful* impressions of me on account of my *behaviour*, while I was among them, as, I hope, will not *soon* be effaced; it appeared, that as they had great dependence upon their *former patrons* for the security of their properties, they likewise reposed *some* degree of confidence in *me*. Those *unhappy people*, being *plundered* and *oppressed*, have made *frequent* and *public applications* to me, intreating, that I would undertake the defence of them, and their *fortunes*; which, they told me, they were encouraged to *request* of me, by *promises* I had given them (of the *sincerity* of which they had had several *substantial proofs*) that if *ever* they should have *occasion* for my *friendship*, I would not be wanting in any *respect* in which I could be *useful* to them. The time was now come, they told me, when they had but *too much occasion* to claim my *promise*; for that they were now in want of *protection*, not for their *property* only, but even for their *lives*, and for securing the very *being* of the *province*. That for *three years* they had suffered, by the injustice of *Caius Verres*, *every hardship*, with which *daring impiety*, *rapacious insolence*, and *wanton cruelty* could *distress* a *miserable* and *help-*

Apology. Pity. Promising. Intreating. Pity. Accusation.

Vexation. *less people.* It gave me *no small concern*, to find myself obliged either to *falsify* my *promise* to those, who had reposed a *confidence* in me, or to undertake the *ungrateful part* of an *accuser*, instead of that which I have *always chosen*, I mean of a *defender*. I referred them to the Declining. patronage of *Quintus Cæcilius*, who *succeeded* me in the *quæstorship* of the *province*. I was in Vexation. hopes I should thus get *free* of the *disagreeable* office they had solicited me to *engage* in. But Accusation to my *great disappointment*, they told me, so far from their having any *hopes* from *Cæcilius*, their distresses had been *heightened* by him; and that he had, by his *conduct*, during his *quæstorship*, made their application to me *more necessary* than *otherwise* it *would* have been. You Apology. see, therefore, fathers, that I am *drawn* to engage this cause by *duty*, *fidelity*, and *commiseration* for the *distressed*; and that, though I may *seem* to take the *accusing* side, it is, in *fact*, the *defence* of the oppressed, that I undertake; the defence of many *thousands*, of many *great cities*, of a *whole province*. And indeed, though the cause were of *less consequence* than it *is*; though the Sicilians had *not requested* my assistance; and though I had not been by my *promise*, and my *connexions* with that unfortunate people, *obliged* to undertake their defence; though I had professedly *commenced* this prosecution with a view to the *service* of my *country merely*; that Accusation a man *infamous* for his *avarice*, *impudence*, and *villainy*, whose *rapaciousness*, and *other* crimes of *various* kinds, are *notorious*, not in *Sicily* only, but in *Achaia*, *Asia Minor*, *Cilicia*, *Pamphilia*, and even here at *home*; that *such* a *man* might, at *my instance*, be brought upon his *trial*, and receive the *punishment* he *deserves*; though I had had *no* other *view* in *this prosecution*, than that *justice* should be done upon a Self-Vindication. *cruel oppressor* and the *distressed* be *delivered*; *what Roman* could have *blamed* my *proceeding*?

How could I do a more *valuable* service to the *Commonwealth?* What ought to be more *acceptable* to the *Roman people*, to our *allies*, or to *foreign nations?* *What* more *desirable* towards securing the *properties*, *privileges* and *lives* of mankind, than *exemplary justice*, inflicted on *notorious abusers* of *power?* *Deplorable* is the *situation* of the tributary *states* and *provinces* of the *commonwealth*. *Oppressed*, *plundered*, *ruined*, by those who are set *over* them, they do not now presume to hope for *deliverance*. All they desire, is a little *alleviation* of their distresses. They are willing to *submit* their *cause* to the *justice* of a *Roman senate*. But they, who ought *to undertake* their *vindication*, are their *enemies*. They who ought to *commence* the *prosecution* against their *oppressors*, deserve *themselves* to be brought upon their *trial* for their *own* mal-administration. Pity. Accusing.

It is sufficiently *known* to you, Fathers, that the *law* for recovery of *tributes unjustly seized*, was intended expressly for the *advantage* of the *allied* and *tributary states*. For in cases of *injustice* done by *one* citizen to *another*, redress is to be had by *action* at *common law*. The present cause is, therefore, to be tried by the *law* of *recovery*. And, under the *umbrage* of that *law*, and in hopes of *redress* by it, the *province* of *Sicily*, with one *voice*, accuses *Verres* of *plundering* her of her *gold* and *silver*, of the *riches* of her *towns*, her *cities*, and *temples*, and of *all* she enjoyed under the *protection* of the *Roman commonwealth*, to the value of *many millions*, &c. Teaching or Explain. Accusing.

From his other Orations against VERRES.

The time is come, Fathers, when that which has *long* been *wished for*, towards allaying the *envy your order* has been *subject to*, and *removing* the *imputations* against *trials*, is (not by Teaching or Exp'ain

Awe. *human contrivance*, but *superior direction*) *effectually* put in our *power*. An *opinion* has *long prevailed*, not only here at *home*, but likewise in *foreign countries*, both *dangerous* to *you*, and *pernicious* to the *state*, viz. That, in *prosecutions*, men of *wealth* are always *safe*, however *clearly convicted*. There is now to be brought upon his *trial* before you, to the *confusion*, I hope, of the *propagators* of this *slanderous imputation*, one, whose *life* and *actions condemn* him in the opinion of all *impartial* persons; but who, according to his *own* reckoning, and declared dependence upon his *riches*, is already *acquitted*; I mean *Caius Verres*. I have undertaken this prosecution, Fathers, at the *general desire*, and with the *great expectation* of the *Roman people*, not that I might draw *envy* upon that *illustrious order*, of which the *accused* happens to *be*; but with the *direct design* of *clearing* your *justice* and *impartiality* before the *world*. For I have brought upon his trial, one, whose *conduct* has been *such* that in passing a *just* sentence upon him, you will have an opportunity of *re-establishing* the *credit* of such trials; of *recovering* whatever may be *lost* of the *favour* of the *Roman people*; and of *satisfying* foreign *states* and *kingdoms* in *alliance* with us, or *tributary* to us. I demand *justice* of you, Fathers, upon the *robber* of the public *treasury*, the *oppressor* of *Asia Minor*, and *Pamphylia*, the *invader* of the *rights* and *privileges* of *Romans*, the *scourge* and *curse* of *Sicily*. If that *sentence* is *passed* upon him which his *crimes deserve*, your *authority* Fathers, will be *venerable* and *sacred* in the *eyes* of the *public*. But if his great *riches* should *bias* you in his *favour*, I shall still gain *one* point, viz. to make it *apparent* to all the *world*, that what was *wanting* in this case was not a *criminal*, nor a *prosecutor*; but *justice*, and *adequate punishment*. And, to confess the very *truth*, fathers, though various

Informing.

Accusing.

Apology.

Exciting.

Insisting.

Accusing.

Exciting.

Apprehen.

snares have been laid for me, by *sea* and *land*, by *Verres*, which I have partly avoided by my *own vigilence*, partly *baffled* with the *help* of my *friends*; I have never been *so apprehensive* of *danger* from him as *now*. Nor does my anxiety about my own *insufficiency* for conducting such a *trial*, nor the *awe*, with which so great a *concourse* of people *strikes* me, alarm my *apprehensions* so much, as the *wicked arts* and *designs*, which I *know* he has framed, against *Marcus Glabrio*, the *prætor*, against the *allied* and *tributary states*, against the *whole senatorial rank*, and against *myself*. For he makes no *scruple* publicly to *declare*, "That in his opinion, *they alone* have reason to *fear* being called to *account*, who have only amassed what is sufficient for *themselves*. That, for *his part*, he has *prudently* taken care to secure what will be *sufficient* for *himself* and many *others* besides. That he knows there is *nothing so sacred*, but it may be made *free with*; nothing so *well secured*, but it may be *come at* by a *proper application* of *money*." It is true, we are *so far* obliged to him, that he joins with his *daring wickedness*, such *bare-faced folly*, that it must be our *own eggregious* and *inexcusable fault*, if we are *deceived* by him. For, as those acts of *violence* by which he has gotten his *exorbitant riches*, were done *openly*, so have his attempts to *pervert* judgment, and *escape* due *punishment*, been *public*, and in open *defiance* of *decency*. He has accordingly, said, that the *only time* he *ever* was *afraid*, was, when he found the prosecution *commenced* against him by *me*; lest he should not have *time enough* to dispose of a sufficient number of *presents* in *proper* hands. Nor has he attempted to *secure* himself by the *legal* way of *defence* upon his *trial*. And, indeed, where is the *learning*, the *eloquence*, or the *art*, which would be *sufficient* to qualify any one for the *defence* of him whose *whole life* has been a con-

Accusing.

Contempt.

Accusing.

tinual *series* of the most *atrocious crimes?* To pass over the *shameful irregularities* of his *youth*, what does his *quæstorship*, the *first* public *employment* he held, *what* does it *exhibit*, but one continued *scene* of *villainies? Cneius Carbo plundered* of the public money by his *own treasure*; a *consul stripped* and betrayed, an *army deserted* and *reduced* to *want*; a *province robbed*; the *civil* and *religious rights* of a *people*, *violated*. The *employment* he held in *Asia Minor* and *Pamphylia*, what did it produce, but the *ruin* of those *countries*; in which *houses*, *cities* and *temples* were *robbed* by him. There he acted over again the *scene* of his *quæstorship*, bringing, by his bad practices, *Cneius Dolobella*, whose *substitute* he was, into disgrace with the *people*, and then *deserting* him; not only *deserting*, but even *accusing* and *betraying* him. *What* was his *conduct* in his *prætorship* here at *home?* Let the *plundered temples*, and *public works neglected*, that he might *embezzle* the *money intended* for *carrying* them *on*, bear *witness*. How did he discharge the *office* of a *judge?* Let *those* who *suffered* by his *injustice*, *answer*. But his *prætorship* in *Sicily*, *crowns all* his *works* of *wickedness*; and finishes a *lasting monument* to his *infamy*. The *mischiefs* done by him in that *unhappy country*, during the *three years* of his *iniquitous administration*, are such, that *many years* under the *wisest* and *best* of *prætors*, will not be sufficient to *restore* things to the *condition*, in which he *found* them. For it is *notorious*, that during the time of his *tyranny*, the *Sicilians* neither enjoyed the *protection* of their own original *laws*, of the *regulations* made for their *benefit*, by the *Roman senate*, upon their coming under the protection of the *commonwealth*, nor of the *natural* and *unalienable* rights of *men*. No *inhabitant* of that *ruined* country has been *able* to *keep possession* of *any thing*, but what has either *escaped* the *rapaciousness*, or

Pity.

Accusing.

been *neglected* by the *satiety* of that *universal plunderer*. His *nod* has *decided all causes* in Sicily, for these *three years*. And his *decisions* have broken *all law, all precedent, all right*. The sums he has, by *arbitrary taxes*, and *unheard of impositions*, *extorted* from the *industrious poor*, are *not* to be *computed*. The most *faithful allies* of the commonwealth have been treated as *enemies*. *Roman citizens* have, like *slaves* been put to *death* with *tortures*. The most *atrocious criminals*, for *money* have been *exempted* from the *deserved punishments*; and men of most *unexceptionable characters condemned*, and *banished unheard*. The *harbours*, though sufficiently *fortified*, and the gates of strong *towns*, opened to *pirates* and *ravagers*. The *soldiery* and *sailors*, belonging to a province under the *protection* of the *commonwealth*, starved to *death*. Whole *fleets*, to the great *detriment* of the *province*, suffered *to perish*. The ancient *monuments* of either *Sicilian* or *Roman greatness*, the *statues* of *heroes* and *princes*, *carried off*; and the *temples stripped* of the *images*. The infamy of his *lewdness* has been such, as *decency forbids* to *describe*. Nor will I, by mentioning *particulars*, put those *unfortunate* persons to *fresh pain*, who have not been able to save their *wives* and *daughters* from his *impurity*. And these his *atrocious crimes*, have been committed in so *public* a manner, that there is *no one*, who has heard of his *name*, but could *reckon up* his *actions*.

Having by his *iniquitous sentences*, filled the *prisons* with the most *industrious* and *deserving* of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of *Roman citizens* to be *strangled* in the *gaols*; so that the exclamation, "I am a *citizen* of *Rome*," which has often, in the most *distant regions*, and among the most *barbarous people*, been a *protection*, was of *no service* to them; Depreca. Accusing.

but, on the contrary, brought *a speedier*, and more *severe punishment* upon them.

Challenge. I *ask*, now, *Verres*, *what* you have to *advance* against this *charge?* Will you pretend to *deny* it? Will you pretend that any thing *false*, that even any thing, *aggravated*, is alleged against you? Had any *prince*, or any Remonstr. state committed the *same outrage* against the privilege of *Roman citizens*, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immeAccusing. diate *war* against them? *What punishment* ought, then, to be inflicted on a *tyrannical* and *wicked prætor*, who *dared*, at no greater *distance* than *Sicily*, within *sight* of the Italian *coast*, to put to the infamous death of *crucifixion*, that *unfortunate* and *innocent* citizen, *Publius* Pity. *Gavius Cosanus*, only for his having *asserted* his privilege of *citizenship*, and declared his inAccusing. tention of *appealing* to the *justice* of his *country* against a *cruel oppressor*, who had *unjustly confined* him in *prison* at Syracuse, from whence he Pity. had just made his *escape*. The *unhappy man*, *arrested* as he was going to *embark* for his *native country*, is brought before the *wicked prætor*. Accusing. With *eyes* darting *fury*, and a *countenance* distorted with *cruelty*, he orders the *helpless victim* of his *rage*, to be *stripped*, and *rods* to be *brought*; *accusing* him, but without the least *shadow* of *evidence*, or even of *suspicion*, of having come to Pity. Sicily as a *spy*. It was in vain that the *unhappy man cried out*, "I am a *Roman citizen*, I Depreca. have *served* under *Lucius Pretius*, who is *now* at *Panormus*, and will *attest* my *innocence*." The Accusing. *blood-thirsty prætor*, *deaf* to all he could urge in his own *defence*, ordered the *infamous punish*Pity. *ment* to be *inflicted*. Thus, Fathers, was an *innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled* with *scourging*; whilst the *only words* he uttered *Depreca. amidst his *cruel sufferings*, were, *"I am a *Roman citizen*." With *these* he *hoped* to *defend* Accusing. himself from *violence* and *infamy*. But of so

little service was this *privilege* to him, that while he was thus *asserting* his *citizenship*, the order was given for his *execution*—for his execution upon the *cross!* Horror.

O *liberty!*—O *sound once delightful* to every *Roman ear!*—O *sacred privilege* of *Roman citizenship!*—*once sacred!*—*now trampled* upon;! But *what* then! Is it come to *this?* Shall an *inferior magistrate*, a governor, who holds his *whole power* of the *Roman people*, in a *Roman province*, within *sight* of *Italy*, *bind*, *scourge*, *torture* with *fire* and *red hot plates* of *iron*, and at the last put to the *infamous death* of the *cross*, a *Roman citizen?* Shall neither the *cries* of *innocence expiring* in *agony*, nor the *tears* of *pitying spectators*, nor the *majesty* of the *Roman commonwealth*, nor the *fear* of the *justice* of his *country; restrain* the *licentious* and *wanton cruelty* of a *monster*, who, in confidence of his *riches*, strikes at the *root* of *liberty*, and sets *mankind* at *defiance*. Lamenta. Exciting to vindication.

I *conclude* with expressing my *hopes*, that your *wisdom*, and *justice*, Fathers, will not, by suffering the *atrocious* and *unexampled insolence* of Caius Verres to escape the due *punishment*, leave room to apprehend the *danger* of a total *subversion* of *authority*, and *introduction* of general *anarchy* and *confusion*.

LXIV.

TERROR. DISCOVERY OF SECRET WICKEDNESS.

The Ghost of Hamlet king of Denmark, murdered by his brother, in concert with his queen, appears to Hamlet his son.

(Shakes. HAMLET.)

Horatio. LOOK! my lord, it *comes!* Alarm.

Hamlet. *Angels* and *Ministers* of *grace*, *defend* us!— Starting.

Trembling. (1) Be thou a spirit of *health*, or goblin *damn'd*;
Bring'st with thee *airs* from *Heav'n* or *blasts* from *hell*,
Be thy intents *wicked* or *charitable?*
Thou com'st in such a *questionable* (2) *shape*,
That I *will speak* to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
Earneſtneſs. *King*, *Father*, *Royal Dane!* *O answer me*,
Why thy *bones hears'd* in *canonized earth*,
Have *burst* their *cerements?* (3) Why the *sepulchre*,
Wherein we saw thee quietly *inurn'd*,
Hath *op'd* his *ponderous* and marble *jaws*,
To *cast* thee *forth* again? *What may* this *mean*,
That thy *dead corpse*, again in *warlike steel*,
Revisits thus the *glimpses* of the *moon*,
Making night *hideous?*
Queſtion. *Say*, *why* is *this?* What *would'st thou* have *done for thee?*
Horror. *Ghost.* (4) I am thy *father's spirit*, to earth return'd
Foul murder to disclose—*List* then, O *Hamlet!*
Narration. 'Tis *given out*, that *sleeping* in my *garden*,
A *serpent stung me*. So the *ear* of *Denmark*
Is, by a *forged process* of my *death*,
Complaint of Injury. *Grossly abused*. But *know*, thou princely youth,
The *serpent*, that did *sting* thy father *dead*,
Now *wears* his *crown*. *Sleeping* within an *alcove*,
On my *security* thy *uncle stole*

(1) Hamlet, ſtanding in converſation with Horatio and Marcellus, is ſuppoſed to be turned from the place where the ghoſt appears, and which is ſeen by Horatio. When Horatio gives the word that the ghoſt appears, Hamlet turns haſtily round toward it in great conſternation, and expreſſes his fear in the firſt line, "*Angels and Miniſters*," &c. Then, after a *long pauſe*, looking earneſtly at the ſpectre, he goes on. "Be thou a ſpirit," &c. See *Fear*, p. 21.

(2) *Queſtionable*, means *inviting queſtion*. The ghoſt appeared in a ſhape ſo intereſting to the young prince, viz. that of his father, that he could not help venturing to ſpeak to it, though with great reluctance from fear.

(3) *Cerements* are the medicated ſwathings put about a dead body, to preſerve it longer from putrefaction; from *cera*, wax.

(4) The ſpeech of the ghoſt to be ſpoken without action, very ſlow and ſolemn, with little variation of voice, and in a hollow deep and dreary tone.

With juice of *cursed hebenon* distill'd,
And in the porches of mine *ears* did *pour*
The *leprous poison*, whose *contagious nature*
Holds such an *enmity* with the *life* of *man*,
That with a *sudden vigour* it doth *curdle*
The *thin* and *wholesome blood*. *So* did it *mine*,
And *instantly* a *tetter bark'd* about,
Most *lazar like*, with *vile* and *loathsome crust*,
All my *smooth body*.
Thus was I, *sleeping*, by a *brother's* hand,
Of *life*, of *crown*, of *queen*, at once bereft!
Cut *off* ev'n in the *blossom* of my *sins*;
No reck'ning made, but sent to my *account*,
With all my *imperfections* on my *head*.
If thou hast *nature* in *thee*, *bear* it *not*. Exciting.
Let not the *royal bed* of Denmark be
A couch for *filthiness*, and *beastly incest*. Indignation
But how soever thou pursu'st *redress*,
Taint not thy *mind*, nor let thy soul *contrive* Cautioning.
Against thy *mother aught*. *Leave* her to *heav'n*,
And to those *thorns*, that in her bosom *lodge*, Anguish.
To *goad* and *sting* her. *Fare thee well* at once.
The *glow-worm* shews the *morning* to be *near*;
His ineffectual *fire* begins to *pale*.
Farewel. *Remember me*.

LXV.

EXHORTATION. REPROACHING.

The Athenians, being unsuccessful in the war against Philip of Macedon, assembled in great dejection, in order to consult what measures were to be taken to retrieve their seemingly desperate affairs. DEMOSTHENES *endeavours to encourage them, by shewing that there was nothing to fear from Philip if they prosecuted the war in a proper manner.* [DEMOST. PHILIP ORAT.]

ATHENIANS!

HAD this assembly been called together on an *unusual* occasion, I should have *waited* to hear the opinions of *others*, before I had offered Apology.

my *own*; and if what *they proposed* had seemed to me *judicious*, I should have been *silent*; if
Submission. *otherwise*, I should have given my *reasons* for *differing* from those, who had spoken *before* me.
Apology. But as the subject of our present deliberations has been *often* treated by *others*, I hope I shall be excused, though I rise up *first* to offer my opinion. Had the schemes, *formerly* proposed, been *successful*, there had been *no occasion* for the *present* consultation.
Encourage. First, then, my countrymen, let me *intreat* you not to look upon the state of our affairs as *desperate*, though it be *unpromising*. For, as on *one* hand, to compare the *present* with times *past*,
Concern. matters have indeed a very *gloomy aspect*; so, on the *other*, if we extend our views to *future times*,
Hope. I have good hopes, that the *distresses*, we are *now* under, will prove of *greater advantage* to us, than if we had *never fallen* into them. If it be asked, what *probability* there is of this, I answer, I hope, it will appear, that it is our *egre-*
Reproach. *gious misbehaviour alone*, that has brought us into these *disadvantageous circumstances*. From
Directing. whence follows the necessity of *altering* our conduct, and the prospect of *bettering* our *circumstances* by doing so. If we had *nothing* to *accuse*
Apprehen. ourselves of; and *yet* found our affairs in their *present disorderly condition*, we should not have *room* left even for the *hope* of *recovering* our-
Exciting. selves. But, my countrymen, it is known to you, partly by your own remembrance, and partly by information from others, how *gloriously* the
Courage. *Lacedæmonian war* was *sustained*, in which we engaged in *defence* of our own *rights*, against an enemy *powerful* and *formidable*; in the *whole*
Approba. *conduct* of which war, *nothing* happened *unworthy* the *dignity* of the *Athenian state*; and this within these *few years* past. My *intention* in recalling to your memory this part of our history, is
Exciting. to shew you, that you have no reason to *fear*

any enemy, if your operations be *wisely planned*, and *vigorously executed*; as, on the *contrary*, that if you *do not exert* your *natural strength* in a *proper manner*, you have *nothing* to *look for* but *disappointment* and *distress*; and to suggest to you, that you ought to *profit* by this *example* of what has *actually been done* by *good conduct* against the *great power* of the Lacedæmonians, so as in the *present* war to *assert* your *superiority* over the *insolence* of *Philip*; which it is *evident* from *experience* may be *effected*, if you resolve to attend *diligently* to those *important objects*, which you have of late *shamefully neglected*. The enemy has indeed gained *considerable advantages* by *treaty*, as well as by *conquest*. For it is to be *expected*, that *princes* and *states* will *court* the alliance of *those*, who, by their *counsels* and *arms*, seem likely to procure for *themselves* and their *confederates*, distinguished *honours* and *advantages*. But, my countrymen, though you have, of late, been *too* supinely *negligent* of what concerned you *so* nearly; if you will *even now*, resolve to *exert* yourselves *unanimously*, each according to his respective *abilities* and *circumstances*, the *rich*, by contributing *liberally* towards the *expense* of the war, and the *rest* by *presenting* themselves to be *enrolled*, to make up the *deficiencies* of the *army* and *navy*, if, in short, you will at last *resume* your *own character*, and act like *yourselves*, it is not *yet too late*, with the help of *Heaven*, to *recover* what you have *lost*, and to *inflict* the just *vengeance* on your *insolent* enemy. *Philip* is but a *mortal*. He cannot, like a *god*, *secure* to himself, beyond the *possibility* of *disappointment*, the *acquisitions* he has made. There are those who *hate* him; there are who *fear*, and there are who *envy* him; and of these *some*, who seem most *inseparably connected* with him. These, *your inactivity* obliges, at present, to *stifle* their *real sentiments*, which are in *your fa-*

Apprehen. Exciting. Encourage. Regret. Encourage. Earneſtneſs. Encourage. Courage. Exciting. Reproach.

Exciting. *vour.* But when will you, my countrymen, when will you *rouse* from your *indolence*, and *bethink* yourselves of what is to be *done?* When you are Apprehen. *forced* to it by some fatal *disaster?* When *irresistible necessity drives* you *? What think* ye of the Rousing shame. *disgraces* which are *already* come upon you *?* Is not the *past* sufficient to *stimulate* your *activity?* Or do ye wait for somewhat, *yet* to *come, more* Reproving *with* contempt. *forcible* and *urgent?* How *long* will you *amuse* yourselves with enquiring of one another after *news*, as you *ramble idly* about the *streets?* What Rousing shame. news so *strange ever* came to *Athens*, as, that a *Macedonian* should *subdue* this *state*, and *lord* it over *Greece?* Again, you ask one another, Contempt. "*What*, is Philp *dead?*" "No, "it is answered, "but he is very *ill!* How *foolish* this Chiding. *curiosity!* What is it to *you*, whether Philip is *sick* or *well?* Suppose he *were dead.* Your *inactivity* would soon raise up against yourselves *another Philip* in his *stead.* For it is not *his strength*, that has *made* him *what he is*; but your *indolence*, which has, of *late*, been *such*, that you seem neither in a condition to take any *advantage* of the *enemy*, nor to *keep* it, if it were Recollecting. *gained* by *others* for you. But what I have *hitherto* observed to your *reproach*, will be of *no service* towards *retrieving* the *past* miscarriages, unless I proceed to offer a *plan* for raising the necessary *supplies* of *money*, *shipping*, and *men.*

[*The orator then goes on to treat of ways and means. But that part of his speech being less entertaining, and his demands of men, money, and shipping, being pitiful, compared with the immense funds, and stupendous armaments, we are accustomed to, I leave it out. Afterwards he shews Philip's insolence by producing his letters to the Eubœans; and then makes remarks on them.*]

Regret. The present *disgraceful* state of your affairs, my countrymen, as it appears from the *insolent* strain of the *letters* I have just read, may not,

perhaps, be a very *pleasing* subject, for your *reflections*. And if, by *avoiding* the *mention* of *disagreeable* circumstances, their *existence* could be *prevented* or *annihilated*, there would be *nothing to do*, but to *frame* our *speeches* so as to give the most *pleasure* to the *hearers*. But, if the unseasonable *smoothness* of a speech tends to *lull* a people into a *fatal security*, how *shameful* is such *self-deceit!* How *contemptible* the *weakness* of putting *off* the *evil day*, and through *fear* of being *shocked* at the sight of what is *disordered* in our *affairs*, to suffer the disorder to *increase* to such a degree, as will soon be *irretrievable!* Wisdom, on the contrary, directs, that the conductors of a war always *anticipate* the operations of the *enemy*, instead of waiting to see what steps *he* shall take. *Superiority* of genius shews itself by taking the *start* of others; as in marching to battle, it is the *general*, who leads, and the *common soldiers* that follow—Whereas *you*, Athenians, though you be masters of all that is *necessary* for *war*, as *shipping*, *cavalry*, *infantry*, and *funds*, have not the *spirit* to make the proper *use* of your *advantages*; but suffer the *enemy* to *dictate* to you *every motion* you are to *make*. If you hear that Philip is in the *Chersonesus*, you order troops to be sent *thither*. If at *Pylæ*, forces are to be detached to secure *that post*. Wherever *he* makes an *attack*, there *you* stand upon your *defence*. You *attend* him in *all* his *motions*, as *soldiers* do their *general*. But you *never* think of striking out of *yourselves* any bold and *effectual* scheme for bringing him to *reason*; by being *beforehand* with him. A *pitiful* manner of carrying on war at *any time*; but, in the critical circumstances you are *now* in, utterly *ruinous*. However you might *trifle*, so long as things were in a tolerable state of *safety*, you will not, I hope, think of going on in the same way, now that the very *being* of the *state* is come to be *precarious*. I

Reluctance. Apprehen. Reproach. Apprehen. Courage. Reproach *with* Indignation. Rousing shame. Sarcasm. Chiding. Contempt. Apprehen.

Hope. would willingly *flatter* myself with the hope, that things being come to a *crisis*, the hasty *strides* made by Philip toward the conquest of this *commonwealth*, will prove the means of *de-*
Sarcaſm. *feating* his *design*. Had he proceeded *deliberately* and *prudently*, you seem so disposed to *peace*, that I do not imagine, you would have *troubled* yourselves about his taking a few *towns* and *provinces*, but would have given him leave, without *molestation*, to affront your *standards* and *flags* at his *pleasure*. But now, that you see him making *rapid advances* toward your *capital*, perhaps you may at *last* be *alarmed*, if you be not *lost* to all sense of *prudence*, *honour*, or *safety*.

Rouſing ſhame. O *ſhame* to the *Athenian name!* We undertook this war against Philip, in order to obtain *redress* of *grievances*, and to force him to *indemnify* us for the *injuries* he had done us, And we
Irony. have conducted it so *successfully*, that we shall, by and by, think ourselves *happy*, if we escape
Apprehen. being *defeated* and *ruined*. For, *who* can think, that a prince, of his *restless* and *ambitious temper*, will not improve the *opportunities* and *advantages* which our *indolence* and *timidity present* him? Will he give *over* his designs against us, without
Remonſtra. being *obliged* to it? And *who* will *oblige* him?
Alarm. *Who* will *restrain* his *fury?* Shall we *wait* for
Exciting. *assistance* from some *unknown country?* In the
Intreating. *name* of all that is *sacred*, and all that is *dear* to us, let us make an *attempt* with what forces we *can raise*, if we should not be able to raise *as many*
Indignation as we would *wish*. Let us do *somewhat* to *curb*
Exciting. this insolent *tyrant* of his *purſuits*. Let us not *trifle* away the time in *hearing* the ineffectual
Apprehen. *wranglings* of *orators*, while the *enemy* is *strengthening himself*, and we are *declining*, and our *allies* growing more and more *cold* to our *interest*, and more *apprehensive* of the *consequences* of continuing on our *side*.

LXVI.

VILLAINOUS SURMISING, AND JEALOUSY.

Iago artfully endeavours to excite Othello to jealousy against his innocent wife Desdemona, to be revenged on Othello for a supposed injury. [Shakesp. Othel.]

Iago. DID *Michael Cassio*, when you wooed my lady, — Question.
Know of your *love?* — Craft.
Othello. He *did* from *first* to *last*. *Why* dost thou *ask?* — Indiff'rence
Iago. But for a *satisfaction* of my *thought*; — Insinuating.
No farther harm.
Oth. *Why* of thy *thought*, Iago? — Doubting.
Iago. I did not *think* he had been *acquainted* with it. — Insinuating.
Oth. O *yes*; and went between us very *often*. — Declaration
Iago. *Indeed!* — Surmising.
Oth. *Ay indeed. Discern'st* thou aught from *that?* — Anxiety.
Is he not *honest?*
Iago. *Honest*, my Lord? — Surmising.
Oth. *Honest, ay, honest!* — Anxiety.
Iago. My Lord—for *aught*—for *aught* I *know*. — Surmising.
Oth. *What* dost thou *think* of? — Anxiety.
Iago. *Think* of, my Lord! — Surmising.
Oth. *Think* of, my Lord! Why dost thou *echo* me, — Anxiety.
As if there were some *monster* in thy *thought* — Suspicion.
Too *hideous* to be *shewn*. Thou dost *mean* something,
I heard thee say but *now*, thou *liked'st* not that,
When *Cassio* left my *wife*: What didst not *like?* — Anxious enquiry.
And when I told thee, he was of my *counsel*,
In my *whole course* of *wooing*, thou cry'dst "*Indeed!*"

And didst *contract* and *purse* thy *brows together*,
As if thou then had'st *shut up* in thy *brain*
Earneſtneſs. Some *horrible conceit*. If thou dost *love* me,
Shew me thy *thought*.
Fawning. *Iago*. My Lord, you *know* I *love* you.
Suſpicion. *Oth*. I *think* thou *dost*,
And as I know thou'rt *full* of *honesty*,
And *weigh'st* thy *words*, *before* thou giv'st them
breath,
Apprehen. Therefore these *stops* of thine *fright* me the *more*:
For such things in a *false disloyal knave*,
Are *tricks* of *custom*; but in a man, that's *just*,
They're *distillations working* from the *heart*,
Earneſtneſs. Which *passion* cannot *rule*. Therefore I tell thee,
Thou dost *conspire* against thy *friend*, Iago,
If thou but *think'st* him *wrong'd*, and mak'st his ear
A *stranger* to thy *thought*.
Reluctance. *Iago*. I do *beseech* you,
From one, that so *imperfectly* conceits,
Your *wisdom* would not *build* yourself a *trouble*
Out of my *scattering* and *unsure observance*.
It were not for *your quiet*, nor your *good*,
Nor for *my manhood*, *honesty*, and *wisdom*,
To let you *know* my *thoughts*.
Queſtion. *Oth*. *What dost* thou *mean*?
Pretended reluctance. *Iago*. *Good name* in *man*, or *woman*, dear
my Lord,
Is the immediate *jewel* of their *souls*.
Contempt. Who *steals* my *purse*, steals *trash*; 'tis *something—nothing*—
Twas *mine*—tis *his*—it has been *slaves* to *thousands*:
Concern. But he who *filches* from me my *good name*,
Robs me of *that*, which makes not *him* the *richer*,
And makes *me poor indeed*.
Charging. *Oth*. I'll *know* thy *thoughts*.
Refuſing. *Iago*. You *cannot*, if my *heart* were in your
hand; (1)

(1) Iago. You *cannot*, &c.) That is, "I hardly know myſelf, what to think; and yet I cannot help ſuſpecting Caſſio."

Beware, my Lord, *beware* of *jealousy*, Caution.
That *ghastly green-ey'd monster*, which doth *make* Horror.
The *meat* it feeds on. (1) The *injur'd husbands' happy*,
Who *certain* of his *fate*, *loves not* his *traitress*:
But, oh, what *cruel minutes tells he o'er*, Anguish.
Who *dotes*, yet *doubts*; *suspects*, yet *strongly loves*.
Oth. O *misery!* [Aside] Extreme anguish.
Iago. *Poor*, and *content*, is *rich*, and *rich enough*:
But *wealth unbounded* is as poor as *winter*
To him, who *ever fears* he shall be poor.— Pretended sympathy.
I *doubt*, this hath a little *dash'd* your *spirits*.
Oth. *Not* a *jot*. Not a jot. Farewel. Pretended indifference
If thou dost *more perceive*, let me *know more*.
[Exit Iago.]
Why did I *marry*? this *honest fellow*, doubtless, Jealousy.
Sees, and *knows more*, *much-more*, than he *unfolds*.
He *knows* all *qualities*, with a *learn'd* spirit
Of *human dealings*—Should I prove her *faithless*, Anguish.
Tho' that her *charms* were *bodied* with my *heart*, Threat'ning
I'd *rend* it into *twain*, to *throw* her *from* me.

LXVII.

COMPLAINT. INTREATING.

The speech of Adherbal, son of Micipsa, king of Numidia, complaining to the Roman senate, and imploring assistance against the violence of Jugurtha, adopted, and left co-heir of the kingdom, by Micipsa, with himself and Hiempsal, which last Jugurtha had procured to be murdered. [SAL. BELL. JUGURTHIN.]

FATHERS,

IT is known to you, that king *Micipsa*, my *father*, on his *death-bed*, left in *charge* to *Jugurtha*, Explaining.

(1) —doth *make* the *meat* it *feed*s on) That is, "jealousy creates to itself, out of nothing, grounds of suspicion."

his *adopted son*, conjunctly with my unfortunate *brother Hiempsal*, and *myself*, the children of his *own body*, the *administration* of the kingdom of Numidia; directing us to consider the *senate* and
Submission. *people* of *Rome*, as *proprietors* of it. He charged us to use our *best endeavours* to be serviceable to the Roman commonwealth, in *peace* and *war*; *assuring* us, that your protection would prove to us a *defence* against *all enemies*, and would be instead of *armies*, *fortifications*, and *treasures*.

Grief. While my brother and I were thinking of *nothing*, but how to *regulate* ourselves according to the *directions* of our *deceased father*;—*Jugurtha*—
Complaint. the most *infamous* of *mankind*!—*breaking through all ties* of *gratitude*, and of *common humanity*, and *trampling* on the *authority* of the *Roman commonwealth*, procured the *murder* of my unfortunate *brother*, and has *driven me* from my *throne*, and *native country*, though he knows I *inherit*, from my grandfather *Masinissa*, and my father *Micipsa*, the *friendship* and *alliance* of the *Romans*.

Grief. For a *prince* to be reduced, by *villainy*, to *distressful* circumstances, is *calamity enough*; but my misfortunes are *heightened* by the consideration, that I find myself obliged to *solicit* your assistance, Fathers, for the *services* done you by my *ancestors*; not for any I have been able to render
Complaint. you in my *own person*. Jugurtha has put it out of my *power* to *deserve any thing* at your hands, and has forced me to be *burthensome*, before I could be be *useful*, to you. And yet if I had *no plea*, but my *undeserved misery*, who from a *powerful prince*, the *descendant* of a race of *illustrious monarchs*, find myself, without *any fault* of my *own*, *destitute* of *every support*, and reduced to the *necessity* of
Submission. begging *foreign assistance* against an *enemy*, who has *seized* my *throne* and *kingdom*, if my
Intreaty. *unequalled distresses* were *all* I had to *plead*; it would become the *greatness* of the Roman *com-*
Exciting. *monwealth*, the *arbitress* of the *world*, *to protect*

the *injured*, and to *check* the *triumph* of *daring wickedness* over *helpless innocence*. But, to *provoke* your *vengeance* to the *utmost*, Jugurtha has *driven* me from the very *dominions*, which the senate and people of *Rome* gave to *my ancestors*, and from *whence* my *grandfather*, and my *father*, under *your umbrage*, expelled *Syphax*, and the *Carthaginians*. Thus, Fathers, your *kindness* to our family is *defeated*, and Jugurtha in *injuring me*, throws *contempt* on *you*.

O wretched prince! O cruel reverse of *fortune! O father Micipsa!* Is *this* the *consequence* of your *generosity*; that *he*, whom *your goodness* raised to an *equality* with your *own children*, should be the *murderer* of your *children! Must* then, the royal house of Numidia *always* be a scene of *havock* and *blood?* While *Carthage* remained, we suffered, as was to be *expected*, all sorts of *hardships* from their *hostile attacks*; our *enemy near*; our only *powerful ally*, the *Roman commonwealth*, at a *distance*; while we were *so circumstanced*, we were *always* in *arms* and in *action*. When that *scourge* of Africa was *no more*, we *congratulated ourselves* on the *prospect* of *establishing peace*. But instead of *peace*, behold the kingdom of Numidia, *drenched* with *royal blood*, and the *only* surviving *son* of its late *king flying* from an *adopted murderer*, and seeking *that safety* in *foreign* parts, which he cannot command in his *own kingdom*.

Lamentation. Horror. Lamentation. Hope. Horror.

Whither!—O whither shall I *fly?* If I *return* to the royal *palace* of my *ancestors*, my father's *throne* is *seized* by the *murderer* of my *brother*. *What* can I *there expect*, but that Jugurtha should hasten to imbrue in *my* blood, those *hands* which are now *reeking* with my *brother's?* If I were to fly for refuge, or for assistance, to any *other* court, from *what prince* can I *hope* for *protection*, if the *Roman commonwealth gives* me *up?* From my *own* family or friends, I have no

Distracting anguish. Dread. Horror. Grief.

expectations. My royal *father* is no *more.* *He* is *beyond* the reach of *violence,* and out of *hearing* of the *complaints* of his *unhappy son.* Were my *brother alive,* our mutual *sympathy* would be *some alleviation.* But *he* is *hurried* out of *life* in his early *youth,* by the *very hand,* which should have been the *last* to *injure* any of the *royal family* of *Numidia.* The bloody Jugurtha has *butchered all* whom he *suspected* to be in my *interest.* Some have been destroyed by the *lingering torment* of the *cross;* others have been given a prey to *wild beasts,* and their anguish made the *sport* of *men* more *cruel* than *wild beasts.* If there be any yet *alive,* they are *shut up* in *dungeons,* there to *drag out a life* more *intolerable* than *death.*

Horror.

Look *down, illustrious senators* of *Rome,* from that *height* of *power,* to which you are *raised,* on the *unexampled distresses* of a prince, who is, by the cruelty of a wicked *intruder,* become an *outcast* from all *mankind!* Let not the *crafty insinuations* of *him,* who returns *murder* for *adoption, prejudice* your *judgment.* *Do not listen* to the *wretch* who has *butchered* the *son* and *relations* of a *king,* who gave him power to sit on the *same throne* with his *own sons.* I have been informed that he *labours* by his *emissaries,* to *prevent* your *determining* any thing against him in *his absence,* pretending that I *magnify* my *distress,* and might, for *him,* have staid in *peace* in my *own kingdom.* But if *ever* the *time comes,* when the due *vengeance,* from *above,* shall *overtake him,* he will then *tremble* in the very *same* manner as *I do.* Then he, who *now,* hardened in wickedness, *triumphs* over those whom his *violence* has laid *low,* will, in his *turn, feel distress,* and suffer for his *impious ingratitude* to my *father,* and his *blood thirsty cruelty* to my *brother.*

Submissive intreaty.

Distress.

Caution.

Horror.

Accusing.

Anticipation of vengeance.

O murdered, butchered brother! O dearest to my *heart—now gone* for *ever* from my *sight.*—

Affecting lamentation

But *why* should I *lament* his *death?* He is indeed *deprived* of the *blessed light* of *heaven*, of *life* and *kingdom*, at *once*, by the *very person*, who ought to have been the *first* to *hazard* his *own life* in *defence* of *any one* of *Micipsa's family*; But as things *are*, my brother is not so much *deprived* of these *comforts*, as delivered from *terror*, from *flight*, from *exile*, and the *endless train* of *miseries*, which render *life* to *me* a *burden*. He lies full *low*, *gored* with wounds, and *festering* in his own *blood*. But he lies in *peace*. He *feels none* of the *miseries* which *rend my soul* with *agony* and *distraction*; whilst I am set up a *spectacle* to all mankind, of the *uncertainty* of *human affairs*. So far from having it in my *power* to *revenge* his *death*, I am not master of the means of *securing* my *own life*. So far from being in a condition *to defend* my *kingdom* from the *violence* of the *usurper*, I am obliged to apply for *foreign protection* for my own *person*.

Horror.

Anguish.

Fathers! *Senators* of *Rome!* the *arbiters* of the *world!* To *you* I *fly* for *refuge* from the *murderous fury* of *Jugurtha*. By your *affection* for your *children*, by your *love* for your *country*, by your *own virtues*, by the *majesty* of the *Roman commonwealth*, by all that is *sacred*, and all that is *dear* to you; *deliver* a *wretched prince* from *undeserved*, *unprovoked injury*; and save the *kingdom* of *Numidia*, which is your *own property*, from being the *prey* of *violence*, *usurpation*, and *cruelty*.

Vehement solicitation.

LXVIII.

ACCUSATION. PITY.

Pleading of Lysias the orator, in favour of certain orphans, defrauded by an uncle, executor to the will of their father. [*Dion. Halicarn.*]

VENERABLE JUDGES!

IF the *cause*, which now comes under your cognizance, were not of extraordinary *importance*,

Apology.

I should *never* have given *my consent*, that it should be *litigated* before you. For it seems to
Averſion. me *shameful*, that near *relations* should commence *proſecutions* againſt one another; and I know, that, in ſuch trials, not only the *aggreſſors*, but even thoſe who *reſent* injuries too *impatiently*, muſt appear to you in a *diſadvantageous* light.
Pity. But the *plaintiffs*, who have been *defrauded* of a very *large* ſum of money, and *cruelly injured* by
Accuſing one who ought to have been the *laſt* to *hurt* them;
Pity. have applied to *me* as a *relation*, to *plead* their
Apology. *cauſe*, and *procure* them *redreſs*. And I thought I could not *decently excuſe* myſelf from under-
Pity. taking the patronage of perſons in ſuch *diſtreſsful* circumſtances, with whom I had ſuch cloſe *con-*
Apology. *nections*. For the *ſiſter* of the *plaintiffs*, the niece of Diogiton the defendant, is my *wife*.

When the plaintiffs *intreated* me, as they did *often*, to *undertake* the *management* of the *ſuit*, I adviſed them to *refer* the *difference* between them and their uncle the defendant, to
Averſion. *private arbitration*; thinking it the *intereſt* of *both* parties to *conceal*, as much as poſſible, from the knowledge of the *public*, that there was
Accuſing. any *diſpute* between them. But as Diogiton *knew*, that it was *eaſy* to *prove* him *guilty* of *detaining* the *property* of the *plaintiffs* his nephews, he *foreſaw*, that it would, by no means *anſwer* his *purpoſe*, to *ſubmit* his *cauſe* to the deciſion of *arbitrators*. He has, therefore, determined to proceed to the utmoſt *extremity* of *injuſtice*, at the *hazard* of the *conſequences* of a *proſecution*.

Submiſſion. I moſt humbly *implore* you, venerable judges,
Intreaty. to grant the plaintiffs *redreſs*, if I *ſhew* you, as I hope I ſhall, in the moſt *ſatisfactory manner*, that the defendant, though ſo *nearly related* to
Pity. the unhappy *orphans*, the plaintiffs, has treated
Blame. them in *ſuch a manner*, as would be *ſhameful* among abſolute *ſtrangers*.

Submiſſion. I beg leave to lay before you, venerable judges, the *ſubject* of the preſent *proſecution*, as follows:

Diodotus and *Diogiton* were *brothers*, the children of the *same father* and the *same mother*. Upon their father's decease, they *divided* between them his *moveables*; but his *real* estate they enjoyed *conjunctly*. Diodotus growing *rich*, Diogiton offered him his *only daughter* in *marriage*. (1) By her Diodotus had *two sons* and a *daughter*. Diodotus happening afterwards to be *enrolled*, in his turn, to go to the war under *Thrasyllus*, he called together his *wife*, his *brother's daughter*, and his *wife's brother*, and his *own brother*, who was likewise his *father-in-law*, and both *uncle* and *grandfather* to his *children*. He thought, he could not trust the care of his *children* in *properer* hands, than those of his *brother*. He leaves in his custody, his *will*, with *five talents* (2) of *silver*. He gives him an account of *seven talents*, and *forty minæ* besides, which were out at *interest*, and a *thousand minæ*, which were due to him by a person in the *Chersonesus*. He had ordered in his will, that in case of his death, *one talent*, and the *household furniture*, should be his *wife's*. He bequeathed, farther, to his *daughter*, *one talent*, and *twenty minæ*, and *thirty* Cyzicenian *stateres*, and the *rest* of his *estate equally* between his *sons*. *Settling* his *affairs thus*, and *leaving* a *copy* of his *will*, he *sets out* along with the *army*. He *dies* at *Ephesus*.—Diogiton *conceals* from his *daughter* the death of her *husband*. He gets into his *hands* the *will* of his deceased *brother*, by *pretending*, that it was necessary for him to *shew* it as a *voucher*, in order to his *transacting* some *affairs* for his *brother*, during his *absence*. At length, when he thought the *decease* of his brother could not much longer be *concealed*, he formally *declares* it. The family goes into *mourning*. They

Narration.

Accusing.

(1) Among the ancients, marriage was allowed between persons very nearly related.

(2) See for the value of talents, minæ, drachmæ, and stateres. *Gronov.* De Pecun. Vet.

stay *one year* at Piræum where their *moveables* were. In this time the *produce* of *all* that could be *sold* of the *effects*, being *spent*, he sends the children to *town*, and gives his *daughter*, the *widow* of his *brother Diodotus*, to a *second husband*, and, with her *five thousand drachme*, of which the *husband returns* him *one thousand* as a *present*. When the *eldest* son came to *man's estate*, about *eight years* after the *departure* of
Accuſing. *Diodotus*, Diogiton calls the *children together*; tells them, that their father had left them *twenty minæ* of *silver* and *thirty stateres*. "I have
Pretended concern. *laid out* (says he) of my *own money*, for your maintenance and education, a *considerable sum*. Nor did I *grudge* it, while I was in *flourishing circumstances*, and could *afford* it. But, by *unforeseen* and *irremediable misfortunes*, I am reduced to an *incapacity* of *continuing* my *kindness*
Adviſing. to you. Therefore, as *you* (speaking to the eldest son) are now of an age to *shift* for *yourself*, I would advise you to resolve upon some *employment*, by which you may gain a *subsistence*.

Diſtreſs. The *poor fatherless children* were *thunder-struck*, upon hearing this *barbarous speech*. They *fled* in tears to their *mother*, and with *her*, came to request *my protection*. Finding themselves *stripped* of the estate left them by their *father*, and reduced by their *hard hearted uncle* and *grandfather*, to abso-
Intreaty. lute *beggary*, they *intreated*, that I would not *desert* them *too*; but for the sake of their *sister*, my *wife*, would undertake their *defence*. The mother begged, that I would bring about a *meeting* of the *relations*, to *reason* the *matter* with her *father*; and said, that though she had never before *spoke* in any *large company*, especially of *men*, she would endeavour to lay before them the *distresses* and *injuries* of her *family*.

Narration. Diogiton, being with *difficulty* brought to the *meeting*, the mother of the plaintiffs asked him,
Accuſing. how he could have the *heart* to use her sons in

such a *manner*. "Are you not, Sir, (says she) the *uncle* and the *grandfather* of the two *fatherless youths*? Are they not the *children* of your own *brother*, and of your own *daughter*? How could they be *more nearly* related to you, unless they were your own *sons*? And, though you *despised* all *human authority*, you aught to reverence the *gods*, who are *witnesses* of the *trust* reposed in you by the deceased *father* of the unhappy *youths*." Remonstr.

She then *enumerated* the several *sums*, the *property* of the *deceased*, which had been *received* by *Diogiton*, and *charged* him with them, producing authentic *evidence* for every *particular*. "You have *driven*, (says she) out of their *own house*, the *children* of your own *daughter*, in *rags*, unfurnished with the *common decencies* of *life*. You have deprived them of the *effects*, and of the *money* left them by their *father*. But you want to *enrich* the *children* you have had by my *step mother*; which, without doubt, you might *lawfully* and *properly do*, if it were not at the *expense*, and to the utter *ruin* of *those*, whose *fortunes* were *deposited* in *your hands*, and whom, from *affluence*, you want to reduce to *beggary*, impiously *despising* the *authority* of the *gods*, injuring your own *daughter*, and *violating* the *sacred will* of the *dead*." Narration. Accusing. Severe charge.

The distressed mother having vented her grief in such bitter *complaints* as these, we were all, by sympathy, so *touched* with her *afflictions*, and the *cruelty* of her injurious *father*, that, when we considered, in our own minds, the *hard usage* which the young *innocents* had met with, when we *remembered* the *deceased Diodotus*, and thought how *unworthy* a *guardian* he had chosen for his *children*, there was not *one* of us who could *refrain* from *tears*. And I persuade myself, venerable Judges, that *you* will not be *unaffected* with so *calamitous* a case, when you come to consider attentively the various *aggravations* of the Pity. Blame. Pity. Accusing.

defendant's proceedings. Such *unfaithfulness*, in so *solemn* a *trust*, were it to pass *unpunished*, and consequently, to become *common*, would destroy all *confidence* among *mankind*, so that nobody would know *how*, or to *whom*, he could commit the management of his *affairs*, in his *absence*, or after his *death*. The defendant, at first, would have *denied* his having had *any effects* of his *brother's* left in his *hands*. And when he found, he *could not get off that way*, he then produced an *account* of *sums*, *laid out*, as he *pretended*, by him for the *children*, to such a *value*, as is beyond all *belief*; no less, than *seven talents* of *silver*, and *seven thousand drachmæ*. *All this*, he said, had been *expended* in *eight years*, in the *clothing* and *maintenance* of *two boys*, and a *girl*. And when he was pressed to shew how their expenses could amount to such a *sum*, he had the *impudence* to charge *five obolio* a day for their *table*; and for *shoes*, and *dying* their *clothes*, (1) and for the *barber*, he gave in no *particular* account, neither by the *month*, nor by the *year*; but charged in one *gross sum* a *talent* of *silver*. For their father's *monument*, he pretends to have been at the *expense* of *five thousand drachmæ*, of which he charges *one half* to the account of the *children*. But it is manifest, that it could not cost twenty *minæ*. His *injustice* to the *children* appears *sufficiently* in the following article *alone*, if there were *no other* proof of it. He had occasion to buy a *lamb* for the feast of *Bacchus*, which cost, as he pretends, *ten drachmæ*; and of these he charges *eight* to the account of his *wards*.

Wonder.

Accusing. Had the *defendant* been a man of any *principle*, he would have bethought himself of laying out to advantage the *fortune* left in his hands by the deceased, for the *benefit* of the fatherless children.

(1) In those simple ages, the cloth, or stuff, of which the clothes of persons, even of high rank, were made, was commonly manufactured, from the wool to the dying, at home.

Had he bought with it *lands* or *houses*, the children might have been *maintained* out of the yearly *rents*, and the *principal* have been kept *entire*. But he does not seem to have *once thought* of *improving* their fortune; but on the contrary, to have contrived *only* how to *strip* them.

But the most *atrocious* (for a *single* action) of *all* his proceedings, is what *follows*. When he was made *commander* of the *gallies*, along with *Alexis*, the son of *Aristodicus*, and according to his *own* account, had been, on occasion of fitting out the *fleet*, and *himself*, at the *expense* of *forty-eight minæ*, out of his *own* private *purse*—he *charges* his *infant-wards* with *half* this *sum*. Whereas the state not only exempts *minors* from public *offices*, but even grants them immunity, for *one year*, at least, *after* they come of *age*. And when he had fitted out for a voyage to the Adriatic, a ship of burden to the value of *two talents*, he told his *daughter*, the mother of his *wards*, that the adventure was at the *risque*, and for the *benefit* of his *wards*. But, when the *returns* were made, and he had *doubled* the *sum* by the *profits* of the *voyage*——the *gains* were, he said, *all* his *own*. The *fortune* of his *wards* was to answer for the damages—but was not to be at all the *better* for the *advantages!* If, in this manner, one is to trade at the *peril* and *loss* of others, and engross to *himself* the whole *profits*; it is not difficult to conceive how his *partners* may come to be *undone*, while he *enriches himself*.

Narration. Accusing. Wonder. Accusing.

To lay before you *all* the *particulars*, which have come to our knowledge, of this *complicated scene* of *wickedness*, would but *disgust* and *shock* you. We have *witnesses* here to *prove* what we have *alledged* against this *cruel invader* of the property of *helpless innocents*, his *own near relations*, *entrusted* to his *charge* by his *deceased brother*.

Aversion. Affirming. Pity *with* blame.

[*The Witnesses were then examined.*]

Submiſſion. You have heard, venerable judges, the *evidence*
Affirming. given against the *defendant*. He himself *owns* the actual *receipt* of *seven talents*, and *forty minæ* of the *eſtate* of the *plaintiffs*. To say nothing of
Accuſing. what he *may have*, or rather *certainly has*, gain-
Granting. ed by the *uſe* of this *money*; I will *allow*, what every reasonsble person will judge *more* than *ſufficient* for the *maintenance* of *three children*, with a *governor* and a *maid*, a *thouſand drachmæ*
Affirming. a year, which is something less than *three drachmæ* a *day*. In *eight* years this amounts to *eight thouſand drachmæ*. So that, upon ballancing the account, there remains due to the *plaintiffs*, of the seven talents and forty minæ, *ſix talents* and *twenty minæ*. For the defendant *cannot pretend*, that the *eſtate* of the plaintiffs has suffered by *fire*, by *water*, or by *any other injury*, than what *himſelf* has *done* it. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

[*The reſt is wanting.*]

LXIX.

CONSULTATION.

The Speech of SATAN, *in his infernal palace of Pandæmonium, in which he proposes to the conſideration of his angels, in what manner it would be proper to proceed, in conſequence of their defeat, and fall.* [MILT. PARAD. LOST, Book II.]

Majeſty *with* diſtreſs. POWERS and *Dominions! Deities* of *Heaven!*
For (since *no deep* withen her gulph can *hold*
Celeſtial vigour, though *opprest* and *fall'n*)
Courage. I *give not Heav'n* for *loſt*. From this *deſcent*
Celeſtial virtues riſing will *appear*
More *glorious*, and more *dread*, than from *no fall*,
And trust *themſelves* to fear no *ſecond* fate.
Authority. *Me*, though just *right*, and the *fix'd laws* of *Heav'n*,
Did *firſt* create your *leader*, *next* free *choice*,

With what *besides*, in *council*, or in *fight*,
Hath been *atchiev'd* of *merit*, yet this *loss*
Thus far at least, *recover'd*, hath much *more*
Establish'd in a *safe un-envied throne*,
Yielded with *full consent*. The *happier state*
In *Heaven* which follows *dignity*, might draw
Envy from each *inferior*; but *who* here — Apprehen.
Will *envy*, whom the *highest place exposes*
Foremost, to *stand* against the *Thunderer's aim*,
Your *bulwark*, and condemns to *greatest share* — Complaint.
Of *endless pain*. With this *advantage* then — Courage.
To *union*, and firm *faith*, and firm *accord*,
More than can be in *Heaven*, we now *return*
To claim our just *inheritance* of *old*,
Surer to *prosper* than *prosperity*
Could have *assured* us, and by what *best way*,
Whether of *open war*, or *covert guile*,
We now *debate*. Who can *advise*, may *speak*. — Confidence.

LXX.

FIERCENESS. DESPERATION.

The Speech of the fallen angel MOLOCH, *exciting the infernal crew to renew the war against the Messiah.* (1) [IBID.]

MY sentence is for *open war*. *Of *wiles* — Courage. *Contempt
More *inexpert*, *I boast not*. Then let *those*
Contrive who *need*, *unworthy* of our *might*. — Courage.
For while *they* sit *contriving*, shall the *rest*,
Millions, *now* under *arms*, who *longing wait*
The *signal* to *ascend*, sit *ling'ring* here — Contempt.
Heaven's *fugitives*, and for their dwelling place
Accept this *dark approbrious den* of *shame*, — Rage.
The *prison* of *his tyranny* who *reigns*

(1) The author represents Satan's, Moloch's, and the rest of the infernal angels' hostility as directed against the Supreme Being: but this seems (with all deference to the learned author) to be incredible: for no created being, can, without losing all use of reason, possibly imagine itself a match for Omnipotence.

Fierce courage. By our *delay !*—(1) *No*—let us rather choose,
Arm'd with *hell flames* and *fury*, all at *once*
O'er Heavens high *towers* to force *resistless way*,
Turning our *tortures* into horrid *arms*
Against our *torturer*. When to meet the *noise*
Of his *terrific engine*, he shall hear
Bitter malice. *Infernal* thunder, and for *lightning* see
Black fire and *horror*, shot with *equal rage*
Amongst his *angels* ; and his *throne itself*
Mix'd with *Tartarean sulphur* and *strange fire*,
Recollection His *own* invented *torments*.—But perhaps
The way seems *difficult*, and *steep* to *scale*
With *adverse wing*, against a *higher foe*.——
Let such *bethink* them, if the *sleepy drench*
Of that *forgetful lake benumb* not *still*,
That in our *proper motion*, we *ascend*
Up to our *native seat*. *Descend* and *fall*
To *us* is *adverse*. *Who* but *felt* of late
When our *fierce foe* hung on our *broken rear*,
Insulting, and *pursu'd* us through the *deep* ;
With what *compulsion*, and *laborious flight*
*Arguing. We *sunk* thus *low* ?—*Th' *ascent* is *easy* then.—
Th' *event* is *fear'd*—Should we *again provoke*
Our *enemy*, some *worse* way he may find
To our *destruction* ; if there be in hell
Fear to be *worse destroy'd*.—What can be *worse*
Than to dwell *here*, *driven out* from *bliss*, *condemn'd*
Complaint. In this *abhorred deep* to utter *woe*,
Where *pain* of *unextinguishable fire*
Must *exercise* us without *hope* of *end*,
The *vassals* of his *anger*, when the *scourge*
Inexorable, and the *tort'ring hour*
Call us to *penance* ?—*More* destroy'd than *thus*
We must be quite *abolish'd*, and *expire*.
Fierceness. What *fear* we then ?—What, *doubt* we to *incense*
His *utmost* ire, which, to the *height enrag'd*,

(1) "*No*, let us," &c. to "but perhaps," can hardly be overacted, if the dignity of the speaker be kept up in pronouncing the passage. At the words, "but perhaps," the angel composes himself again.

Will either quite *consume* us, and *reduce*
To *nothing* this *essential, happier* far — Complaint.
Than *miserable* to have *eternal being.*
Or if our *substance* be indeed *divine,*
And *cannot cease* to *be,* we are, at *worst,*
On *this side nothing.* And by *proof* we *feel*
Our *pow'r sufficient* to *disturb* his *Heav'n,* — Courage.
And with perpetual *inroads* to *alarm,*
Though *inaccessible,* his *fatal throne*; — Malicious fury.
Which, if not *victory,* is yet *revenge.* (1)

LXXI.

CONSIDERATION. DISSUASION. DIFFIDENCE.

The Speech of the fallen angel BELIAL, *in answer to the foregoing.* [IBID.]

I SHOULD be *much* for *open war,* O peers!
As *not behind* in *hate*; if what was *urg'd*
Main reason to persuade *immediate war,*
Did not *dissuade* me *most,* and seem to *cast* — Deliberate.
Ominous conjecture on the *whole success*;
When *he,* who *most excels* in feats of *arms,*
In what he *counsels,* and in what *excels* — Apprehen.
Mistrustful, grounds his *courage* on *despair,*
And *utter dissolution* as the *scope*
Of all his *aim,* after some dire *revenge.*
But *what revenge?*—The *towers* of *Heaven* are fill'd
With *armed watch,* that render *all access*
Impregnable. Oft on the *bord'ring deep* — Arguing.
Encamp their *legions*; or, with *flight obscure,*
Scout far and *wide* into the *realms of night,*
Scorning surprize.—Or, could we break our way — Apprehen.

(1) The voice, instead of falling toward the end of this line, as usual, is to rise; and, in speaking the word *revenge,* the collected fierceness of the whole speech, ought, as it were, to be expressed in one word.

By *force*, and at our heels *all hell* should *rise*
With *blackest insurrection* to *confound*
Heaven's purest light; yet our *great enemy*,
Awe. All *incorruptible*, would on his *throne*
Sit *unpolluted*, and th' *æthereal mould*,
Incapable of *stain*, would *soon expel*
Her *mischief*, and *purge off* the *baser fire*
Victorious. Thus *repuls'd*, our *final hope*
Horror. Is *flat despair*. We must *exasperate*
Our *conqueror* to *let loose* his *boundless rage*,
And *that* must *end* us, *that* must be our *cure*,
To be no more!—*Sad cure!*—For *who* would *lose*,
Though *full* of *pain*, this *intellectual being*,
These *thoughts* that wander through *eternity*,—
To *perish utterly*; for ever *lost*
In the *wide womb* of *uncreated night*,
Arguing. *Devoid* of *sense* and *motion?*—*But* will *he*,
So *wise*, let *loose* at *once* his *utmost ire*,
Belike through *impotence*, or *unawares*,
To give *his enemies their wish*, and *end*
Them in his *anger* whom his *anger saves*
Courage. To *punish endless?*—"Wherefore *cease* we then,"
Say they who counsel *war*; "we are *decreed*,
Anguish. *Reserv'd* and *destin'd* to *eternal woe*;
Despair. *Whatever doing*, *what* can we *suffer more?*
*Arguing. *What* can we *suffer worse?*" *Is *this* then *worst*,
Thus *sitting*, thus *consulting*, *thus* in *arms?*
Terror. *What*, when we *fled amain*, *pursu'd* and *struck*
By *Heaven's afflicting thunder*, and *besought*
The *deep* to *shelter* us; *this place then* seem'd
A *refuge* from those *wounds*: Or when we *lay*,
Chain'd on the *burning lake?* *That* sure was
worse.
Apprehen. What if the *breath*, that *kindled these grim fires*,
Awak'd, should *blow* them into *sevenfold rage*,
And *plunge* us in the *flames?* Or from above,
Should *intermitted vengeance*, *arm* again
Horror. His *red right hand* to *plague* us? What if *all*
Her *stores* were *opened*; and this *firmament*
Of *hell* should *spout* her *cataracts* of *fire*,

Impendent horrors, threat'ning *hideous fall*
One day upon our *heads*, while *we*, perhaps,
Designing or *exhorting glorious war*,
Caught in a *fiery tempest*, shall be *hurl'd*,
Each on his *rock transfix'd*, the *sport* and *prey*
Of *wrecking whirlwinds*, or for ever *sunk*
Under yon *boiling ocean*, *wrapt* in *chains*,
There to converse with *everlasting groans*, Anguish.
Unrespited, *unpitied*, *unreliev'd*,
Ages of *hopeless end !*—*This would* be *worse*.— Affirming.
War, therefore, *open*, or *conceal'd*, alike
My voice dissuades.— // Diffuasion.
" Shall *we* then live thus *vile !* The *race* of Remonstrance *with* contempt.
Heaven
Thus *trampled*, thus *expell'd*, to *suffer* here
Chains and these *torments !*" Better *these* than Diffuasion.
worse,
By *my advice*. To *suffer*, as to *do*, Arguing.
Our *strength* is *equal* ; nor the *law unjust*,
That *so ordains*. *This* was at *first resolv'd*,
If we were *wise*, against so *great* a *foe*
Contending, and so *doubtful* what might *fall*.
I *laugh* when those, who at the *spear* are *bold*, Contempt.
And *vent'rous*, if *that fail* them, *shrink* and *fear*
What yet they *know* must *follow* ; to *endure*
Exile, or *ignominy*, or *bonds*, or *pain*,
The *sentence* of their *conqueror*. *This* is now
Our *doom* ; which if *with courage* we can *bear*, Encourage.
Our *foe supreme*, in *time*, may much *remit*
His *anger*, and, perhaps, thus *far remov'd*,
Not mind us,—*not offending*, *satisfy'd*
With what is *punish'd* ; whence these *raging fires*
Will *slacken*, if his *breath stir* not their *flames*.
Our *pure essence* then will *overcome*
Their *noxious vapour*, or *inur'd*, not *feel*,
Or *chang'd*, at length, and to the place *conform'd*
In *temper*, and in *nature*, will *receive*,
Familiar, the *fierce heat*, and *void* of *pain*,
This *horror* will grow *mild*, this *darkness light*.
Besides what *hope* the *never-ending flow*

Of *future days* may *bring*; what *chance*, what *change*,
Worth *waiting*. Since our *present* lot appears,
For *happy*, *dismal*; yet, for *ill*, not *worst*,
If we *procure* not to *ourselves more woe*.

LXXII.

SUBMISSION. COMPLAINT. INTREATING.

The speech of Seneca the philosopher, to Nero, complaining of the envy of his enemies, and requesting the emperor to reduce him back to his former narrow circumstances, that he might no longer be an object of their malignity, [*The substance is taken from Corn. Tacit.* ANNAL. xiv.]

Submiſſion. MAY it please the imperial *Majesty* of *Cæsar* favourably to *accept* the humble *submissions* and grateful *acknowledgements* of the *weak*, though *faithful guide* of his *youth*. (1)

Gratitude. It is now a great *many years* since I first had the honour of attending your imperial Majesty as *preceptor*. And your *bounty* has *rewarded* my *labours* with such *affluence*, as has *drawn*

Complaint. *upon me*, what I had reason to *expect*, the *envy* of many of those persons, who are always ready to *prescribe* to their *prince*, where to *bestow*, and

Apology. where to *withhold* his *favours*. It is well known, that your *illustrious ancestor*, *Augustus*, bestowed on his *deserving favourites*, Agrippa, and Mæcenas, *honours* and *emoluments*, suitable to the *dignity* of the *benefactor* and to the *services* of the *receivers*; nor has *his conduct* been *blamed*. *My employment*

(1) Seneca was one of Nero's preceptors; and the emperor ſeemed, during the firſt part of his reign, to have profited much by his inſtructions. The egregious follies, and enormous, unprovoked cruelties he afterwards committed, of which his ordering Seneca to put himſelf to death, is among the moſt flagrant, ſeem hardly otherwiſe accountable, than by ſuppoſing that he loſt the uſe of his reaſon.

about your imperial Majesty, has indeed been purely *domestic*; I have neither *headed* your *armies*, nor *assisted* at your *councils*. But *you know*, Sir, (though there are *some*, who do not seem to *attend* to it) that a prince may be served in *different* ways, some *more*, others *less conspicuous*, and that the latter may be, to him, as *valuable* as the *former*.

"But *what*," say my enemies, "shall a *private person*, of *equestrian rank*, and a *provincial* by *birth*, be *advanced* to an *equality* with the *patricians*? Shall an *upstart*, of no *name*, nor *family*, rank with *those*, who can by the *statues*, which make the *ornament* of their *palaces*, reckon backward a *line* of *ancestors*, long enough to *tire out* the *fasti*? (1) Shall a *philosopher*, who has written for *others* precepts of *moderation*, and *contempt* of all that is *external*, *himself* live in *affluence* and *luxury*? Shall he purchase *estates*, and lay out money at *interest*? Shall he *build palaces*, plant *gardens*, and adorn a *country-seat*, at his *own expense*, and for his own *pleasure*? Remonst. Pride.

Cæsar has given *royally*, as became *imperial magnificence*. *Seneca* has *received* what his *prince bestowed*; nor did he *ever ask*: he is *only guilty* of—*not refusing*. *Cæsar's rank* places him *above* the reach of *invidious malignity*. *Seneca is not*, nor *can be high enough* to *despise* the *envious*. As the *overloaded soldier*, or *traveller*, would be *glad* to be *relieved* of *his burden*, so I, in this *last stage* of the journey of *life*, now that I find myself *unequal* to the *lightest cares*, *beg* that Cæsar would *kindly ease* me of the *trouble* of my *unwieldy wealth*. I *beseech* him to *restore* to the *imperial treasury*, from whence it came, what is to me *superfluous* and *cumbrous*. The *time* and the *attention*, which I am now obliged to bestow upon my *villa*, and my *gardens*, I shall be glad Gratitude. Apology. Complaint. Intreating.

(1) The *Fasti*, or Calendars, or if you please, Almanacs of the ancients, had, as our Almanacs, tables of kings, consuls, &c.

to apply to the *regulation* of my *mind.*—*Cæsar* is
Gratitude. in the *flower* of life. *Long* may he be *equal* to
the *toils* of *government!* His goodness will grant
Intreating. to his *worn out* servant, leave to *retire.* It will
Apology. not be *derogatory* from *Cæsar's greatness,* to
have it said, that he *bestowed favours* on *some,*
who, so far from being *intoxicated* with them,
shewed, that they could be *happy* when (at their
own request) *divested* of them.

LXXIII.

JEALOUSY.

Iago goes on to inflame Othello's jealousy (see page 205) against his innocent wife. Othello is by him worked up to rage. [Shakespear's *Othel.*]

Plotting. *Iago.* [Alone] I Will in *Cassio's lodging* drop
this *handkerchief,*
That *he* may *find* it; then *persuade* the *Moor,*
His *wife* did *give* it——*Trifles light* as *air,*
Are to the *jealous confirmation strong*
Malicious joy. As *proofs* from *holy writ. This* will work *mischief.*
Dangerous *conceits* are in their nature *poisons,*
Which at the *first* are *scarce* found to *distaste;*
But with a little *action* on the *blood,*
Burn like the *mines* of *sulphur.* [*Othello appears.*]
'Tis as I *said*;—
Look where he *comes!* Not all the *drowsy potions,*
That e'er *calm'd* raging *anguish* to *repose,*
Shall medicine thee to that *blessed sleep,*
Which thou *ow'd'st the past night.*

Enter Othello. *Does not see Iago.*

Perturbation *Oth. Ha! false* to *me!*
Soothing. *Iago. How now,* noble general? *No more* of
that.

Oth. Avaunt! Be *gone!* Thou'st set me on the *rack.* — Rage.
Better, *unknowing*, to be *much abus'd*,
Than but to *doubt* the *least.* — Pretended surprise.
Iago. How my Lord?
Oth. What sense had I of her unfaithfulness? — Regret for lost repose.
I *thought not* of it; felt *no injury*;
I *slept untroubled*; I wak'd *free* and *cheerful.*
O now, farewel for *ever blessed peace* — Grief.
Of *mind! Farewel* the *tranquil breast.*
The *plumed troops*, the *thunders* of the *war*,
The *fire* of *valour*, and the *pride* of *triumph.*
Othello is a *wicked woman's mock'ry.* — Anguish.
Iago. Is't *possible*, my Lord, you should be thus——— — Pretended surprise.
Oth. Villain! Be *sure* thou *prove* my love a *traitress*, [Catching him by the throat.] — Rage.
Or, by the *worth* of mine *eternal soul*, — Threat'ning
'Twere *better* for thee to have been born a *dog.*
Than *answer* my wak'd *wrath.*
Iago. Is it *come* to *this!* Good *Heav'n defend* me! — Surprise *and* vexation.
Are you a *man?* Have you a *soul*, or *sense?* — Reproof *of* ingratitude.
I've done. Take my *office——Wretched fool*,
That liv'st to make thine *honesty* a *vice!* — Self-accuse.
* O *monstrous world!* What *times* are we *fall'n upon?* — *Astonishment.
To be *direct* and *honest*, is not *safe.*
I *thank* you for this *profit*, and henceforth — Pretended reproof *of* ingratitude.
I'll *love no friend*; since *love* breeds such *offence.*
[Going.]
Oth. Nay *stay*—thou *should'st* be *honest.* — Recollection.
Iag. I *should* be *wise*; for *honesty's* a *fool*, — Pretended *sense of* Injury.
That *loses* what it *works for.*
Oth. In my *anguish*
I think my *wife* is *honest*, and think she is *not.* — Apology.
I think that *thou* art *just*, and that thou *art not.*
I'll have some *proof.* * Her *name*, (1) that was as *fresh*, — *Regret.

(1) "Her *name*," that is, her character, or reputation.

Fury. As *Dian's* (1) *visage*, is now *begrim'd* and *black*
As mine *own face*. If there be *cords* or *knives*,
Poison, or *fire*, or *suffocating steams*,
I'll *not endure* it. *Would* I were but *satisfy'd*.

Pretended concern. *Iago*. I see, Sir, you are *eaten up* with *passion*.
I do *repent* me that I ever *started* it.

Anxiety *Oth*. Give me a living *reason* she's *disloyal*.

Pretended reluctance. *Iag*. I do not like the *office*:
But since I'm *enter'd* in this *cause* so *far*,

Apology. Urg'd on by foolish *honesty* of *friendship*,
I must *go on*, or bear the name of *slanderer*.

Narration. I *lay* in the *same room* with Cassio lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,

Explaining. I *could* not *sleep*. There is a kind of men,
So *loose* of *soul*, that in their sleep, will *mutter*
All their *affairs*. One of *this kind* is *Cassio*.
In sleep I heard him say, "*Sweet Desdemona!*

Caution. Let us be *wary*; let us *hide* our *loves*.

Rage. O *cursed fate*, that *gave* thee to the *Moor*."

Fury. *Oth*. O *monstrous!* I will *tear* her *limb* from *limb*.

Hypocritical soothing *Iag*. *Nay*; but be *calm*. This may be *nothing* yet
She may be *honest* still. But *tell* me this,

Question. Have you not sometimes seen a *handkerchief*
Spotted with *strawberries*, in your wife's hand?

Alarm. *Oth*. I *gave* her *such* a *one*. 'Twas my *first gift*.

Accusing. *Iag*. *That* I *knew* not. But such a *handkerchief*
(I'm *sure*, it was the *same*) did I to-day
See *Cassio wipe* his *beard* with.

Desperation *Oth*. O that the *slave* had *twenty thousand lives!*
One is too *poor*—too *weak* for my *revenge*.

Iag. Yet be *patient*, Sir.

Boundless fury. *Oth*. O *blood, blood, blood!*
Hot, reeking blood shall wash the *pois'nous stain*,

(1) "*Dian's visage*." Diana is represented in the heathen mythology, as a goddess of extraordinary purity.

Which *fouls* mine *honour*. From *this hour*, my *thoughts*
Shall *ne'er look back*, nor *ebb* to *humble love*,
'Till a *capacious*, and *wide revenge*, Horror.
Equal to their *gross guilt*, *swallows* them up,
Come, go with me *apart*. I will *withdraw*,
To furnish me with some *swift* means of *death* Revenge.
For the fair *sorceress*, and her smooth *adulterer*.
From hence thou'rt my *lieutenant*. Gratitude.
Iag. As you *will*, Sir.

LXXIV.

CRAFT. FOOLISH FEAR. VEXATION.

MASCARILLE, *a crafty servant, in the interest of* LEANDER, *his master's son, contrives to send his old master into the country, and, in the mean time, persuades his friend* ANSELM, *that he is dead suddenly; and on that pretext, borrows of him a sum of money for Leander.*
[*See Moliere*, L'ETOURDI.]

Anselm. *WHAT*, my *good friend* Pandolph *dead!* Surprise.
Mascarille. I *don't wonder* the news *surprises* you. Concern.
Ans. To die so very *suddenly!* Surprise.
Masc. It is a very *hurrying* way of doing *things*, to be *sure*. But who can *make* people *live*, you know, if they *will die?* Concern.
Ans. But how does your *young master* take it? Question.
Masc. *Take it!* why *worse* than he would a *kicking*. He *welters* on the *ground* like a *wounded adder*, and says he will absolutely go into the *same grave* with his dear *papa*. If it were not that they who take on so *violently*, do not, for the most part, hold it *long*, I should expect him to go quite *compompous* about it.—But—a—you must know, Sir, that we are all in a *pucker* at Whimsical. Grief. Apology.

our house. The old gentleman must be *buried*, you know, and that requires some of the *ready*. And my *young master*, if he were in his *best wits*, knows no more than a *broomstick*, where to find a *penny* of *money*. For you know, the *old one*, rest his soul, kept all that same as *snug* as if he had thought the *daylight* would *melt* it. Now,

Asking a favour. Sir, you would do us a *great kindness* if you will be so good as to help us with a *score* or two of *pieces*, till we can *turn* ourselves *round* a little.

Anxiety. *Ans.* Hum—[Aside.] He will have a *good*

Avarice. *estate*. And will not *grudge* to pay handsome

Refolution. *interest*. [To Masc.] I will *come* to him *immediately*, and bring the *money* with me; and try to *comfort* him a little. [He goes. Gives the money. Is deceived by an artificial corps laid out on the bed. Returns full of anxiety.]

Anxiety. *Lawkaday!* what a *sad* thing *this is*. He was but *sixty-eight*, or *sixty-nine*; about the *same age*

Alarm. with *myself*. It *frightens* me to *think* of it. Suppose I *should die suddenly* too. I believe I had better think of *repenting*, and making my *peace*. It is true, he was a little *asthmatic*, and, thank

Courage. God, *nobody* has *better lungs*—hem—hem—hem

Haste. —than *myself*.——Well, but I must go, and send neighbour *Cloak'um*, the *undertaker*, as I promised. [Going, he meets the supposed dead man, who had been stopped on his way to his country-house, by persons, who informed him of the falsehood of the reports which had occasioned his setting out.] *Ah! mercy* on my *soul!*

Terror. What is *that!* My old friend's *ghost!* They say, none but *wicked folks walk*. I wish I were at the *bottom* of a *coal-pit! Law!* How *pale*, and how *long* his *face* is grown since his *death*. He *never* was *handsome*. And *death* has *improv-*

Intreating. *ed* him very *much* the *wrong way*.—*Pray*, do not come *near* me. I *wished* you very *well* when you was *alive*. But I could never *abide* a *dead*

Trembling. *man cheek* by *jowl* with me. *Rest* your *soul!*

Rest your *soul*, I *pray!* *Vanish*, *vanish*, in the *name* of—— Trembling.

Pandolph. What the *plague* is the *matter*, old friend! Are you gone out of your *wits*. I came to ask your *advice*; but——— Wonder.

Ans. *Tell* me, then, pray, without coming a *step nearer*, *what* you would have me do for the *repose* of your *soul*. *Ah*, *eh*, *eh*, *eh*, *mercy* on us! *no nearer pray!* If it be only to take your *leave* of *me*, that you are come *back*, I could have *excused* you the *ceremony* with all my *heart*. [Pandolph comes nearer, to convince Anselm, that he is not dead. He draws back, as the other advances.] Or if you—*mercy* on us——no *nearer*, pray——or if you have *wronged* any body, as you always *loved money* a little, I give the *word* of a frightened *christian*, I will *pray* as *long* as you *please*, for the *deliverance* and *repose* of your *departed soul*. My *good*, *worthy*, *noble friend*, *do*, *pray disappear*, as *ever* you would *wish* your *old friend Anselm*, to come to his *senses again*. Intreating. Intreating. Perſuading.

Pand. [laughing.] If I were not most *confoundedly* out of *humour*, I could be *diverted* to a *pitch*. But *prithee* now, old friend, *what is* in the *wind*, that you will have me to *be dead?* This is some *contrivance* of that rogue *Mascarille*, I *guess* by what I have *just found* out of his *tricks*. Mirth. Remonſtra. Suſpicion.

Ans. Ah, you are *dead*, too *sure*. Did not I see your *corpse laid out* upon your *own bed*, and——— Fear.

Pand. *What* the *deuce!* I am *dead*, and *know nothing of it!* But, don't you *see* that I am *not dead?* Remonſtra.

Ans. You are *clothed* with a *body* of *air*, which *resembles* your *own person*, when you was *alive*—only—you'll *excuse* me——a good deal *plainer*. But, *pray*, now, don't assume a *figure* more *frightful*. I am within a hair's *breadth* of Fear. Intreaty.

losing my *senses already*; and if you should turn yourself into a *giant*, with *saucer-eyes*, or a *black horse* without a *head*, or any of the *ugly shapes*—I ask pardon—you *apparitions* sometimes put on, I am sure I should go *clean o' one side* at the least glimpse of you. *Pray*, then, in the *name* of the *blessed virgin*, and all the *saints*, *male* and *female*, be so good as to *vanish quietly*, and leave your poor *frightened old friend* wit enough to keep him out of a *mad-house*.

Earnest intreaty.

Vexation. *Pand.* This is undoubtedly that *rogue Mascarille's manufacture*. He has, for some *gracious purpose*, *contrived* to send me to the *country* on a *fool's errand*, and I suppose, in my *absence*, he has, to answer some other *pious end*, *persuaded* you that I am *dead*. Come, *give* me thy *hand*, and thou wilt be *convinced* I am not *dead* more than *thyself*.

Encourage.

Reluctance. *Ans.* [drawing back.] *What* was it I saw *laid out* upon the *bed*, then?

Encourage. *Pand.* How should *I know?* It was not *I*, however.

Reluctance. *Ans.* If I were *sure* you *are not dead*, I should not be *afraid* to *touch* you: but the *hand* of a *dead man* must be so *co—o—o—old!*

Shuddering

Encourage. *Pand. Prithee* now *give over*. I tell you, it is nothing but *Mascarille's invention*. [He seizes Anselm's hand, who screams out.]

Terror. *Ans. Ah! St. Anthony preserve* me!—*Ah—ah—eh—eh*——Why—why—after all, your hand is not so *co—o—o—old*, *neither*. Of the *two*, it is rather *warmer* than my *own*. Can it *be*, though, that you are *not dead?*

Returning courage.

Encourage. *Pand. Not I.*

Recollect. *Ans.* I begin to *question* it a little *myself*. But still my mind *misgives* me *plaguily* about the *corpse* I saw *laid out* upon your *bed*. If I could but *find out* what *that* was——

Encourage. *Pand. Pshaw*, *prithee*, what *signifies* it *what* it was? As long as you see plainly I am *not dead*.

Ans. Why *yes*, as you say, *that* is the *point*. But yet the *corpse* upon the *bed haunts* me. But [pauses] I'll be *hang'd* if it be not as you *say*. Mascarille is a *rogue*. But, if you be *not dead*, I am in *two sweet scrapes*. One is, the *danger* of being *dubbed* Mascarille's *fool*. The other of *losing* fifty *pieces*, I furnished him for *your interment*. Assenting. Vexation.

Pand. O, you have lent him *money*, *have you?* Then the *secret* is *out*. Discovery.

Ans. Yes; but you know, it was upon the *credit* of your *estate*, and for your *own personal benefit*. For, if you had been *dead*, you must have been *buried*, you know. And Mascarille told me, your son could come at *no ready cash*, you know. So that I hope you will see me *paid*, you know. Apology. Requesting

Pand. I'll be *hang'd* if I *do*. I have *enough* to *pay* on *that score otherwise*. Refusing.

Ans. I'll *pluck off* every *single grey hair* that is upon my *old foolish head.—What!* to have *no more wit* at this time of life!—I expect nothing else than that they should make a *farce* in praise of my *wisdom*, and *act* me, till the *town* be *sick* of me. [Exeunt different ways.] Vexation.

LXXV.

EXHORTATION.

The speech of GALGACUS *the general of the Caledonii*, (1) *in which he exhorts the army he had assembled, in order to expel the Romans, to fight valiantly against their foes under* JUL. AGRICOLA.

Corn. Tacit. VIT. AGRIC.

COUNTRYMEN, and FELLOW-SOLDIERS!

WHEN I consider the *cause*, for which we have *drawn* our *swords*, and the *necessity* of striking an *effectual blow*, before we *sheath* them Courage.

(1) The Caledonii, were, according to Ptolemy, the inhabitants of the interior parts of Scotland.

again, I feel joyful *hopes* arising in my *mind*, that *this day* an *opening* shall be made for the *restoration* of British *liberty*, and for *shaking off*
Vexation. the infamous *yoke* of Roman *slavery*. *Caledonia* is yet *free*. The *all-grasping power* of *Rome*
Courage. has not yet been able to seize *our liberty*. But it is only to be *preserved* by *valour*. By *flight*
Warning. it *cannot:* for the *sea confines* us; and *that* the more *effectually*, as being *possessed* by the *fleets* of the *enemy*. As it is by *arms*, that the *brave* acquire immortal *fame*, so it is by *arms* that the *sordid* must *defend* their *lives* and *properties*, or
Encourage. *lose* them. You are the very *men*, my friends, who have hitherto set *bounds* to the unmeasurable *ambition* of the *Romans*. In consequence of your inhabiting the more *inaccessible* parts of the island, to which the shores of those countries on the continent, which are *enslaved* by the Romans, are *invisible*, you have hitherto been *free* from the common *disgrace*, and the common *sufferings*. You lie almost out of the reach of *fame*
Warning. *itself*. But you *must not expect* to enjoy this untroubled *security* any *longer*, unless you *bestir* yourselves so *effectually*, as to put it out of the *power* of the *enemy* to *search* out your *retreats*, and *disturb* your *repose*. If you *do not*, *curiosity alone* will set them a *prying*, and they will conclude that there is somewhat *worth* the *labour* of *conquering*, in the *interior parts* of the *island*, merely because they have *never seen them*. What is *little known*, is often *coveted*, *because* so *little known*. And you are not to *expect*, that you should *escape* the *ravage* of the general *plunderers* of *mankind*, by any sentiment of *moderation*
Accusing. in *them*. When the *countries*, which are more *accessible*, come to be *subdued*, they will then *force* their *way* into *those*, which are *harder* to come at. And if they should conquer the *dry land*, over the *whole world*, they will then think of carrying their arms beyond the *ocean*, to see

whether there be not certain *unknown regions*, which they may *attack*, and *reduce* under *subjection* to the *Roman empire*. For we see, that if a country is thought to be *powerful* in *arms*, the Romans attack it, because the conquest will be *glorious*; if *inconsiderable* in the *military art*, because the victory will be *easy*; if *rich*, they are drawn thither by the hope of *plunder*; if *poor*, by the desire of *fame*. The *east* and the *west*, the *south* and the *north*, the face of the *whole earth*, is the *scene* of their *military atchievements*; the *world* is too *little* for their *ambition*, and their *avarice*. They are the *only nation* ever known to be *equally* desirous of conquering *a poor* kingdom as a *rich* one. Their *supreme joy* seems to Horror.
to be *ravaging*, *fighting*, and *shedding* of *blood*; and when they have *unpeopled* a *region*, so that there are *none left alive* able to bear *arms*, they say they have given *peace* to that country.

Nature itself has peculiarly *endeared* to *all* Tenderneſs
men, their *wives* and their *children*. But it is known to you, my countrymen, that the conquered *youth* are daily *draughted off* to *supply* the deficiencies in the *Roman army*. The *wives*, Horror.
the *sisters*, and the *daughters* of the *conquered*, are either exposed to the *violence*, or at least corrupted by the *arts* of these *cruel spoilers*. The *fruits* of our *industry*, are *plundered* to make up Accuſing.
the *tributes* imposed on us by *oppressive avarice*. *Britons sow* their fields; and the greedy *Romans* reap them. Our very *bodies* are *worn* out in car- Complaint.
rying on their military *works*, and our *toils* are *rewarded* by them with *abuse* and *stripes*. Those, who are *born* to *slavery*, are *bought* and *maintained* by their *master*. But *this* unhappy *coun-* Indignation
try pays for being *enslaved*, and *feeds* those who *enslave* it. And our *portion* of *disgrace* is the *bitterest*, as the inhabitants of *this island* are the *last*, who have fallen under the *galling yoke*.

Accusing. Our native *bent* against *tyranny*, is the *offence*, which most *sensibly irritates* those *lordly usurpers*. Our *distance* from the *seat* of *government*, and our *natural defence* by the surrounding *ocean*, render us *obnoxious* to their *suspicions:* for they know, that *Britons* are *born* with an instinctive *love* of *liberty*; and they conclude, that we must be *naturally* led to think of taking the *advantage* of our *detached situation*, to *disengage* ourselves *one time or other*, from their *oppression*.

Warning. Thus, my countrymen, and fellow-soldiers, *suspected* and *hated*, as we ever *must be* by the Romans, there is no *prospect* of our enjoying even a tolerable state of *bondage* under them.

Courage. Let us, then, in the name of all that is *sacred*, and in defence of all that is *dear* to us, resolve to *exert* ourselves, if not for *glory*, at least for *safety*; if not in *vindication* of British *honour*, at least in *defence* of our *lives*.

Commendation. How near were the *Brigantines* (1) to *shaking off* the *yoke*—led on too by a *woman?*—They *burnt* a *Roman settlement:* they *attacked* the *dreaded* Roman *legions* in their *camp*.

Regret. Had not their *partial success* drawn them into a *fatal security*, the *business* was *done*.

Courage. And shall not *we*, of the *Caledonian region*, whose *territories* are *yet free*, and whose *strength entire*, shall we not, my fellow-soldiers, *attempt somewhat*, which may shew these *foreign ravagers*, that they have *more to do* than they *think of*, before they be *masters* of the *whole island*.

Remonstrance. But, after all, *who are* these *mighty Romans!* Are they *gods*, or *mortal men*, like *ourselves?* Do we not see that *they* fall into the same *errors* and *weaknesses* as *others?* Does not *peace effeminate* them? Does not *abundance debauch* them? Does not *wantonness enervate* them?

Contempt. Do they not even go to *excess* in the most *un-*

(1) The Brigantines, according to Ptolemy, inhabited what is now called Yorkshire, the bishopric of Durham, &c.

manly vices? And can you imagine, that they, who are remarkable for their *vices*, are likewise remarkable for their *valour? What*, then, do we *dread?*——Shall I *tell* you the very *truth*, my fellow-soldiers? it is by means of our *intestine divisions*, that Romans have gained so great *advantages* over us. They turn the *mismanagements* of their *enemies* to their *own praise*. They *boast* of what *they have done*, and say *nothing* of what *we might have done*, had we been so *wise* as to *unite* against them. Courage. Regret.

What is this *formidable* Roman *army?* Is it not composed of a *mixture* of *people* from *different countries*, some *more*, some *less*, *disposed* to *military atchievements*; some *more*, some *less*, *capable* of *bearing fatigue* and *hardship*. They keep *together*, while they are *successful*. *Attack* them with *vigour*: *distress* them: you will see them *more disunited* among themselves, than *we* are *now*. Can any one imagine, that *Gauls*, *Germans*, and—with *shame* I must add, *Britons*, who *basely lend*, for a time, their *limbs*, and their *lives*, to build up a *foreign tyranny*; can one imagine, that these will not be *longer enemies* than *slaves?* Or that such an army is *held together* by sentiments of *fidelity*, or *affection?* *No*; the *only body* of *union* among them is *fear*. And, whenever *terror ceases* to *work* upon the *minds* of that *mixed multitude*, they, who *now fear*, will *then hate* their *tyrannical masters*. On *our side*, there is every *possible incitement* to *valour*. The *Roman courage* is not, as *ours*, inflamed by the thought of *wives* and *children* in danger of falling into the hands of the *enemy*. The *Romans* have *no parents*, as *we* have, to *reproach* them, if they should *desert* their infirm *old age*. They have no *country here* to fight for. They are a *motly collection* of *foreigners*, in a land wholly *unknown* to them, *cut off* from their *native country*, *hemmed in* by the Courage. Contempt. Courage. Contempt.

surrounding *ocean*, and given, I hope, a *prey* into our *hands*, without *any possibility* of *escape*. Let not the *sound* of the Roman *name affright* your *ears*. Nor let the *glare* of *gold* or *silver* upon their armour, *dazzle* your *eyes*. It is not by *gold*, or *silver*, that men are either *wounded* or *defended*; though they are rendered a *richer* Courage. *prey* to the *conquerors*. Let us boldly *attack* this *disunited rabble*. We shall find among *themselves* a *reinforcement* to our *army*. The *degenerated Britons*, who are *incorporated* into *their forces*, will, through *shame* of their *country's cause*, *deserted* by them, quickly *leave* the Romans and come over to *us*. The *Gauls*, remembering their *former liberty*, and that it was the *Romans* who deprived them of it, will *forsake* their *tyrants*, and *join* the *assertors* of *freedom*. The *Germans*, who remain in their army, will *follow* the example of their countrymen, the *Usipii*, who so lately *deserted*. And *what* will there be Contempt. *then* to *fear*? A few *half-garrisoned forts*; a few municipal towns, inhabited by *worn-out old men*, *discord* universally prevailing, occasioned by *tyranny* in those who *command*, and *obstinacy* in Courage. those who should *obey*. On our side, an *army united* in the *cause* of their *country*, their *wives*, their *children*, their *aged parents*, their *liberties*, their *lives*. At the *head* of this *army*—I hope I Apology. do not offend against *modesty* in saying, there is a *General* ready to *exert all* his *abilities*, such as they are, and to hazard his *life* in leading you to *victory* and to *freedom*.

Encouragement. I conclude, my countrymen, and fellow-soldiers, with putting you in mind, that on your *behaviour this day* depends your future *enjoyment* of *peace* and *liberty*, or your *subjection* to a *tyrannical enemy*, with all its *grievous consequences*. When, therefore, you come to *engage*—*think* of your *ancestors*—and *think* of your *posterity*.

LXXVI.

DOUBTING. VEXATION. AFFECTATION OF LEARNING. COMPULSION.

(See *Mohere's* MARRIAGE FORCE.)

LONGHEAD solus, with an open letter in his hand.

I WAS *wrong* to proceed so far in this matter so *hastily*. To *fix* the very *day*, and then *fail*. Her *father* will *prosecute* me, to be *sure*, and will recover *heavy damages too*, as he *threatens* me. But then, *what* could I *do?* Could I *marry* with the *prospect* I had *before* me? To tell me, she married to get *free* from *restraint*, and that she expected, I should make *no inquiry* into *her conduct*, more than *she* would into *mine!* If she *speaks* so freely before marriage, how will she *act after? No, no*, I'll *stand* his *prosecution*. Better be a *begger* than a *cuckold*.—But hold.—Perhaps I am more *afraid* than *hurt*. She might mean only *innocent freedom*—She is a *charming girl*. But I am *thirty years older* than *she* is—I would wish to *marry* her; but I should not like what I am *afraid* will be the *consequence*. *What resolution* shall I *take?* I'll be *hang'd* if I know *what* to *do*. On *one* hand, *beauty inviting*; on the *other*, *cuckoldom* as *ugly* as the *devil*. On *one* hand, *marriage*; on the *other*, a *lawsuit*. I am in a *fine dilemma*.—*Lancelet Longhead*; *Lancelet Longhead*; [striking himself on the forehead.] I'll tell you *what*, old friend, I doubt you are but a *simpleton* all this *while*, that have been thinking yourself a little *Solomon*. I'll e'en go and *consult* with some *friends*, what I must do. For I cannot determine, within *myself*, whether I had better try to *make it up* with the family, and *go on* with my intended *marriage*, or set them at *defiance*, and resolve to have *nothing to do* with *matrimony*.—If any body advises me

Vexation. Apprehen. Apology. Blame. Apprehen. Courage. Recollectio. Excuſing. Deſire. Apprehen. Anxiety. Doubt. Deſire. Apprehen. Vexation. Doubt. Confidence.

Resolution. to *marry*, I'll *venture* it, I think. Let me see, what *wise*, *sagacious* people are there of my *acquaintance ?*—Oh—my two neighbours, Dr. *Neverout*, and Dr. *Doubty*; men of *universal learning !* Ill go to them *directly*. And here is Dr. Neverout coming out of *his house* very *fortunately*.

Anger. *Neverout*, [talking to one in the house.] I *tell* you, friend, you are a *silly fellow*, *ignorant* of *all good discipline*, and fit to be *banished* from the

Affectation of learning. *republic* of *letters*. I will undertake to *demonstrate* to you by *convincing arguments*, drawn from the writings of *Aristotle himself*, the *philosopher* of *philosophers*, that ignarus *es*, you *are* an ignorant fellow ; that ignarus *eras*, you *was* an ignorant fellow ; that ignarus *fuisti*, you *have been* an ignorant fellow ; that ignarus *fueras*, you *had been* an ignorant fellow ; and that, ignarus *eris*, you *will be* an ignorant fellow, through all the *genders*, *cases*, *numbers*, *voices*, *moods*, *tenses*, and *persons*, of all the *articles*, the *nouns*, the *pronouns*, the *verbs*, the *participles*, the *adverbs*, *prepositions*, *interjections*, and *conjunctions*.

Wonder. *Longh.* Somebody must have used him very *ill*, to make him call so many *hard names*. Dr.

Civility. *Neverout*, your *servant*. A *word* with you, if you please, Sir.

Contempt. *Nev.* *You* pretend to *reason !* You don't so much as know the first *elements* of the art of *reasoning*.

Learned pride. You don't know the difference between a *category* and a *predicament*, nor between a *major* and a *minor*.

Civility. *Longh.* His *passion blinds* him so, he does not *see* me. *Doctor*, I *kiss* your *hands*. May one———

Contempt. Pride. *Nev.* Do you know what a *blunder* you have *committed ?* Do you know, what it is to be *guilty* of a *syllogism* in *Balordo ?* Your *major* is *foolish*,

your *minor impertinent*, and your *conclusion ridiculous*.

Longh. Pray, Doctor, what is it, that so *disturbs* your *philosophy?* Inquiring.

Nev. The most *atrocious provocation* in the *world*. An *ignorant fellow* would defend a *proposition* the most *erroneous*, the most *abominable*, the most *execrable* that ever was *uttered* or *written*. Anger. Pride.

Longh. May I *ask*, *what* it *is?* Inquiring.

Nev. Mr. Longhead, all is *ruined*. The world is fallen into a *general depravity*. A degree of *licentiousness*, that is alarming, reigns *universally*: and the *governors* of *states* have reason to be *ashamed* of themselves, who have *power* in their hands for maintaining good *order* among mankind, and *suffer* such *enormities* to pass *unpunished*. Apprehen. Reproach.

Longh. *What* is it, pray, Sir? Inquiring.

Nev. Only *think*, Mr. Longhead, only *think*, that in a *christian country*, a person should be allowed to use an expression *publicly*, that one would think would *frighten* a *nation*; an expression, that one would expect to raise the *devil!* Only think of—"The *form* of a *hat!*"—*There*, Mr. Longhead, *there's* an *expression* for you! Did you think you should have *lived* to hear such an expression as—"The *form* of a *hat?*" Accusing. Amazement

Longh. *How*, Sir? I don't understand wherein the *harm* of such an *expression consists*. Inquiring.

Nev. I *affirm* and *insist* upon it, with *hands* and *feet*, *pugnis* et *calcibus*, *unguibus* et, *rostro*, that to say, "The *form* of a *hat*," is as *absurd*, as to say, that, datur *vacuum* in rerum *natura*, there is a *vacuum* in *nature*. [Turning again to the person with whom he had been disputing in the house.] Yes, *ignorant creature*, a *hat* is an *inanimate* substance, and therefore *form cannot* be *predicated* of it. *Go*, *illiterate wretch*, and read Aristotle's chapter of *qualities*. *Go*, study Positive. Displeasure Contempt. Learned pride.

Aquinas, *Burgersdicius*, and *Scheiblerus*, of the *ten predicaments*. *Go*; and then say "The *form* of a *hat*," if you *dare*.

Satisfaction. *Longh.* O, I thought, Doctor, something *worse* than all *this* had happened.

Apprehen. *Nev.* What would you have *worse*, unless a Oftentation of learning. *comet* were to come from beyond the *orbit* of *Saturn*, and either *burn* the world by its near *approach*; *drown* it by *attracting* the *sea*, and *raising* a *tide three* miles *high*; or *force* it from its *orbit* by *impinging* against it, and make it either *fly* out into *infinite space*, or *rush* to the *sun* the *centre* of our *system*. Except *this*, what Apprehen. can be *worse* than confounding *language*, destroying *qualities*, demolishing *predicaments*, and in short *overturning* all *science* from the *foundation*. For *logic* is the *foundation* of *science*.

Intreating. *Longh.* Why, it may be a *bad thing* for what I know. But, pray, Doctor, let a body *speak* with you.

Anger. *Nev.* [To the person in the house,] An *impertinent fellow!*

Intreating. *Longh.* He *is so*; but I want your *advice*, Doctor, in——

Anger. *Nev.* A *blockhead!*

Intreating. *Longh.* Well, I *own* he is so; but *no more* of *that*, *pray good Doctor.*

Pride. *Nev.* To *pretend* to *dispute* with *me!*

Intreating. *Longh.* He is very much in the *wrong*, to be sure. But now let me ask you a *question*, Doc-

Asking advice. tor. You must know, Sir, that I have been thinking of *marrying*. Only I am a little *afraid* of that, you *know* of; the *misfortune* for which *no body* is *pitied*. Now, I should be glad you would, as a *philosopher*, give me your *opinion* on this *point*.

Anger. *Nev.* Rather than *admit* such an *expression*, I would *deny substantial forms*, and *abstract entities*.

Vexation. *Longh.* *Plague* on the man! He *knows noth-*

Remonstr. *ing* of what I have been *saying*. Why, *Dr.*

Neverout, I have been *talking* to you this *hour*, and you give me *no answer*.

Nev. I ask your *pardon*. I was engaged in supporting *truth* against *ignorance*: but now I have *done*. If what I have said will not *convince*, let the *ignorant* be *ignorant still*. What would you *consult* me upon? Apology.

Longh. I want to *talk* with you about an affair of *consequence*. Intreating.

Nev. Good. And what *tongue* do you intend to use in the *conversation* with me? Inquiring.

Longh. What *tongue*? Why, the tongue I have in my *mouth*. Wonder.

Nev. I mean, what *language*; what *speech*? Do you intend to talk with me in *Latin*, *Greek*, or *Hebrew*? Inquiring.

Longh. Not I. I don't *know one* of them from *another*. Wonder.

Nev. Then you will use a *modern* language, I suppose, as the *Italian*, perhaps, which is *sweet* and *musical*. Inquiring.

Longh. *No.* Vexation.

Nev. The *Spanish*, which is *majestic* and *sonorous*. Inquiring.

Longh. *No.* Vexation.

Nev. The *English*, which is *copious* and *expressive*. Inquiring.

Longh. *No.* Vexation.

Nev. The *High dutch* is but an *indifferent* language. You *won't*, I suppose, make use of *it* in this conversation. Inquiring.

Longh. *No.* Vexation.

Nev. And the *Low Dutch* is *worse* still. Will you talk to me in *Turkish*? It is a *lofty language*. Inquiring.

Longh. *No.* Vexation.

Nev. What think you of the *Syriac*, the *Arabic*, the *Chaldaic*, the *Persian*, the *Palmyrene*? Do you choose *any* of *them*? Inquiring.

Longh. *No.* Vexation.

Inquiring. *Nev.* *What* language *then?*

Vexation. *Longh.* Why the *language* we are talking *now.*

Satisfaction Learned pride. *Nev.* Oh! you will speak in the *vernacular tongue?* If so, please to come on the *left side.* The *right ear* is for the *foreign*, and the *learned languages.*

Vexation. Intreating. *Longh.* Here is a deal of *ceremony* with *such* sort of *people.* I want to *consult* you, Doctor, about an affair of *consequence.*

Affectation *of* learning. *Nev.* O! I *understand* you. You want my *opinion* upon some of the *difficulties* in *philosophy*, as, for example, Whether *substance* and *accident*, are terms *synonymous* or *equivocal*, with regard to the *being?*

Vexation. *Longh.* *No* that *is not it.*

Affectation. *Nev.* Whether *Logic* is an *art*, or a *Science?*

Vexation. *Longh.* *No no.* I don't care a *half-penny which.*

Affectation. *Nev.* If it has for its object the *three operations* of the *mind*, or the *third* only.

Vexation. *Longh.* That is not the *affair.*

Affectation. *Nev.* Whether, properly speaking, there are *six categories*, or only *one?*

Vexation. *Longh.* I don't care, if there were *six bushels* of *catechisms.* That is not what I *want.* I am———

Affectation. *Nev.* Perhaps you want to know whether the *conclusion* is of the *essence* of the *syllogism?*

Vexation. *Longh.* *No, no, no.* It is not about *any such point*; but———

Affectation. *Nev.* Whether the *essence* of *good* is *appetibility* or *suitableness?*

Vexation. *Longh.* I am going to tell you my *business*, if———

Affectation. *Nev.* You would know, perhaps, if the *good* and the *end* are *reciprocal?*

Vexation. *Longh.* *Not* a *bit.*

Affectation. *Nev.* Whether the *end influences* us by its *real essence*, or by its *intentional?*

Longh. *No, no,* it is *quite another affair*, I tell you. Vexation.

Nev. You must *explain yourself*, then; for I have mentioned the most *difficult* points, and those that are commonly *agitated* in the *schools* in our times. Affectation.

Longh. I should have *told* you my *business* an *hour ago*, if you would have *heard* me. Vexation.

Nev. *Pronounce* then. Affectation.

Longh. and Nev. together The *affair* I want to *consult* you about, Dr. Neverout, is *this*; I have had *purpose*, that by it he might *express* his *thoughts*; thoughts of *marrying* a young lady, who is and as the *thoughts* are the *images* of *things*, so *very handsome*, and *much* to my *liking*. I have *words* are the *images* of our *thoughts*. Make asked her *father's consent*, and he has *granted* use therefore of *words* to *explain* to me your it. Only I am *afraid*———— *thoughts*———— *Speech* was given to man on Intreating. Affectation.

Long. *Plague* on this everlasting *talker*. *Who* is like to be the *wiser* for *him*, if he will not so much as *hear* what one has to *say* to him? I'll go to Dr. *Doubty*. Perhaps he will be more *reasonable*.——And, very *fortunately*, here he *comes*. I will *consult* him at *once*.———Dr. *Doubty*, I *beg* your wise *advice* about a matter of *great concern* to me. Impatience. Joy. Civility.

Doubty. Be pleased, good Mr. Longhead, to *alter* your *phraseology*. Our *philosophy* directs to give out no *decisive propositions*; but to speak of *all things* with *uncertainty*; and always to *suspend* our *judgment*. Therefore you ought not to say—"I *beg* your advice," but——"I *seem* to beg it." Affectation of learning.

Longh. I *seem!* What signifies talking of *seems*; when I am here on the *spot with you?* Surprise.

Doubt. That is *nothing* to the *purpose*. You Affectation.

may imagine a *thousand things*, in which there is *no reality*.

Wonder. *Longh.* *What!* is there no *reality* in my being *here talking* with Dr. *Doubty?*

Affectation. *Doubt.* It is *uncertain*: and we ought to *doubt* of *every thing*. You *appear* to my *external senses* to be *here*, as I, perhaps, to *yours*. But *nothing* is *certain*. *All things* are *doubtful*.

Wonder. *Longh.* *Sure*, Dr. Doubty, you are disposed to be *merry*. *Here* am *I*: *there* are *you*: here is no *seem*; no *uncertainty*; nothing *doubtful*; but

Chiding. all as *plain* as the *nose* on your *face*. Let us, for

Intreaty. *shame*, *drop* these *whims*, and *talk* of my *business*. You must know, Dr. Doubty, that I have had thoughts of *marrying*, and should be glad of your *opinion* and *advice*.

Affectation. *Doubt.* I dont *know* that you have had thoughts of marrying.

Vexation. *Longh.* But I *tell* it you.

Affectation. *Doubt.* That *may be*, or it *may not be*.

Anxiety. *Longh.* The young lady I had made choice of, is very young, and very *handsome*.

Affectation. *Doubt.* That *may be*, or it *may not be*.

Anxiety. *Longh.* Do you think, I shall do *wisely* in *marrying* her?

Affectation. *Doubt.* You may do *wisely*, for aught I *know*, or you may do *unwisely*, for aught I *know*.

Anxiety. *Longh.* I am very much in *love* with the young lady.

Affectation. *Doubt.* That is not *impossible*.

Anxiety. *Longh.* But, as she is *much younger* than *me*, I am *afraid* of, you *know what*.

Affectation. *Doubt.* You may be *afraid*, for aught I know.

Anxiety. *Longh.* Do you think I should run the hazard of being a *cuckold*, if I should *marry* her?

Affectation. *Doubt.* There is no *natural impossibility* in it. But if you should, you may, *perhaps*, *not* be the *first*, nor the *last*. But *all things* are *uncertain*.

Longh. But what would *you do*, if you were in *my place*, Dr. Doubty? Anxiety.

Doubt. It is *uncertain*, as *all things* are. Affectation.

Longh. But what do you *advise me* to do? Anxiety.

Doubt. What you *please*. Indifference

Longh. I shall go *mad*. Vexation.

Doubt. I *wash* my *hands* of it. Indifference

Longh. A *plague* on the old *dreamer!* Anger.

Doubt. *Happen* what will, I am *clear*. Indifference

Longh. I'll *make* you *change* your *cuckoo note*, you old philosophical *humdrum*, you——[beats him]—I will—[beats him] I'll *make* you say *somewhat else* than "*all things* are *doubtful*; *all things* are *uncertain*,"—[beats him] I *will*, you old *fusty pedant*. Passion.

Doubt. *Ah!—oh!—eh!——What*, beat a *philosopher!——Ah!—oh!—eh!* Complaint.

Longh. Be *pleased*, Dr. Doubty, [mimicing the Doctor] to *alter* your *phraseology*. Your *philosophy* directs you to give out no *decisive propositions*, but to speak of all things with *uncertainty*, and always to *suspend* your *judgment*.—Therefore, you ought not to say,—"I *have been* beaten," but—"I *seem* to have been beaten." Mimicry.

Doubt. I will have you prosecuted with the utmost *rigor* of the *law*. Anger. Threatning

Longh. I *wash* my *hands* of it. Indifference

Doubt. I will shew the *marks* of the *blows* I have received from you. Anger.

Longh. You may *imagine* a *thousand things* in which there is *no reality*. Indifference

Doubt. I will go *directly* to a *magistrate*, and have a *warrant* for you. [Exit Doubty.] Anger.

Longh. There is no *natural impossibility in it*. Indifference

[Enter CAPTAIN PINKUM, with two swords in one hand, and a cane in the other.]

Pinkum. Mr. *Longhead*, I am your most *obedient*, most *humble servant*. Respect.

Longh. Sir, your *servant*. Indifference

Respect. *Pink.* Sir, I have the honour of *waiting* on you, to let you *know*, that, as you was pleased to *disappoint* us yesterday, which was the *day* fixed by *yourself* for your *marriage* with my *sister*, you and I must *settle* that *affair* in an *honourable* way.

Vexation. *Longh.* Why, Sir, it is with *regret* that I *failed* you; but———

Respect. *Pink. Oh!* Sir, there's no harm as we shall *order matters.*

Vexation. *Longh.* I am *sorry* it so happens: but some little *scruples* chanced to come into my *mind* about the *difference* between our *ages*, which, you know, is pretty *considerable.* And I put *off* the marriage for a little time, only that I might *consider* of it, and *advise* with my *friends.* And now, that the *day* is *past*, I think it may be better for us *both*, that it be *let alone altogether.*

Respect. *Pink.* Sir, as you please. You know it is not an *object* of any *consequence.* But, Sir, *what*, I have done myself the honour of waiting on you *for*, is only to beg the *favour* of you, Sir, to *choose* which you please of these two *swords.*

Affirming. They are both *good*, I *assure* you, Sir, and as *fairly matched* as I could. If *my judgment* deserves any *regard*, you need not *hesitate* long. *Either* of them is *very fit* for a gentleman to be *run through* with.

Surprise. *Long.* Sir, I don't *understand* you.

Respect. *Pink.* O, Sir, I *wonder* at *that.* The thing is not *hard* to be *understood.* It is no more than *this*, Sir, that if a *gentleman* promises a lady *marriage*, and, especially, if he *fixes* the *day* and *fails* of *performing* his *contract*, the *relations*, of the lady (whose *character* and *fortune* in life are *injured* by it, you know, Sir) generally think it proper to commence a *prosecution* against the gentleman; and the law gives, in those cases, *heavy damages.* My father had thoughts of *prosecuting* you, Sir, as he wrote to you. But as law is *tedious*,

we choose rather, Sir, upon second thoughts, to *vindicate* the honour of our *family* in a more *expeditious* way. Therefore, if you please, Sir, I will endeavour to whip you through the lungs in the *neatest manner* now practised in the *army*. And I offer you your *choice* of one of these two *swords*, to *defend* yourself with. This, you must own, Sir, is treating you *genteely*. For, you know, I could *run* you through the *body now*, without giving you the *opportunity* of *defending* yourself.——Please, Sir, to make your *choice*.

Longh. Sir, your *humble servant*. I shall make *no such choice*, I assure you. Refusing.

Pink. Sir—you *must*, if you please, *fight* me. You shall have *fair play*, upon my *honour*. Respect.

Longh. Sir, I have *nothing* to *say* to you, [Going] Sir, your *humble servant*. Refusing.

Pink. *O dear Sir*, [stopping him] you must *excuse* me for *stopping* you. But you and I are not to *part*, till *one* or *t'other drops*, I *assure* you, Sir. Respect.

Longh. *Mercy* on us! Was ever such a *bloody-minded* fellow! Terror.

Pink. Sir, I really have a little *business* upon my hands; so that I must beg you will give me leave to *run* you *through* as *soon* as *possible*. Respect.

Longh. But I don't intend that you shall *run* me *through* at *all*. For I will have *nothing* to *say* to you. Refusing.

Pink. If you mean, Sir, that you *won't fight* me, I must do myself the honour of telling you, that you are in a little *mistake*, Sir. For the *order* of such things is *this*, Sir. First, a *gentleman* happens to *affront another gentleman* or a *family*, as *you* have done *ours*, Sir. Next, the *gentleman affronted*, or *some one* of the *family*, in order to vindicate their *honour*, challenges to *single combat*, the gentleman who did the injury, as I have done you, Sir. Then the gentleman who did the *injury*, perhaps, *refuses* to *fight*. The other proceeds Respect. Explaining.

to take the *regular course* of *beating*, [counting on his fingers] *bruising*, *kicking*, *cuffing*, *pulling* by the *nose* and *ears*, *rolling* in the *dirt*, and *stamping* on him, till the *breath* be fairly *out* of his *body*, and there is an *end* of *him*, and of the *quarrel*, you know. Or if the *gentleman*, who happened to do the *injury*, will *fight*, which, to be sure, is doing the thing *genteelly*, you know; why then *one* or *t'other* is decently *run through* the *body*, and there is an *end* of the *matter another way*, you know. Now, Sir, you see *plainly*, that my proceedings are *regular*, and *gentleman-like*——*gentleman-like*—*absolutely*. So Sir, *once* more, and but *once* more, will you be pleased to *accept* of *one*, or *t'other*, of these two *swords*?

Refuſing. *Longh.* *Not* I, truly.

Reſpect. *Pink.* Why then, Sir, the first *step* I am to *take*, you know, is to *cane* you, which I humbly beg leave to *proceed* to *accordingly*.—[Canes him.]

Complaint. *Longh.* *Ah!*—*eh!*—*oh!*

Reſpect. *Pink.* Then, Sir, the *next* operation is *cuffing*—no, I am *wrong*; *kicking* is *next*. [Kicks him.]

Complaint. *Longh.* *Hold! hold!* Is the *devil* in you? Oh! I am *bruised* all *over*?

Reſpect. *Pink.* Sir, I *ask* your *pardon*, if I have *offended* you; I did not mean it, I assure you, Sir. All I *want*, is to *vindicate* the *honour* of our *family*. If you had *fulfilled* your *contract*, you

Haſte. had *spared* me all this *trouble*. Besides, I am really *preſſed* for *time*; therefore must take the liberty of proceeding, as *expeditiously* as *poſſible*, to the *remaining operations* of *cuffing* you, *pulling* you by the *nose* and *ears*, *rolling* you in the *dirt*, and stamping the *breath* out of your *body*.

Reſpect. Come, Sir, if you please.

Intreating. *Longh.* *Hold* a little, pray;—*Oh!*—my *bones*

Complaint. are *bruiſed* to *jelly*——Is there *no way* of *com-*

Intreating. *pounding* this *affair* but by *blood* and *murder*?

Pink. O *yes*, Sir. You have only to *fulfil* your *contract*, and *all* will be *well*. Respect.

Longh. [Aside.] What the *deuce* must I *do*? —I had better be *cuckolded*, I believe, than *trod* to *death*.—[To him.] I am *willing*—I am *willing*—to *perform* the *contract*.—*Oh!* my *poor bones!*——*Oh!* Distress. Reluctance.

Pink. Sir, you are a *gentleman*, every *inch* of you. I am very *glad* to find you are come to a *right* way of thinking. I *assure* you, Sir, there is *no man* in the *world*, for whom I have a greater *regard*, nor whom I should *rather* wish to have for a *brother-in-law*. *Come*, Sir, the *ceremony* shall be *performed immediately*. Respect. Joy. Politeness. Inviting.

LXXVII.

WARNING. BLAMING. COMMENDATION. INSTRUCTION.

The substance of Isocrates' Areopagitic oration, which is celebrated by Dion Halicarn. Tom. II. p. 40.

I DOUBT not, Athenians, but many of you will *wonder* what should excite me to address you upon public affairs, as if the state were in *immediate danger*, whilst to *you* we seem to be in *perfect safety*, a general peace prevailing, and the commonwealth secured by formidable *fleets* and *armies*, and strengthened by powerful *allies*, and *tributary states*, to support the public *expences*, and *co-operate* with us in *every emergency*. All which circumstances seeming to be in our *favour*, I suppose most of those who now hear me, imagine we have *nothing to do* but *congratulate* ourselves on our *happiness*, and *enjoy* ourselves in *peace*; and that it is only our *enemies* who have any thing to *fear*. Apology.

I therefore, take for granted, Athenians, you do, in your own minds, *despise* my *attempt* to

alarm you; and that, in your *imaginations*, you
Pride. already *grasp* the empire of all *Greece*. But
Alarm. *what* would you *think*, my countrymen, if I should tell you, it is on *account* of the seemingly *favourable* circumstances I have mentioned, that I am *apprehensive*. My observation has presented me so many instances of states, which at the very *time* they seemed to be at the *height* of *prosperity*, were in fact upon the *brink* of *ruin*; that I cannot help being *alarmed* at the *security*, in which I see my *country* at present *sunk*. When a nation is *puffed up* with an opinion of her own *strength* and *safety*; it is then that her *counsels* are likely to be *rash* and *imprudent*, and their *consequences fatal*. The condition of *kingdoms*, as of *individuals*, is *variable*.
Caution. *Permanent* tranquillity is *seldom* seen in this world. And with *circumstances*, the *conduct* both of *individuals* and of *nations*, is commonly seen
Instruction. to *change*. *Prosperity* generally produces *arrogance*, *rashness*, *folly*. *Want* and *distress*, naturally suggest *prudent* and *moderate resolutions*. Therefore, it is not so *easy*, as at first view it may seem, to determine *which condition* is, for the purpose of *real happiness*, the *most* to be *desired* for *individuals*; or, with a view to *national prosperity*, *which state* one should *wish public affairs* to be in, during his *own life* and that of his *children*; whether of perfect *superiority* to *danger* and *fear*, or of *circumstances* requiring *caution*, *frugality*, and *attention*. For that *condition*, which is most *desired* by mankind, I mean of perfect *prosperity*, generally brings with it the *causes* and the *fore-runners* of *misfortune*; whilst *narrower circumstances* commonly lead on to *care*, *prudence* and *safety*. Of the truth of this *observation*, *better proofs* cannot be *desired*, than those which the *histories* of our *own* common-
Arguing. wealth and of *Lacedæmon*, *furnish*. Was not the taking of our *city*, by the barbarians, the

very *cause* of our applying, with such *diligence*, to the arts of *war* and *government*, as set us at the head of *Greece*? But when our *success* against our enemies *misled* us into the *imagination*, that our *power* was *unconquerable*, we soon found ourselves on the *verge* of *destruction*. The *Lacedæmonians*, likewise, from inhabiting a few *obscure towns*, came, through a *diligent attention* to the *military art*, to *conquer Peloponnesus*.—And, upon this, *increasing* their *power* by sea and land, they were soon *puffed up* to such a height of *pride* and *folly*, as brought them into the *same dangers*, which *we* had run into. Apprehen. Arguing. Contempt.

Whoever attends to these particulars, and yet thinks our commonwealth in a *safe condition*, must be extremely *thoughtless*, especially as our affairs are now in a *worse* state, than at the *period* I *refer* to; for we have both the *envy* of the *other states* of *Greece*, and the *hostility* of the king of *Persia* to *fear*. Arguing. Apprehen.

When I consider these things, I am in doubt, whether I should conclude that you have *lost all care* for the public safety; or that you are *not indifferent*, but wholly *ignorant* of the present *dangerous* state of our affairs. May it not be said, that we have *lost* the cities of *Thrace*; that we have *squandered* above a *thousand talents* in military pay, by which we have gained *nothing*; that we have drawn upon ourselses the *suspicion* of the *other states* of *Greece*, and the *enmity* of the *barbarous king*; (1) and that we are necessitated to take the side of the *Thebans*, and have *lost* our own *natural allies*? And for these signal *advantages* we have twice appointed public *thanksgivings* to the *gods*; and shew, in our deliberations, the *tranquillity*, which could only be proper, if all were in *perfect safety*. Nor is it to be *wondered*, that we fall into *wrong measures*, and consequent *misfortunes*. Nothing is to be *expected* to go right in a state, unless its Blame. Contempt. Alarm. Blame. Arguing.

(1) Of Perfia.

governors know how, by *prudence* and *sagacity*, to *consult* the general *advantage*. *Fortune* may, *occasionally*, bring *partial* success and *temporary* prosperity, but upon this there can be no *depen-*
Blame. *dence*. When the command of all Greece fell into our hands, in consequence of the naval victory gained by Conon and Timotheus, we could not *keep* what we were in *actual possession* of. The very *constitution* of our commonwealth is gone *wrong*, and we have not the *least thought* of entering upon ways and means to set it *right*;
Inſtructing. whilst we all know that it is not the surrounding of a city with *high* and *strong walls*, nor assembling together a *multitude* of *people*, that makes a *great* and *flourishing state*, but *wholesome laws*, a *wise police*, and a *faithful administration*.
Deſiring. *How much*, therefore, is it to be *wished*, that the commonwealth could be brought *back* to the condition in which the *wise legislation* of *Solon placed it*, (than whom *no one* ever had the good of the *people* more at heart) and to which *Calisthenes restored* it, when enslaved by the thirty tyrants, whom he *expelled*; *re-establishing* the commonwealth in the hands of the *people*, according
Blame. to the *original constitution*. It is *notorious*, that in the *happier* times, when the republic was administered according to the *original constitution*, there was not, as since, a *nominal liberty*, with a *real tyranny*; but that the people were accustomed to *other principles*, than those, which *now* lead them to consider *democracy* as the same with *anarchy*, *liberty* with *licentiousness*; and that their *happiness* consists in the *unpunished viola-*
Commendation. *tion* of the *laws*. In *those times*, the *equal distribution* of *justice*, which prevailed, brought adequate *punishment* upon those who deserved it, and conferred the due *honours* upon such as had
Blame. *earned* them by their *virtue*. *Preferment*, to stations of *power* and *trust*, was not, in *those days*, open to *all promiscuously*. *They*, who appeared to

the public to have the *best claim* by *merit* and *character*, *obtained* them : For they *wisely* considered, that to promote to *high stations* men of superior *eminence* for *virtue*, was the likeliest means to excite a *general emulation* among persons of *all ranks*, even to the *lowest* ; as the people are constantly observed to *form* their *manners* upon the model of their *superiors*. Instead of the *public treasures plundered* to fill the coffers of *private* persons ; it was common to see *large sums* of *private* wealth *voluntarily contributed* for defraying the *public expense*. In *those times*, the *difficulty* was, to prevail with the persons *qualified* for filling important stations, to *assume* them : whereas in *our days*, *all*, are *aspiring* to *preferment*, *worthy* and *unworthy*, *qualified* and *unqualified*. In *those* times, they, who *refused*, were the most *solicited* to assume high stations ; as it was considered that *merit* is commonly *diffident* of *itself*. In *our* days, they, who *elbow others*, and *thrust themselves forward*, obtain the most *readily*, what they, by this *very conduct*, shew themselves the most *unworthy* of. Our *ancestors* did not look upon a place of authority as an *emolument* ; but as a *charge* ; the successor did not enquire what his predecessor had *gained*, while he held his employment ; but what he had left *undone*, that the *deficiency* might be *supplied*, as soon as possible. They held it proper, that the administration should be trusted to those, who had the *most* to *lose*, in case of a subversion of the state ; but so, that *no riches*, or *power*, should *screen* any person from an *enquiry* into his *conduct*, nor from *suffering adequate punishment*, in case of *delinquency*. The *rich* thought extreme *poverty* in the *lower people* a *reflection* upon *them*, as having *failed* in their *patronage* of them ; and the *poor*, far from *envying* the *wealth* of their *superiors*, *rejoiced* in it ; considering the *power* of the *rich* as *their protection*.

Commendation.
Instructing.
Blame.
Commendation.
Blame.
Commendation.
Blame.
Contempt.
Commendation.
Contempt.
Commendation.

Sensible of the supreme *importance* of right *education* toward the happiness of a state, they betowed the *strictest attention* upon forming the *manners* of the *youth* to *modesty*, *truth*, *valour*, and *love* of their *country*. Nor did they think it sufficient to lay a *foundation* of *good principles* in the minds of *young* people, and *leave* them, after they were *grown up*, to *act*, as they *pleased*; on the contrary, the manners of *adult persons* were more strictly inspected, than those of the *youth*; and the general *censorship* was vested in this very *court* of *Areopagus*, of which *none* could be *members*, but persons *eminent* for their *birth*, and their *virtues*; so that it is not be wondered, that *this court* bore, at *that time*, a *character superior* to that of all the *other councils* of *Greece*.

Contempt. It is from *ignorance* that *they* speak, who would persuade us, that there is *nothing more* necessary toward making a state great and happy, than a body of *good laws*. The laws, by which our commonwealth was governed in her *most* flourishing times, were *known* to *all* the *other states* of *Greece*, and they might *adopt* as *many* of them

Remonstr. as they *pleased*. But were *all* the *other states* of Greece—was *any* of them, upon as *advantageous*

Instruction. a *foot* as the *Athenian Republic*? What *chiefly* tends to the establishment of a state, is, a *police* found in habitual *modesty*, *temperance*, *integrity*, *valour*, and *patriotism*. The general *prevalence* of these dispositions in a people, is not brought about by *laws* or *sanctions*, but by *education*, *example*, and a judicious *exertion* of the *discretionary power*, which *is*, and ought to be, in the hands of *magistrates*, whereby they *discountenance* vice, without directly *punishing* it, and *draw* the subjects into that *voluntary rectitude* of behaviour,

Contempt. which *force* will *never produce*. *Laws* heaped upon *laws*, and *sanctions* added to *sanctions*, shew an *unruly* and *perverse* disposition in the people, who would not *otherwise* require such *various*

terrors to *restrain* them. The *sagacity* of *governors* appears in their shewing, that they have the address to plant their laws in the *hearts* of a *tractable* and *obedient* people. The most *tremendous sanctions* will be incurred by men of *ungovernable* dispositions; but those, whose *minds* have received from *education* and good *police*, a *proper bent*, will *behave well*, though *left* to *themselves*. The business, therefore, is not so much, to find ways of *punishing offenders*, as to *form* the *minds* of the *people*, so that they shall have no *disposition* to *offend*. Commendation. Instruction.

I hope no Athenian, who hears me this day, will shew such *malice*, as to accuse me of attempting to promote *innovations*. To advise, that we should *return* to the *institutions* of our *ancestors*, is, surely, a very *different* matter from proposing *innovations*. And to propose the *re-establishment* of those arts of government, which we *know* to have been *judicious*, from their producing the most *desirable effects*, is *far enough* from shewing a love of *novelty*. *Experience* may teach us, if we be *disposed* to *learn*, what we have to *expect*, if we *go on* in the track we are *now* in; and what the *consequences* will be, if we *restore* the commonwealth to the *condition* in which our *wise ancestors established* and *maintained* it. Let us attend to the *effects* which our conduct will have upon *those*, we are most *concerned* with, viz. The *other states* of *Greeee*, our *rivals*, and the *Persians* our *enemies*. The truth is too *notorious* to be *dissembled*; we have, by our *misconduct*, and *neglect* of the *public concerns*, brought matters to such a *pass*, that part of the rival states *despise*, and part *hate* us. And, as for the *Persian* monarch, we have *his sentiments* of us in his *letters*. Self-defence. Apology. Alarm. Encourage. Instruction. Reproof.

I have, in *perfect sincerity*, *declared* to you, Athenians, as far as *my judgment* reaches, the *precarious* state of the commonwealth at *present*; with its *causes* and *cure*. You will shew your Apology.

Advising. *wisdom* and your *patriotism*, by taking into your *serious consideration* these *important objects* ; and setting yourselves with *speed* and *diligence* to *find out*, and carry into execution, the most *proper* and *effectual* means of *redressing* those *evils*, which Alarm. *otherwise* will draw after them the most *ruinous consequences*.

LXXVIII.

BLUNT REPROOF. WARNING. OFFERING FRIENDSHIP.

The Speech of the Scythian ambassadors to ALEXANDER, *who was preparing war against them.* [Q. CURT. xii.]

Bold reproof. IF your *person* were as *gigantic* as your *desires*, the *world* would not *contain* you. Your *right* hand would touch the *east*, and your *left* the *west*, at the *same time*. You *grasp* at *more* than you are *equal* to. From *Europe* you *reach Asia*: from *Asia* you *lay hold* on *Europe*. And if you should conquer *all mankind*, you seem disposed to wage war with *woods* and *snows*, with *rivers* and wild *beasts*, and to attempt to *subdue nature*. Warning. But have you considered the usual *course* of *things*? Have you reflected, that *great trees* are many *years* a *growing* to their height, and are *cut down* Contempt. in an *hour*. It is foolish to think of the *fruit only*, without considering the *height* you have to Warning. *climb*, to come at it. Take *care* lest, while you *strive* to reach the *top*, you *fall* to the *ground* with the *branches* you have laid *hold* on. The *lion*, when *dead*, is *devoured* by *ravens*; and *rust consumes* the *hardness* of *iron*. There is nothing so *strong*, but it is in *danger* from what is *weak*. It will, therefore, be your *wisdom* to take care how you venture beyond your *reach*. Besides, Remonstr. what have *you* to do with the *Scythians*, or the

Scythians with *you? We* have never invaded *Macedon:* Why should *you* attack *Scythia?* We inhabit *vast desarts*, and *pathless woods*, where we do not want to hear of the *name* of *Alexander.* We are not disposed to *submit* to *slavery*, and we have no ambition to *tyrannise* over *any nation.* That you may understand the *genius* of the *Scythians*, we present you with a yoke of *oxen*, an *arrow*, and a *goblet.* We use these *respectively* in our commerce with *friends*, and with *foes.* We give to our *friends* the *corn*, which we raise by the labour of our *oxen.* With the *goblet* we join with them in pouring *drink-offerings* to the *gods*; and with *arrows* we attack our *enemies.* We have *conquered* those, who have attempted to *tyrannise* over us in our *own country*, and likewise the kings of the *Medes* and *Persians*, when they made *unjust war* upon us; and we have opened to ourselves a way into *Egypt.* You pretend to be the *punisher* of *robbers*; and are *yourself* the *general robber* of *mankind.* You have taken *Lydia:* you have seized *Syria:* you are master of *Persia:* you have subdued the *Bactrians:* and attacked *India. All this* will not *satisfy* you, unless you lay your *greedy* and *unsatiable hands* upon our *flocks* and our *herds.* How *imprudent* is your *conduct?* You *grasp* at *riches*, the possession of which only *increases* your *avarice.* You increase your *hunger* by what should produce *satiety*: so that the *more* you *have*, the *more* you *desire.* But have you *forgotten* how long the *conquest* of the *Bactrians detained* you? While you were *subduing them*, the *Sogdians revolted.* Your *victories* serve *no other* purpose, than to find you *employment* by producing *new wars.* For the *business* of every *conquest* is *two-fold*; to *win* and to *preserve.* And though you may be the *greatest* of *warriors*, you must *expect* that the nations you *conquer*, will endeavour to shake off the *yoke* as *fast* as *possible.* For *what people* chooses to be

Courage. Accusing. Remonstr. Instruction. Warning. Courage.

under *foreign dominion?* If you will cross the *Tanais*, you may *travel over Scythia*, and observe how *extensive* a *territory* we *inhabit*. But to *con-*
Warning. *quer* us is quite *another* business. Your army is *loaded* with the *cumbrous spoils* of many nations. You will find the *poverty* of the *Scythians*, at *one*
Threatning *time*, too *nimble* for your *pursuit*; and, *at another time*, when you think we are *fled far enough* from you, you will have us *surprise* you in your *camp*. For the Scythians *attack* with *no less vig-*
Remonstr. *our* than they *fly*. Why should we put you in mind of the *vastness* of the *country* you will have to *conquer?* The desarts of *Scythia* are *commonly talked* of in *Greece*; and all the *world* knows that our delight is to dwell at *large*, and not in *towns*
Advice. or *plantations*. It will therefore be your *wisdom* to *keep*, with strict *attention*, what you have
Warning. *gained*. *Catching* at *more*, you may *lose* what you *have*. We have a proverbial saying in *Scythia*, "That *fortune* has no *feet*; and is furnished only with *hands*, to *distribute* her *capricious favours*, and with *fins* to *elude* the *grasp* of
Reproof. those to whom she has been *bountiful*. You give
Contempt. yourself out to be a *god*, the son of *Jupiter Hammon*. It suits the character of a god to *bestow favours* on mortals, not to *deprive* them of what
Advice. they *have*. But, if you are *no god*, reflect on the
Reproof. *precarious condition* of *humanity*. You will *thus* shew *more wisdom* than by *dwelling* on those subjects which have *puffed up* your *pride*, and made
Remonstr. you *forget yourself*. You see how *little* you are likely to gain by attempting the *conquest* of *Scy-*
Offering friendship. *thia*. On the *other* hand, you may, if you please, have in us a *valuable alliance*. We *command*
Instructing. the *borders* of both *Europe* and *Asia*. There is *nothing* between us and *Bactria* but the river *Tanais*; and our territory extends to *Thrace*, which, as we have heard, *borders* on *Macedon*.
Offering. If you decline attacking us in a *hostile* manner, you may have our *friendship*. *Nations*, which

have never been at *war*, are on an *equal footing*, But it is in *vain* that *confidence* is reposed in a *conquered* people. There can be no *sincere friendship* between the *oppressors* and the *oppressed*. Even in *peace*, the *latter* think themselves *entitled* to the *rights* of *war* against the *former*. We will, if you think good, enter into a *treaty* with you, according to *our manner*, which is, not by *signing*, *sealing*, and taking the *gods* to *witness*, as is the *Grecian custom*; but by doing *actual services*. The *Scythians* are not used to *promise*, but to *perform* without *promising*. And they think an *appeal* to the *gods superfluous*: for that those who have *no regard* for the esteem of *men*, will not *hesitate* to *offend* the *gods* by *perjury*. You may therefore *consider* with *yourself*, whether you had *better* have a people of *such* a *character*, (and *so situated*, as to have it in their power either to *serve* you or, to *annoy* you, according as you *treat* them) for *allies*, or for *enemies*.

Warning.

Offering.

Bluntness.

Advice.

LXXIX.

OUTCRY. EXAMINATION. SELF DEFENCE. CHIDING. LAMENTATION. THREATENING. REFUSAL. RELUCTANT COMPLIANCE.

(See *Moliere's* L'AVARE.)

Scrapely. *THIEVES! Robbers! Thieves! Robbers! Thieves! Robbers! Traitors! Murderers! Justice! Help!* I am *robbed!* I am *ruined!* I am *dead!* I am *buried!* O my *money*, my *money!* My *guineas!* My *golden guineas!* My *thousand guineas!* My *precious treasure!* My *comfort!* My *support!* My *life!* My *all* is *gone*, *plundered*, *robbed*, *carried off*, *strong-box* and *all!* O that I had *never* been *born!* O

Outcry.

Lamentation.

Extravagant distress.

that the *earth* would *open*, and *swallow* me up *alive!* [Throws himself down on the floor. Lies some time, as stupified with the fall, then gathers himself up.] *Oh! oh! oh! Who* has done *this? Who* has *robbed* me? *Who* has *got* my *money?*

Outcry. *Where* is the *thief?* the *murderer*, the *traitor?* *Where* shall I go to *find* him? *Where* shall I *search? Where* shall I *not search?* Is he gone *this way?* [Running to the right.] Is he gone *that way?* [Running the contrary way.] Stop *thief*, stop *thief*, stop *thief!* Here is *nobody*. Are they *all* gone out of the *house?* They have *robbed* me, and are *all gone off*. My *son*, my *daughter*, my *servants* are *all concerned*; they have

Liftening. *conspired* together to *ruin* me.—*Heh!* [Listening] *What* do you *say?* Is he *caught, villain!*

Lamentation. [Catching himself.] I *have* you.—*Alas*, I have *caught myself*; I am going out of my *senses*; and that is not to be *wondered* at.—I will go to a

Distrefs. *magistrate*. I will have *every body examined*, that *ever* was in my *house*. I will have *half* the *town imprisoned, tried* and *hanged*; and if I cannot, with *all this*, recover my *money*, I will *hang myself*.

[*Returns with Justice Nosewell.*]

Affectation *of* wifdom. *Just. Nosewell.* Let me *alone*. I *know* what I have to *do*, I'll *warrant* you. This is not the *first* piece of roguery I have *found out*. If I had but a purse of *ten guineas* for every *fellow* I have been the *hanging* of, there are not *many* of his Majesty's *Justices* of the *peace*, would carry

Question. their heads *higher*. There were, you say, in your *strong-box?*—

Lamenta. *Scr.* A *thousand guineas well told.*

Wonder. *Nosew.* A *thousand guineas!* A *large sum!*

Weeping. *Scr.* A *thousand guineas of gold. Hoo! hoo! hoo!* [Weeps.]

Question. *Nosew.* Have you any *suspicion* of any *particular person?*

Lamentation. *Scr.* Yes, I suspect *every body*.

Nosew. Your best way, Sir, will be to keep very *quiet*, and not to *seem* to *suspect any one*, till you can *lay hold* of some *proof* or *presumption*, at least. Then you may proceed to the *rigour* of the *law*. [While they are talking without the door of Scrapely's house, James, the cook, comes out, and speaks with his face from them, leaving directions with the scullion boy.] Affectation *of* wisdom.

James. You understand me, Jack. I shall be *back presently*. *Kill* him *directly*. Put him in *boiling water*. *Scrape* him, and *hang* him *up*. Directing.

Scr. What, the *rogue* who has *robbed* me? *Do hang* him, *drown* him, *burn* him, *slay* him *alive*. Anger.

James. I mean a *pig*, Sir, that is come from Mr. *Rachum*, your honour's worship's *steward* in the *country*. Submission.

Scr. Pig, me no *pigs*, Sir. I have *other* things to think of than *pigs*.—You may be the *rogue* for what *I know of*. A *cook* may carry off a *strong-box* as soon as *another man*. *Examine* him, *pray*, good Mr. Justice Nosewell. Anger. Intreating.

Nosew. Don't *frighten* yourself, friend. I am not a *man* who loves to *blaze* things *abroad*. Affectation *of* wisdom.

James. Sir, you honour, I ask your honour's *pardon*; I am a little *hard* of *hearing*, your honour. Often *hot*, and often *cold*, your honour. Your honour's worship *sups* this evening with my master's honour's worship, I suppose, and your honour's worship would, mayhap, like to have a little *plate* of something *tossed up* to your honour's worship's *liking*, mayhap. If your honour's worship pleases to let me *know* what your honour's worship *fancies*, I will do my best to *please* your honour's worship. Flattery.

Nosew. No, no, my business with you is *quite another matter*. Friend, it will be your *wisdom* not to *conceal* any thing from your *master*. It will be the *better* for you. Affectation.

Flattery *James.* Sir, your honour, I *assure* your honour's worship, I will do my very *best* to *please* your honour's worship, upon my *honour.* If there be
Promising. a *better* way than another, I will *use* it, as far as I have *minterials* and *ingratitudes.* I wish my master's honour's worship would go to the expence of a few *morrels* and *truffles,* and a little
Flattery. *right* East-India *catchup. There's* your high *flavour,*
Accuſing. your honour. And our niggardly *steward, hang* him, downright *spoils* my master's honour's worship. I could engage to send up as *pretty* a little *collation,* as your honour's worship could
Accuſing. wish to *sit down* to, if that *narrow hearted soul, Rachum* our *steward,* did not *clip* my *wings* with the *scissors* of his *nigardliness.*

Scr. Hold your *tongue,* you scoundrel. We
Arguing. don't want to hear your *nonsense* about *eating.* Hold your *tongue,* and *answer* to the *questions,* which Justice Nosewell is going to put to you about the *money* I have *lost,* and which I suppose *you* have *taken.*

Surpriſe. *James. I* take your honour's worship's *money,* Sir! *Mercy defend me* from *thinking* of *such* a
Self defence *thing!* I did not so much as *know* that your honour's worship had *lost* any *money.*

Threatning *Scr. Yes,* you *rogue,* I have *lost money,* and I'll have *you* and *twenty others hang'd,* if I don't *recover* it.

Anxiety. *James. Mercy defend me* your honour! *Why* should your honour's worship suspect *me* of such
Self defence a thing? Did your honour's worship *ever know* me *rob* your honour's worship of a *farthing,* or a *farthing's worth?*

Affectation *of* wiſdom. *Nosew. Hold,* Mr. Scrapely. There is no need of *scolding.* My Clerk shall administer to him
Directing. the oath. *Here,* Mr. Longscroll, administer the *oath* to this man. Not the *common* oath. No body *minds* kissing the *book now-a-days.* Give him the *great* oath. [Clerk comes forward.]

Affectation. *Clerk.* Fall down on your *knees* before his
Authority. *worship,* and *say after* me. [James kneels before

the Justice, in great trepidation.] *May* the *devil.* Authority.

James. *May* the *devil.* Fear.

Clerk. The *great devil.* Authority.

James. The *gre—e—e—at devil.* Trembling.

Clerk. The *great devil* of *devils.* Authority.

James. The *gre—e—e—at devil* of *devils.* Terror.

Clerk. With his *great iron claws.* Authority.

James. With his *gre—e—e—at iron—Ah!* Fright. *Mercy defend me*, your noble honour's worship, Intreating. I am *frightened* out of my *wits!* I can't say any more of this *dreadful oath.* I expect the *devil* to *come up* through the *ground* before my very *nose* in a *minute.* I'll tell your honour's worship all the *whole truth* without the *oath*, if your honour's worship will but give me a little *time* to *fetch breath.*

Nosew. *Rise* then, James. Don't *frighten* Affectation yourself; but *frankly confess* the *foul fact* like *of* wisdom. an *honest christian.* [To Scrapely.] I *knew* he would not *trifle* with the *great* oath. We shall have a full *confession presently.*

James. Why then—why then—I confess the Self defence foul fact *frankly*, and like an *honest christian*, that I *do not know who* has taken my master's worship's money, *no more* than the child that was *unborn forty years ago*, as I am a *sinner* to be *saved* for *ever* and *ever*, and *amen.*

Nosew. *O that won't do*, James. You must Affectation *kneel down again*, and take all the *whole great* *of* wisdom. oath. And, if you won't give up the *truth*, my Threatning *clerk* shall write your *mittimus* to *prison*, James.

James. *O mercy defend me!* *O* your *noble hon-* Fright. *our's worship*, have *mercy* on a *poor harmless criminal*, that is as *innocent* of the *fact* he is Self defence *convicted* of, as your *honour's worship*, or your honour's *worship's clerk*, *there* where he *stands.* If I ever do *such* a *thing again*, your worship shall *hang* me *twenty times over.* For I am *sure*, I never *touched* my master's honour's

worship's *money*, nor any *man's money*, in all my *born days*, in an *unfair* or *unconscionable* way, saving your honour's worship's *presence*, and my master's honour's worship's *presence*, and———

[*Enter* SMOOTHLY, *leading in* MARIANA, *Scrapely's daughter.*]

Submiſſion. *Smoothly.* *Behold*, Sir, you *son* and *daughter*, present themselves to beg your *pardon*, *favour*, and *blessing*.

Anger. *Scr.* My *son* (if *you* be my *son*) and my *daughter* may *hang* themselves. That is *all* the *blessing* I have to *bestow* on *them*, or *myself*. *O*

Lamenta. my *dear strong-box! O* my *lost guineas! O*

Weeping. *poor ruined, beggared old man! Hoo! hoo! hoo!* —[Weeps.]

Submiſſion. *Smooth.* Sir, if you please to look upon our *union* with a *favourable eye*, *no uneasiness* about your *strong-box* need *trouble* your *repose*. It shall be *forth-coming immediately*.

Surpriſe *and* joy. *Scr.* *What* do you *say?* My *strong-box?* With *all* that was *in it?* The *thousand guineas?* The *whole thousand?* Shall it be *forth-coming?* If you make your *words good*, you shall *eat* my *daughter*, if you please, and my *son too*.

Self defence *James.* I *told* your honour's worship, I knew *nothing* of your honour's worship's *money*.

Eagerneſs. *Scr.* *Where* is my *precious*, *precious treas-*

Joy. *ure*, my *life*, my *joy*, my *all?*

Blame *with* ſubmiſſion. *Mariana.* Sir, your *unreasonable anxiety* about *money*, which appears on the *present*, as on many former *occasions*, in your *lamentations* about what, to a man of *your fortune*, are *trifles*, has been the cause of *constant anxiety* to *yourself*, and all

Apology. your *family*, and has *forced* me upon what I am

Gratitude. *ashamed* of. This *worthy gentleman* has long

Esteem. had a *regard* for me, *much* above my *deserving*. He has always *declared*, that he desired *no fortune*

Blame *with* ſubmiſſion. with me. Your *excessive penuries* denied me the *decencies* of *dress suitable* to your *daughter*. I

thought myself *entitled* to *some* part of what you can *very well spare*. I took the liberty of having your *strong-box seized*, that I might *have wherewith* to *furnish* myself suitably to the *daughter* of a man of *fortune*, and the *bride* of a man of *fortune*. His *generous heart* could not bear the *thought* of my *taking* any thing from you, which you did not *choose* to *give* me. He therefore *insists* upon my delivering you *up* the *strong-box*, if you *require* it. But I am in *hopes*, Sir, you will not only *grant* me the *trifling sum* contained in it, but allow me a *fortune suitable* to your *estate*, and to the *gentleman's*, who is so *kind* as to marry me *without* the *prospect* of *any*.

Apology. Esteem. Intreating.

Scr. *Where* must I *have* it; Can I *make* money? *Where* is my *strong-box?* If this gentleman has *married* you *without* a *fortune*, let him *keep* you *without* a *fortune*. *Where* is my *strong-box?* He cannot say, I ever *promised* him a *fortune* with you. *Where* is my *strong-box?*

Peevishness

[*Enter Mr.* SAGELY.]

Sagely. Mr. Scrapely, *this gentleman*, my nephew, has, in consequence of a *long* mutual *affection* between *him* and your *daughter*, *married* her *this day*. He has a *fortune* sufficient to *maintain* his *lady* and *family*, without *any addition* by *marriage*; and he *desires nothing* with your *daughter*. But, as it is *well known* you can *afford* to give her a *fortune*, I *insist* upon it, though *he* is *indifferent* about the *matter*, that you *sign* this *bond*, which is ready *filled up*, for *twenty thousand pounds*, which is much *less* than you *ought* to *give* with your *daughter* to *such* a *son-in-law*.

Demand.

Scr. Mr. *Sagely!* Are you out of your *wits?* *I twenty thousand pounds! Where* should I have the *tenth part* of *twenty thousand pounds?*

Affected surprise.

Sage. Harkye, Mr. Scrapely, [takes him aside] I *know enough* of your *tricks*, your *smuggling*, your *extortion*, and the like, (you *know* I

Threatning

know enough of them) to *hang* you. If, therefore, you don't *directly sign* this *bond*, I will go and lay the *informations* against you before the *proper persons*; so, that before you be a *day older*, you may *depend* on being *safe* in *custody*.

Vexation. *Scr.* [Aside.] O *devil on him.* He *has me.*

Fear. I feel the *noose* under my *left ear already.* [To him.] Why, Mr. *Sagely*, *twenty thousand pounds* is a *great sum. How* should *I* raise *twenty thousand pounds?* I believe I *might*, with the *help* of *some friends*, raise *two thousand*; but———

Threatning *Sage.* Will you *sign* and *seal directly?* or shall I go and *inform directly?* I ask you *only* this *once.* [Going.]

Fear. *Scr. Hold*; you are so *hasty.* Let me *see*

Madneſs. the *bond.* [Aside.] I wish I had you in a *pri-*

Vexation. *vate place*, and a *knife* at your *throat*; I'd soon *spoil* your *informing.* [To him.] I will *sign* and *seal.* But I *know* not where the *money* is to *come from.*

Complaint. *James. Now*, Sir, I hope you are *satisfied*, I am intirely *conscious* of meddling with your honour's worship's *money*; that I am a *conscionable* man, and not such a *rogue* as your honour's worship [makes a long pause] was pleased to *take* me for.

LXXX.

DISSUASION.

The wise advice of CHARIDEMUS, *an Athenian exile at the court of Darius, when he was asked his opinion of the event of the warlike preparations making by Darius against Alexander.* [Q. *Curt.* L. III.]

Apology. PERHAPS your majesty may not *bear* the *truth* from the mouth of a *Grecian* and an *exile*; and if I do not declare it *now*, I *never will*; perhaps I may never have another *opportu-*

nity. Your majesty's *numerous army*, drawn from *various nations*, and which *unpeopies* the *east*, may seem *formidable* to the *neighbouring countries*. The *gold*, the *purple*, and the *splendour* of *arms*, which *strike* the *eyes* of *beholders*, make a *shew* which *surpasses* the *imagination* of *all* who have not *seen* it. The *Macedonian army*, with which your majesty's forces are going to contend, is, on the contrary, *grim* and *horrid* of *aspect*, and clad in *iron*. The *irresistible phalanx*, is a body of men, who in the field of battle, *fear no onset*, being practised to *hold together*, *man* to *man*, *shield* to *shield*, and *spear* to *spear*; so that a *brazen wall* might as *soon* be *broke through*. In *advancing*, in *wheeling* to *right* or *left*, *attacking*, in *every* exercise of *arms*, they act as *one man*. They answer the *slightest sign* from the *commander*, as if *his soul* animated the *whole army*. Every soldier has a knowledge of *war* sufficient for a *general*. And *this discipline*, by which the Macedonian army is become so *formidable*, was *first established*, and has been *all along* kept *up*, by a fixed *contempt* of what your *majesty's troops* are so *vain*, I mean of *gold* and *silver*. The *bare earth* serves them for *beds*. Whatever will satisfy *nature*, is their *luxury*. Their *repose* is always *shorter* than the *night*. Your majesty may, therefore, *judge*, whether the *Thessalian*, *Acarnanian*, and *Ætolian cavalry*, and the *Macedonian Phalanx*—an army, that has, in spite of *all opposition*, *over-ran half* the *world*—are to be *repelled* by a *multitude* (however *numerous*) armed with *slings* and *stakes*, hardened at the *points* by *fire*. To be upon *equal terms* with *Alexander*, your majesty ought to have an *army* composed of the same sort of *troops*. And they are *no where* to be *had*, but in the *same countries*, which *produced* those *conquerors* of the *world*. It is therefore *my opinion*, that if your majesty were to ap-

Warning.
Contempt.
Alarm.
Commendation.
Contempt.
Commendation.
Contempt.
Advice.

ply the *gold* and *silver*, which now so *superfluously adorns* your *men*, to the purpose of *hiring* an *army* from *Greece*, to contend with *Greeks*, you might have *some chance* for *success*; *otherwise*
Alarm. I see *no reason* to *expect any thing else*, than that your army should be *defeated*, as *all* the *others have been*, who have *encountered* the *irresistible Macedonians*.

LXXXI.

A NEW-YEAR'S ODE.

Reflection. *ANOTHER YEAR* is *gone*—and yet frail man
Heeds not the *fleeting* moments as they pass,
But on *foul Dissipation's* luring scenes,
Bends his *whole soul*, nor turns a *thought* to *Heaven*.
Look on yon splendid *tomb*; *there*, deep in earth,
Pity. The young *LEANDER* lies! The bloom of *health*
Glow'd on his manly cheek—*Honour* to him
Bestow'd her *choicest* gifts—Illusive *Wealth*
Pour'd in his youthful lap her glittering store,
And smiling *Pleasure* strew'd his joyous paths
With fond variety, 'to lure the heart.
But what *avail'd* it *all?* The tyrant *Death*
Dread. Mark'd with *grim front* th' unwilling victim out.
Ah! what *avails* the *trembling tear*, that sparkles
In a fond *Sister's* eye? What the *loud cries*—
Distress. The *agony* that rends a *parent's* breast?
The *fell Destroyer* heeds not *human woe*;
Heeds not the *pangs* of *supplicating age*,
But strikes his *victim* with *unerring* aim—
Learns the proud *rich*, and lowly *poor* to die.
Solemn address. *Unthinking Man!* look on yon *heap* of *earth!*
'Twas *once* like *thee*, a *fair*, a *perfect form*.
Where is that *towering pride*—that *haughty air*—
That *aspect fierce*, that once commanded *awe?*
Where is that *lofty soul* that *scornful* smil'd
When *bending Misery* implor'd *in vain?*
Where is that *glittering show* of *former* pomp?

All, all, alas! have *fled*—and *that* remains, Concern.
The *empty shadow* of what *once* it was,
The *miserable wreck* of *former greatness!* Pity.
Perhaps, ere you declining *orb* shall roll
Once more his splendid and unvaried course
Through *boundless regions* of *eternal light*,
This, too, may be *thy doom. Frail mortal, pause!* Solemn address.
And with a *calm* and *moralising* mind,
Reflect on *past* events—ask *tell-tale Conscience*
If all be *right* within: Time *swiftly* flies:
Then *mark* the *present hour*, and with *thyself*
Hold sweet *communion*; see if there be *aught*
In the *past year* that hangs upon thy *soul*, Retrospection.
And brings upon thy *cheek* the ready *blush*.
Didst e'er profane the *vows* of *sacred friendship?*
Didst wring the *bitter tear* from *smiling innocence?*
Did humble *wretchedness* thy *bounty* ask
And *not* receive?—That *blush* bespeaks it true. Accusing.
Oh! turn thee *now*, and let the *present year*
Atone for *past* offence: Let *gentle Mercy* Persuading.
Extend her heavenly sway, and *ope* thy heart
To deeds *far nobler* than *prescriptive rules*
Of *Fashion's* silly votaries would teach thee. Contempt.
The wintry wind blows *cold*—the falling *snow*
Drives o'er the *barren* heath: See *yonder wretch*, Pity.
Trembling and *pale*, whose streaming *eye* bespeaks
Uncommon misery! * * * * * * * * * * * * Anguish.
Two weeping *babes* cling to her *shivering form*
While heedless of *herself* she twines her *garment* Affection.
In various *tatters* round their *little limbs*.
Ye *rich*, ye *proud*, ye *great*, ye *selfish* band,
Who spend the *passing hours* in *guilty joys*, Reproving.
Ye ne'er *experienc'd* the *extatic* bliss Delight.
That follows *virtuous deed*; ope your *full* hand! Persuading.
Let gentle *pity* claim her mild dominion,
Nor let the sorrowing *tear* of pining *poverty* Distress.
Flow on *unheeded*. Yon poor *fainting wretch* Compassion.
Liv'd once in *affluence*—once as *blest* as *thou* art—
Cheerful and gay:—How *dreadful* the *reverse!* Anguish.
Sometime, perhaps, the *same* may be *thy* lot; Reflection.

Perhaps *thy* breast with *anguish* too may *burn*.
Mournful reflection. In *one short moment* is unthinking mortal
Dash'd from the *summit* of all *earthly* joys,
Anguish. Down to the *lowest abyss* of *despair !*
Favor'd with *Plenty*, let thy hand extend
To soothe *stern Winter's* rage; and when *old age*
Shall plant his *standard* on thy reverend *temples*,
Pleasure. How *sweet* to thee will be the *retrospect !*—
How sweet, in thy *declining* day, to hear
Delight. The various *voice* of *Heaven-born* GRATITUDE
Ascending to the *radiant throne* of *Grace !*——
Tell me a *joy* more *exquisite* than *this*.

LXXXII.

A SERMON. (1)

Teaching. THE end of preaching is two fold: To *instruct* mankind in the several *truths* contained in *scripture*; and, To *persuade* them to *live* agreably to the *laws* of the *Christian* religion. It is, therefore, my present purpose, my brethren, to endeavour, with the Divine assistance, to promote your spiritual and temporal happiness, by desiring your attention to what shall be spoken to you from the following passage of the Epistle of the Apostle Paul to Titus, the second chapter, and eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth verses.

> "The *grace* of GOD, which bringeth *salvation*, hath *appeared* to *all men*, teaching us, that *denying ungodliness*, and *worldly lusts*, we should live *soberly*, *righteously* and *godly*, in this present world, *looking* for the *blessed hope*, and *glorious appearance* of the *great God*, and our *Saviour*, *Jesus Christ*."

We may represent to ourselves the great *Apostle* of the Gentiles, *speaking* as follows: for it is, I think, probable, he meant what follows:

(1) I did not know where to find a *single* Sermon containing a sufficient *variety* of *species* of matter, for *exercising*, generally, *the talents* of a *preacher*. The reader will perceive, that this discourse is composed with a direct view to *expression* or *delivery*. And who-

"The favour of God, to which we owe all that we enjoy, or hope for, particularly our *deliverance* from Heathen *ignorance* and *immorality*, and the prospect of *future rescue* from the *tyranny* of *Satan*, (1) and from *death*; (2) this *divine goodness* is, in the *Christian revelation*, gloriously *displayed* before *mankind*; the new religion being established upon the unquestionable evidence of *miracles*, *prediction*, and its own *internal character*, and that of its divine *Author*, and of its *propagators*, who are ready to lay down their *lives* in attestation of the truth of his *resurrection* from the *dead*; (3) of the *reality* of which they are *sure* beyond the *possibility* of *mistake*, and cannot be suspected of a design to *deceive others*, having *no worldly temptation* to *propagate*, but *much* to *conceal*, or *deny* the *fact*. Courage.

"And this heavenly religion giveth full *satisfaction* to the anxious and inquisitive mind, upon the most *interesting subjects*; where the *light* of *nature*, and the *sagacity* of *philosophers* had left men in *great uncertainty*; as, Wherein the *chief good* of man *consisteth*; *Who* is the *only* object of *worship*, and *how* he is to be *acceptably worshipped*; Of the *other orders* of beings, *inferior* to the one indivisible and unoriginated *Supreme*, but *superior* to *us*; and how *we* are *concerned* with them; How *evil*, and particularly *death*, came into *God's world*: Of the future *redress* of the *disorderly* state, in which this world is at *present*: The *will* of *God*, or *duty* of *man*, fixed by laws *authoritatively promulgated*:—What will be the *effect* of *repentance* and *reformation*: *How*, and *when* the *good*, and the *wicked* are to

ever has considered the strain of the popular addresses of the *Prophets* and *Apostles*, and of the *Fathers*, and best *French* preachers, (to say nothing of the *orations* of *Demosthenes*, *Cicero*, and the rest) will not, I hope, be offended at a *vivacity* of remonstrance, and description, unusual in our English sermons, which are, *otherwise*, the best.

(1) Acts xxvi. 18. (2) Heb. ii. 14, 15. (3) Acts i. 3.

receive their respective *retributions* of reward and punishment; The *possibility* of *rising* from the *dead demonstrated* by *actual resurrections*, especially that of *Christ himself:* That the *whole human species* is to be *raised* from the *dead*, in *bodies*, and that the belief of the *heathen nations* in *Elysian fields*, and of *Tartarus*, as well as of *transmigration* of some *souls* into *other bodies*, without end, and of the *re-union* of *others* to the *Deity*, are *fables* and *fictions*; and that all mankind are to be judged at *one time*, and that it is to be done by *Christ:* That the retribution for the *virtuous* is *glory*, *honour*, and *immortality*; and for the obdurately *wicked*, final *destruction* from the presence of God, and the glory of his power; *both* sentences *irreversible*.

"And the new religion inculcates, in the most powerful manner, the necessity of *forsaking* Aversion. the *impious superstitions*, and *vicious abominations*, *allowed*, or not *reformed*, by the *heathen religions*, as the *worship* of *deified* men, and of innumerable imaginary *gods* and *goddesses*, *celestial*, *terrestrial*, and *infernal*; with *rites*, *absurd*, *obscene* and *cruel*; the *promiscuous*, *excessive* and *unnatural* indulgence of *fleshly lust*; the arbitrary violation of the matrimonial union by causeless separation; the horrid practices of *exposing children:* of *self-murder*; or inflicting *arbitrary* Teaching. *revenge*, and the like. (1) And this blessed religion doth also prohibit, in general, the indulgence of *every wicked disposition* (for its authority reacheth to the *heart*) and *every wicked practice*; all *malice*, *hatred*, *envy*, *injustice*, *selfishness*, *pride*, *covetousness*, *intemperance*, *lasciviousness*, *anger*, *revenge*, *backbiting*, *lying*, *craft*, *uncharitable zeal*, *impiety*, *prophane swearing*, *blasphemy*, *obscenity*, *idleness*, *sedition*, *rebellion*, and *neglect* of public and private *religion*. The Christian law forbiddeth all *unwarrantable* pursuit of

(1) Rom. i.

the three great objects of the desires of wicked and wordly men, viz. *riches*, *power*, and *pleasure*; and it requireth the *faithful* and *unreserved* performance of our *whole threefold duty*.

"First, That which respecteth *ourselves*, the due *regulation* of every *passion*, *appetite*, and *inclination* of our nature; and a proper attention to, and careful *cultivation* of, all our *powers*, *bodily* and *mental*, so that the wise *ends* of the beneficent *Giver* of them, may *best* be *answered*, and the *least disappointed*; therefore no one can justly pretend to be a *sincere proselyte* to the new religion, who does not study to be *humble*, *meek*, *forgiving*, *pure* in *heart*, *sincere*, *diligent* in improving his *knowledge* and *virtue*, *courageous* in the *cause* of *truth*, *temperate*, *frugal*, *industrious*, *decent*, *cautious*, *fearful* of *offending*, *penitent* for his weaknesses, *heavenly-minded*, and *richly furnished* with *every grace* and *virtue*, *flourishing*, and *growing*, and *rising* to *higher* and *higher* degrees of *perfection* continually.

"The second head of duty, required by the new religion, is, That which respecteth our *fellow-creatures*, viz. The conscientious observance of *justice*, *negative* and *positive*, as to the interests of the *body*, the *soul*, the *reputation*, and the *worldly estate* of our neighbour; and over and above mere *justice*, a *generous* disposition to shew *kindness* on every proper occasion, and in every prudent manner, to *all* within our *reach*; and the discharge of every *relative* duty according to our respective situations of *governors*, *subjects*, *countrymen*, *parents*, *children*, *husbands*, *wives*, *masters*, *servants*, and the rest.

"The third head of duty, required by the new religion, is, That which respecteth our *Creator*, viz. *Thinking* and *speaking*, and *acting*, in the constant *fear*, and *sense* of the universal *presence* of *Almighty God*; with *love* and *gratitude* to him for all his *goodness* to us, especially for his *last* Veneration.

and *best gift*, the *Christian religion*; ***worshipping*** Him in *spirit* and *truth*, both *publickly* and *privately*; *obedience* to *all* his *laws*; *acceptance*, upon due *examination*, of the *blessed religion* of his *Son*, and *adherance* to it in spite of the *terrors* of *persecution*, with an *unreserved submission* to its heavenly *precepts*, (1) sincerely *repenting* of, and thoroughly *reforming* all our faults; with *gratitude* to our illustrious *Deliverer* from *Satan*, *sin*, and *death*, and *observance* of his *institution* for commemorating his sufferings and *death*.

"And this heavenly religion teacheth us to *expect* the future glorious *appearance* of its divine Author, to *restore* this ruined world, to put an end to the *tyranny* of *Satan*, (2) to abolish death, and to *judge* the *whole human race*, both those who shall then be alive, and also all who have lived in all parts of the earth, from the creation of man, who shall universally be *restored* to *life*, by the same power which first gave them life; and to *reward* them according to their *respective characters*, to *fix* the *penitent* and *virtuous*, in a
Joy. *state* of *safety* and *everlasting happiness*, and *con-*
Horror. *demn* the *obdurate* to utter *destruction*."

Alarm. This is, in part, the *vast* and *weighty sense* of the passage of scripture, from which I have chosen to speak to you at this time. And *what* is there, my Christian brethren, of *consequence* to us, with regard either to our *peace* of mind *here*, or our *happiness hereafter*, that is not virtually comprehended in this *short passage* of three *verses*? What *various matter* for *consideration* is
Fear. here *suggested*? To *think* of the *state* we are at *present* in, and of the *task* prescribed us, of which you have heard only the principal *heads*, which task if we do not *labour* to perform, with the *fidelity* which becomes those, who know that the

(1) The gospels, and particularly that by St. Matthew, in the 5th, 6th, and 7th chapters of which, we have the peculiar laws of christianity summed up, probably were not at this time written.

(2) Revelations xxi.

all-piercing eye is upon them, it were better we had *never* been *born*—to think of this, is it not enough to make us *tremble* at ourselves?——To consider the *prospect* we have, and the *hope* set before us, if we endeavour, with *sincere* diligence, to act worthily our part—is it not enough to *overwhelm* us with *rapture*? If we are not *stocks* and *stones*, if we have in us either *hope* or *fear*, *desire* of our own *happiness*, or *horror* at the thought of *misery* and *ruin*; here is what ought to *alarm* us to the *highest pitch*. There is not *one* here present, whose condition may not hereafter be *blissful* or *calamitous*, beyond *imagination*. And *which* of the two it *shall be*, depends upon every *individual himself*. Then surely no man, who *thinks* for a *moment*, can imagine, that the period of our present existence, however *transient*, is to be *trifled* with. No one, who has ever heard of a future *appearance* of a general *Judge*, as in the text, can think it a matter of *indifference* what *life* he *leads*. *Hear* the *voice* of inspiration on this important point: "Be not *deceived*; *God* is not to be *mocked*. Whatsoever a man *soweth*, that he shall also *reap*. (1) God shall render to every man according to his *works*: to them, who by patient *continuance* in *well-doing*, seek for *glory*, *honour*, *immortality*, and *everlasting life*: but to them who are *contentious*, and obey not the *truth*, but obey *unrighteousness*,—*indignation* and *wrath*, *tribulation* and *anguish*, upon every *soul* that worketh *wickedness*, of the *Jew first*, and *also* of the *Gentile*; for there is no *respect* of persons with *God*." (2) What can be more *awful* than this *warning*! It is not for *vain parade*, like the triumphant *entry* of a *conqueror*, that the son of man is to come with the sound of the *trumpet*, attended with *hosts* of *angels*, and *armed* in *flaming fire*. *Every one* of us is *interested* in the *solemn business* of that *dreadful day*. It is, therefore, my

Joy.

Exciting.

Alarm.

(1) Gal. vi. 7. (2) Rom. ii. 6.

Protestation Christian brethren, in the *sincerity* of my *heart*, and the *agony* of my *soul*, (1) that I stand forth
Alarm. to *warn* you, in the name of the *great* and *terrible One*, who sitteth upon the *throne* of *heaven*, whose *creatures* we are, and to whom we must *answer*, and to declare to you without *flattery*, without *reserve*, that there is *no safety*, *no chance of escape* for you, but by a *constant* and *faithful* attention to the performance of *every one* of the *duties* I have mentioned to you, and a *fixed aversion* against *every one* of the *vices* I have pointed out, and all others. You have the *word* of *God* for it: and *his word shall stand*; he *will* do *all* his *pleasure*; (2) and the *Judge* of the *earth* will do what
Remonstr. is *right*. (3) Would you have the preacher say *smooth* things? Would you have him *betray* the *truth* of *God*? Shall he, like a faithless *hireling*, (4) *leave* his *flock unwarned*, a *prey* to the *Enemy* of *mankind*? Would you have him *heap* on his own *soul*, the *damnation* of a whole *peo-*
Protestation *ple*? (5) *No*, not for the *riches* on this wide *world*. By the help of God, I *will* be *faithful* to
Warning. my *trust*. I *will* set before you *life* and *death*, the *blessing* and the *curse*. (6) It *shall appear*, in *that day*, when you and I shall stand before the general Judgment-seat, that I have *done* the *duty* of my *office*; and, if you *listen not*, those *above*, who *now look on*, though to us invisible, shall *witness against* you, that you have *murdered* your own *souls*.

Alarm. I would not have you imagine, that it is so *easy* a matter to *secure* your own *salvation*, as to render *care* on *your* part, and *apprehension* on *mine*, *unnecessary*. He, who *best knew*, has declared, that the way to *happiness* is *strait*, and the gate *narrow*; that the way to *destruction* is *broad* and the gate *wide*; and that the *number* of those who shall reach *happiness*, will be *small*,

(1) Rom. ix. 1, 2, 3. (2) Isaiah xlvi. 10. (3) Gen. xviii. 25. (4) John x. 13. (5) Ezek. iii. 18, 19. (6) Deut. xi. 26.

compared with that of those, who shall go to *destruction*. (1) Can I then address you with *indifferenee*, when I know that you are in *danger ?*—But why should I say *you ?*—I am *myself* in danger. *Every individual*, who shall come to salvation, will be one *esoaped* from extensive *ruin* and *wreck*. Fear.

Yet I would not have you think, my Christian brethren, that the charge of your souls is a *burden* too *grievous* to be *borne* ; or your duty, a task *impossible* to be performed. Though it is true, that the *reward* offered, and the *punishment* threatened, by the Christian religion, are *motives sufficient*, if we think aright, to excite in us *desires* and *fears* to carry us through any *abstinence* from pleasure, or any *suffering* of punishment ; though this is true, yet so *little* does our *kind* and *merciful Lord* deserve the character of a *hard task-master*, that all he requires of us—of us, who enjoy these *happy* times, untroubled with the terrors of *persecution*—all he requires of us, is—To be *happy here*, and *hereafter*. Even in the life that *now is*. (2) I appeal to the *feelings* of every man of common decency in this assembly, (for I hold not the abandoned *profligate* a *judge* of what *virtue* is, or what its *effect*,) I appeal to every *heart* that is not *hardened* beyond feeling, whether *virtue* is not, even in this *world* its *own reward ?* And I ask thy *conscience*, O sinner, whether *vice* be not its own *tormentor ?* Canst thou say, the imaginary *pleasure*, the *profit* and the *honour*, which vice bestows, are sufficient to *arm* thee against the *pang* of *guilt ?* Does not its envenomed *sting* often *pierce* thee through that *weak*, though *three-fold armour* of *defence*, to the very *soul ?* What, then, dost thou *gain* by thy fatal attachment, if thou art not by it secured from *suffering ?* Thou hast but *one objection*, and that, God knows, a *wretched* Comfort. Anguish. Remonstr

(1) Matth. vii. 13. (2) 1 Tim. vi. 6.

one, against a life of strict *virtue*; that it may chance to *deprive* thee of some fancied *pleasures*, and subject thee to certain imaginary *austerities*. Now, if thy favourite *vices* were capable of affording thee, at *present*, a *pleasure untainted*, *unpoisoned*, and of *securing* thee against all *pain*; and thou knewest, that *virtue* is, in the present state, pure *misery*, thou mightest pretend thy *scheme* of *life* had the whole *advantage* against a course of *virtue*, as far as *this world* goes; and for the *next*, thou mightest, if thou wert *desperate* enough, set it at *defiance*. But thou *darest* not pretend, that *vice* will yield thee, even in *this* life, the copious harvest of substantial *happiness* which *virtue* gives. Which of thy *lawless pleasures*, affords on reflection, an untroubled *enjoyment*? Does the *smile* of the *great*, bought with *perjury*, light up in thy soul the sun-shine of *undisturbed tranquillity*? Does the *glittering trash*, by unjust means *wrested* from the *reluctant* hand of *industry*, satisfy the ever-craving *thirst* of *gold*? Does lawless *lust indulged*, does *virgin innocence betrayed*, do *broken marriage-vows*, yield, on reflection, a continual *feast* to thy *mind*? In *what condition* is thy *breast* from the moment of *conceiving* wickedness, to that of its *execution*? Does the *dark conspirator enjoy* himself in *quiet*? Can *happiness* dwell with *anxiety*, *tumult*, and *horror*? Will sweet *peace* take up her habitation with discordant *desires*, with *warring passions*, with *fear* of *discovery*, with apprehension of public *shame*, and exemplary *punishment*? Is the reflection on *revenge*, gratified by the shedding of *blood*, a subject of *calm enjoyment*? Why then, is the *murderer afraid* to be *alone*? What is it that *breaks* his *slumbers*, whilst all *nature* is at *rest*? Why does he *start* at every *noise*? What does he *see*? With what does his scared *imagination* fill the *void*? Does not the horror of his *conscience* even raise the murdered out of the *earth* again? Whence came

Challenging

Horror.

Trepidation

the frightful imaginations of *charnel houses opening*, and *graves* casting forth their *dead?* What is it, but *guilt*, that presents the bloody *apparition* of the mangled innocent, dumb and ghastly before the eyes of the assassin? We know, that the *dead*, (excepting a few raised by miracle) are to *sleep* till the *resurrection*. Yet the murderer does not find himself *safe*, even when the hapless victim of his cruelty is *dust*. The pang of remorse proves so *intolerable*, that a *violent death* is *relief*. He flies from his internal *tormentor* to the *more friendly halter* or *dagger*. To *deliver* himself from his present ceaseless *gnawings*, he is content to *lose* this blessed *light*: he throws himself headlong into *eternity*; and, committing the crime, which *cuts itself off* from *repentance*, *seals* his own *damnation!* Such are the *fruits* of atrocious *wickedness*. Do not, therefore, O presumptuous sinner! I *charge* thee on thy *soul*, do not pretend, that the ways of *vice* are ways of *pleasantness*, or that her *paths* are *peace*. (1) The *history* of *mankind*—thy own *feelings*—will give thee the *lye*.

Horror. Despair. Charging.

Didst thou but consider, what *figure* thou makest in the eye of the *discerning* among thy *own species*, thou wouldst think of *altering* thy *conduct*. Thy *wisdom* is easily understood to be at best but *low cunning*. Thy *honours* are but the applause of *fools*, *dazzled* by thy *riches*; or of *knaves*, who *flatter* thee for what they hope to *gull* thee of. Thy *arts* over-reach only the *weak*, or the *unguarded*. The eye of *experience* pierces the *cob-web veil* of *hypocrisy*; not to mention a more *penetrating eye*, which thou art sure thou *canst* not *deceive*. But *go on*, if thou *wilt*. Take the advantage, while thou canst, of thy *honest* neighbour, who *suspects* not thy *worthlessness*. It will not be *long* that thou wilt have it in thy *power* to *over-reach any one*. *Craft* is

Contempt. Sarcasm. Awe. Sarcasm.

(1) Prov. iii. 17.

but for a *day*. *O fool!* whom art thou *deceiving?* Even thy *wretched self*. And of what art thou *cheating thyself?* Of thy *reputation*, thy *prosperity*, and thy *peace*; to say nothing of thy miserable *soul*, which thou art *consigning* to the *enemy* of *man*, for what thou hadst *better* a thousand times be without, if the *future* consequences were *nothing*. Remember I have told thee, what thou acquirest by *lawless means*, whether thou hast been used to dignify it by the name of *profit*, *pleasure*, or *honour*; and the wickedness thou drinkest in with *greediness*, will either *poison* thy *life*, or else must be *disgorged*, with the horrible pangs of *remorse*. Where then will be thy *gains?*

Teaching. I say, therefore, were there *no state* ordained for us *beyond* the *present*, the *wisdom* of a *man* would direct his choice to virtue. To be conscious of that cloudless *serenity* within, which proceeds from *passions subdued* under the superior authority of *reason*; to feast upon that *uninterrupted*

Joy. *joy*, which this vain *world* can neither *give*, nor *take away*; to *bless*, and be *blessed*; to *love*, and be *loved*; to be *eyes* to the *blind*, and *feet* to the *lame*; (1) to be a *guardian angel* to his fellow-creatures; to serve *Him*, whose service is the *glory* of those who sit *enthroned* in *heaven*; (2) to have neither *thought*, nor *wish*, which would not do him *honour*, if published before the *universe*; what sense of *dignity*, what *self-enjoyment* must not this *consciousness yield?* I tell thee, thoughtless *libertine!* there is more *joy*, in *repenting* of, and *flying* from *vice*, nay, in *suffering* for *virtue*, than ever thou wilt taste in the *cloying draught* of swinish *impurity*, (3) What, then, must be the *undisturbed fruition* of that which makes the *happiness* of every *superior* nature?

Alarm. But *this life* is *not all*. There *is*—there *is* full

Reverence. *surely*, *another* state abiding us. The *soul* of man *feels* itself formed for something *greater*,

(1) Job xxix. 15. (2) Rev. iv. (3) 2 Pet. ii. 22.

than all that is here *below*; and it cannot think what is *noblest* in its nature to be given in *vain*. The power of *lifting* its thought to its *Creator*; the unconquerable *dread* of an *account* hereafter to be *given*; the *thirst* for *immortality* (to say nothing of that *surest proof* given by the Messenger of Heaven, who *shewed* us, in *himself*, *man* actually *raised* from the *grave* to *immortality*) (1) all these *confirm* that there is a *life* to *come*. And *if there is—what is* thy *prospect*, O *remorseless obdurate?*

The *present state* would *teach* thee, if thou *wouldst* be *taught*, what will be *prevalent* in the *future*. The world is *now* under the moral goverment of the *One Supreme*. The *life* to *come* will be under the *same* direction. The *present* state of things, for the most part, brings on *vice* the present *punishments* of *fear*, *remorse*, with worldly *shame*, and often bitter *poverty*, and *death*, from a *constitution shattered* by *vice*, or from the iron hand of *justice*. The *natural* course of *this world*, *rewards* the *virtuous* with *peace* of mind, with *approbation* from every *worthy character*, and generally, with *length* of *days*, *prosperity*, and *affluence*. (2) What does this *conclude?* Is it not from hence evident, that when the *temporary irregularity* of the present state which hinders *equal* retribution from being *universal*, when the *influence* of the *Enemy* (3) is at an end, under which this world *now groans*, (4) and, when at the appointed time, *order* shall spring out of *confusion*; then, what now appears in *part*, will prevail *universally*; then *virtue* will rise *superior*; and *evil* be, for ever, *sunk* to its *proper place*.

Remonstr.

Teaching.

Apprehe

Joy.

Arguing.

To a *generous* mind there is little need of *terror*. Such are better won to *goodness* by the view of its *own* apparent *excellence*, which wants

Rousing shame.

(1) 1 Cor. xv. 20. (2) Prov. iii. 16. (3) Matth. xiii. 39. (4) Rom. viii 20—24.

Grief. Rowing shame.

only to be *held forth* to be *perceived*; is no sooner *perceived*, than *admired*. But, alas, I sadly fear the *generous-minded* are but *few*. For, if otherwise, how could the number of the *wicked* be what *it is*. Every *hardened sinner*, is one *lost* to all that is truly *great* or *worthy* in the rational nature. And are there *any* in this assembly, is there *one*, fallen to so *low* an ebb of *sentiment*, so *stupified* beyond all *feeling*, as to go on to offend, without *remorse*, against the goodness of his *heavenly Father*? Think, wretched mortal, that thou art *insulting* the very *power* which *supports* thee in thy *insolence* against *itself*. The gentle *mercy* of the Almighty, like the fructifying moisture of the Spring, *droppeth* on thee from on high; and, instead of producing the fruit of *repentance* in thee, is, by thy *impiety*, dashed back in the *face* of *Heaven*. What could thy *best friend* on earth, what could pitying *angels*, what could the *Author* of all *good*, *do for thee* that has *not been done*? Thy Creator hath given thee *reason* to *distinguish* between *good* and *evil*; to know what is thy *life*, and what will seal thy *ruin*. He hath placed *conscienee* in thy breast, to *warn* thee in the moment of thy *guilt*. He hath sent down to thee, Him, whom he held *dearest* in all heaven, to give thee yet *ampler instruction* in the way to bliss. And the *Son* condescended to come with the same *willingness* as the *Father* sent him, though with the certain knowledge, that, like a *patriot*, rising in defence of his *country*, his coming must *cost* him his *life*. The *richest blood*, that *ever flowed*, has been shed for *thy* worthlessness, and for such as thou art. *Shame* and *torture* have been despised for the sake of bringing *thee* to good. And wilt thou grudge to *forego* a little sordid pleasure, to shew thyself *grateful* for all this *goodness*? Go with me then, to *Golgotha*, and *insult* thy *suffering Saviour* in his agonies. Behold there a *sight*,

Softness. Rage. Remonstr. Moving pity. Reproach. Pity. Persuasion. Animated reproach.

which the *sun* would not *look* upon. (1) View with dry eyes, what made *angels weep*. *Harden* thy heart at an object, which *rent* the *rocks*, (2) and brought the *dead* out of their graves. (3) His *arms* stretched on the *cursed* (4) tree, invite thee to *bliss*. Though now *feeble* and *languid*, they will quickly *raise* a world from the grave, and lay the *angel* of *death* full *low*. I am not describing a *fancied scene*. The *witnesses* of the *death* and *resurrection* of Jesus have *sealed* the truth of what they *saw*, with their *blood*. But canst thou find a *heart* to *crucify* him *afresh*, (5) by *persisting* in the *crimes*, which brought on him this cruel *death*? If thou hast been so wicked, *bethink* thee of thy *obstinacy*. If thou dost, even *now*, *repent*, he has *prayed* for thee, "*Father*, *forgive* them; for they *know not* what they do." (6) Behold how deadly *pale* his sacred *countenance*! Cruel are the *agonies* which rend his tender frame. His *strength fails*; his *heart breaks*; the strong *pangs* of *death* are on him. Now he utters his *last solemn words*—"It is *finished*." (7) *What* is *finished*? The *suffering* part, to which his dear love for mankind, exposed him. The *rest* is *victory* and *triumph*; and the *salvation* of a *world* will reward his glorious *toil*. But what *salvation*? Not of the *obdurate*, with all their vices about them; but of the heart-bleeding *penitent*, whose streaming sorrows have *washed* away his *impurity*, and who has bid a last *farewell* to *vice*, and to every temptation, which *leads* to it. To such the blessed *gospel* which I preach, speaks nothing but *peace*. For *them* it has *no terrors*. Be of good *cheer*, then, my *disconsolate*, *broken-hearted mourner*. Though thy *sins* have been as *scarlet*, they shall be *white* as the *wool*, which never received the *tincture*. (8)

Awe.
Affirming.
Remonstr.
Warning.
Encouragement.
Pity.
Distress.
Pathetic.
Question.
Pity.
Joy.
Question.
Informing.
Pathetic.
Aversion.
Comfort.

(1) Matth. xxvii. 45. (2) Matth. xxvii. 51. (3) Matth. xxvii. 53. (4) Gall. iii. 13. (5) Heb. vi. 6. (6) Luke xxiii. 34. (7) John xix. 30. (8) Isaiah i. 18.

They shall be *blotted out*, as if they were covered with a *cloud*. (1) They shall no more come into *remembrance*. (2) For our *God* is *long suffering*, and of *great mercy*, and will *abundantly pardon*. (3)

Beseeching. O *suffer* then, my *unthinking fellow-creatures*, *suffer* the word of *exhortation*. (4) Every *encouragement*, every *invitation*, is on the side of *virtue*. It has the promises of *this life*, and of that which is *to come*. (5) Let me beseech you by the *superior love* of your *Maker*; by the streaming *blood* of the *Saviour*, and by the *worth* of your *immortal souls*; to *cast off* your ruinous *vices*, and to *return* to *Him*, who is *ready* to *receive* the *returning sinner*, and never *casts* him out, who *comes* to Him. (6) *Listen!* Oh *listen* to him, who speaketh from heaven.

Awe. It is not the *voice* of an *enemy*. It is your *heavenly Father*, who *calls* you. Behold! the very *Majesty* of the *universe bends* forward from his *throne* to *invite* you. He *veils* uncreated *brightness* to *allure* you to *return* to your *own happiness*. He proclaims himself the "Lord *merciful* and *gracious*, *long-suffering*, and *abundant* in *goodness*." (7) He condescends to *assure* you with an *oath*, that he has *no pleasure* in the *death*

Beseeching. of him that *dies*. (8) He *encourages*, he *threatens*, he *promises*, he *remonstrates*, he *laments*, he *woos* his wretched creatures, as if his *own* unchanging *happiness* depended on *theirs*. He leaves the door of *mercy* open; he gives them *space* to *repent*, he does not take them by *sur-*

Pity. *prise*. *Return*—O yet *return* to the Father of spirits, my poor *deluded* wanderers! *Whom* have ye *forsaken*? *What* have you been in pursuit of? *Whose conduct* have you put yourselves under? You have forsaken the *fountain* of your *happiness*. You have pursued your own *ruin*.

(1) Isaiah xliv. 22. (2) Isaiah lxv. 17. (3) Isaiah lv. 7. (4) Heb. xiii. 22. (5) 1 Timothy iv. 8. (6) John vi. 37. (7) Exod. xxxiv. 6. (8) Ezek. xxxiii. 11.

You have given yourselves up to the guidance of the *enemy* of *souls*. But it is not, even *now*, too late to *retrieve all*; all may *yet* be well, if you will yet be *wise*. Encouragement.

Can you *shut* your *ears*, and *steel* your *hearts* against all that is *tender*? Are you *determined* on your own *ruin*? Must I then *lose* my *crown* of *rejoicing*? (1) Must I be deprived of the *joy* of our mutual endless *congratulations*, for our *escape from* the hideous *wreck* of *souls*? Must I reap *no fruit* of my *labour* of *love*? (2) Shall the blessed message (3) from heaven prove your *death*, which was intended to be your *life*? (4) If you will not listen to the *still small voice*, (5) which now speaks to you from the *mercy-seat*, the time will quickly come, when your ears, if they were of *rock*, will be pierced by the *thunder* of that *voice* which will terrify this great world from the *throne* of *Judgment*. *Think*, O hardened offender, think, the time will *quickly* come, when as *sure* as thou now hearest this awful *warning*, thou *shalt hear*—(it would be thy wisdom to think thou *now hearest*)—the sound of that *trumpet*, (6) which will startle the *silent dust*, and *break* the *slumbers*, which were *begun* before the general *flood*. Think, that thou *beholdest* the whole *species* around thee, *covering* the face of the *earth* beyond the *reach* of *sight*. (7) Think of *universal trepidation* and *amazement*, (8)—to which, all the *routed armies*, the *cities sacked*, the *fleets dashed* in *pieces*, the *countries whelmed* by *inundation*, and the *nations swallowed* by *earthquakes*, which make the terrors of *history*, are but the *diversions* of a *stage-play*. Behold the *heavens* involved in *flame*; the brightness of the Grief. Complaint. Alarm. Terror.

(1) 1 Theff. ii. 19. (2) 1 Theff. i. 3.
(3) The literal fignification of the Greek word ευαγγελιον which our Engliſh word Goſpel (i. e. Good book) expreſſes but weakly.
(4) 2 Cor. ii. 16. (5) 1 Kings xix. 12. (6) 1 Cor. xv. 52.
(7) Rev. xx. 12. (8) Rev. vi. 14, 15, 16.

sun extinguished by the superior lustre of the *throne*; and the heavens and the earth ready to fly away from the terrible face of *Him* who sitteth upon it. (1) Imagine *thyself* called *forth*; thy *life* and *character displayed* before *men and angels*. Thy
Guilt. *conscience awakened*, (2) and all thy *offences* full in the eye of thy *remembrance*. What will then be thy *defence*, when thy various uncancelled *guilt* is *charged* upon thy *soul*? No frivolous *shuffle* will *blind* the avenging *Judge*. The very
Alarm. *counsel*, *now rejected* by thee against thyself, (3) if thou hadst never had another invitation to repentance, will *condemn* thee; the very *warning* given thee *this day* will be thy *undoing*.

Horror. To attempt a *description* of the *terrors* hidden under those dreadful words, "Depart from me ye *cursed!* into everlasting *fire*, prepared for the *Devil* and his *angels*;" (4) to reach as it were, over the *brink* of the bottomless *pit*, to look down where ten thousand *volcanoes* are *roaring*, and millions of miserable *beings tossed* aloft in the fiery *whirlwind* of the *eruption*; what *employment* would this be for *human imagination!* But what *human imagination* can conceive how *fearful* a thing it is to fall into the *hands* of the
Fear *with* wonder. *living God*? (5) When we see a raging *hurricane tear* up the rooted *oaks*, and *shake* the ancient *hills* on which they grow; when we hear of the mountainous *ocean dashing* with ease, the strong-jointed *ships* in *pieces*, *overflowing* a continent, and *sweeping* whole *towns* before it; when we see the black *thunder-cloud* pour down its *cataract* of *fire*; whose *burst shivers* the massy *tower* or solid *rock*; or, when we read of the *subterraneous explosions heaving* up the *ground*, *shattering kingdoms*, and *swallowing nations alive* to one *destruction*; do not such scenes exhibit to us a tremendous view of *power*? And *whose power*

(1) Rev. xx. 11. (2) Rev. xx. 12. (3) Luke vii. 30.
(4) Matth. xxv. 41. (5) Heb. x. 31.

is it that works these terrifying effects? The *laws* of *nature* are the *living energy* of the *Lord* of *nature*. And what art *thou*, wretched *worm* of *earth*, to *resist* such *power*? But what we see at *present*, is but *part* of his *ways*. (1) What the *direct exertions* of *omnipotence* against his hardened *enemies* will produce; what the *condition* of *those* will be, who stand in the full *aim* of its *fury*—Where is the *imagination* to be found *equal* to the *conception*, or *tongue* to the *description* of such *terrors*? Yet this may be the *situation* of some, *now known* to *us*.—O *frightful thought*! O *horrible image*! *Forbid it*, O *Father of mercy*! If it be *possible*, let no *creature* of *thine* ever be the object of that *wrath*, against which the strength of thy whole *creation* united, would stand but as the *moth* against the *thunder-bolt*! Alas, it is not the *appointment* of *Him*, who would have *all saved*, that brings *destruction* on any one. On the contrary, it is his very *grace* that brings *salvation*. (2) *He* has *no pleasure* in the *death* of him who *will die*. It is the *rebellion* of the *enemy*, and the unconquerable *obduracy* of those who *take part* with him, that hath given a *being* to the everlasting *fire*, which otherwise had *never* had been *kindled*. (3)

Remonstr. Fear. Apprehen. Horror. Earnest deprecation. Grief.

But let us *withdraw* our *imagination* from this *scene*, whose *horror overcomes humanity*. Let us *turn* our *view* to *joys*, of which the *supreme joy* is, That *every one* of *us*, if our *own* egregious *fault* and *folly hinder not*, may be *partaker* of them. *Every one* of *us may*, if he *will*, gain his *portion* in *that state*, which the *word* of *truth* holds forth to the present weakness of human understanding, under all the emblems of *magnificence* and *delight*. To *walk* in *white robes*; (4) to *eat* of the *fruit* of the *tree* of *life* (5) to *sit* on *thrones*; (6)

Relief. Joy. Delight.

(1) Job xxvi. 14. (2) Titus ii. 11. the text. (3) Matth. xxv. 41. (4) Rev. iii. 4. vi. 11. vii. 9, 13, 14. (5) Rev. ii. 7. xxii. 2, 14. (6) Rev. iii. 21.

and to wear *crowns*; (1) to be *cloathed* with the *glory* of the *firmament* of heaven, and of the *stars*; (2) what do these images present to our understandings, but the promised *favour* of the *One Supreme*; the *approbation* of the general *Judge*; the total *purification* of our *nature*; and an assured establishment in immortal *honour* and
Rapture. *felicity? This*, and much *more* than *eye* hath *seen*, or *ear heard*, or *heart conceived*, (3) is laid up for those who properly *receive* that saving *grace* of God, which hath *appeared* to all men who study to live *soberly*, *righteously* and *godly*, in this present world, as those who *look* for the blessed *hope*, and future glorious *appearance*, of our *Saviour Jesus Christ*. (4)

Serious remonstrance. Thus have I, my *dear fellow creatures*, and *fellow christians*—my *flock*, for whose *inestimable souls* I am to *answer* to the *great Shepherd*, thus have I, in much *weakness*, but in perfect *integrity* of *heart*, endeavoured to *excite you*, and *myself*, to
Concern. a more strict *attention*, than I fear is commonly given, to the *care* of all *cares*, the *business* of all
Charge. *businesses*. I have, for this purpose, given you, in an explanatory *paraphrase* on the text, an abridged *view* of your threefold *duty*. I have
Warning. fairly *warned* you of your *danger*, if you *neglect* or *violate*, habitually, any part of it. I have put you in mind that it is but *too common* to *neglect* the
Remonstr. *great salvation*, (5) whilst with a *reasonable diligence*, and at *no greater expence* of *hardship* or *suffering*, generally with *less*, than *vice* exposes
Arguing. men to, it might be made *sure*. I have *appealed* to your own *feelings*, whether *virtue* be not the *best wisdom*, if there were no *future state*. I have laid before you some of the *arguments* for the *reality* a of *world* to *come*, with a view of the *probabilities*, from what we see in the *present state*, of

(1) Rev. ii. 10. iii. 11. 1 Peter vi. 4. James i. 12. 2 Tim. iv. 8. 1 Cor. ix. 25. (2) Dan. xii 3. (3) 2 Cor. ii. 9. (4) Titus ii. 11, 12, 13. (5) Heb. ii. 3.

what will be the immensely *different consequences* of *virtue* and of *vice*, in the *future*. I have tried to *rouse* your sense of *gratitude* and of *shame*. Rousing
I have set your *suffering Saviour* before your view. sense *of*
I have invited you in the name of your *heavenly* gratitude *and* shame.
Father, to return to him and to your own happiness. I have entreated you by your *regard*— Beseeching.
(I hope you are not *altogether* without *regard*) for your weak but faithful *pastor*, the servant of your souls. I have put you in mind of the *future appearance* of our *Saviour* and *Judge*; and of the *sentences* of *approbation*, and *condemnation*, under Alarm.
one or *other* of which, *every human individual* will be *comprehended*, from which there is *no appeal*.
If these *considerations* be not *sufficient*, to stir Grief.
up in your minds, a sense of *danger*, and of *duty*,
I know not what *more*, I can, at present, do for Pity *with* veneration.
you, but to retire, from this place of public instruction, to my closet, and there to *pour* out my *soul* for you before the *Father* of *spirits*, that He, who has *access* to *all* hearts, may touch *your* hearts with such prevailing *influence*, that the great *end* of *preaching* may be *gained* with you, in spite of that fatal *indifference*, and *obstinacy*, which so often *baffles* all *human power* and *art*.

I *commit* the *salvation* of your precious *souls* to Tenderness.
the great *Overseer* of *souls*. (1) To *Him*, as to Veneration.
the *Restorer* of this ruined *world*, the *Conqueror* of *Satan*, (2) the *Abolisher* of *death*, (3) the *Light* of mankind, (4) and the future *Judge* of the *quick* and the *dead*, be *ascribed*, by every being in Heaven, and on earth, (5) *blessing* and *honour*, and *power*, to the *glory* of *God*, (6) the *Father Almighty*, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, whose supreme and unequalled *dominion*, is *over all*, from *everlasting* to *everlasting*. AMEN.

(1) 1 Pet. ii. 25. (2) Matth. xii. 29. (3) 2 Tim. i. 10.
(4) John viii. 12. xii. 46. (5) Rev. v. 13. (6) Phil. ii. 11.

CONCLUSION.

I HOPE the judicious Reader will think the labour I have bestowed in collecting, and altering, where proper, the foregoing LESSONS, not wholly lost. Though a greater *number* of passages might have been put together (which likewise must have enhanced the bulk and *price* of the book) I hope it will be owned, that this collection affords such a competent *variety*, that whoever can express or deliver, properly, all the matter contained in these Lessons, need be at no great loss in speaking any kind of matter that can come in his way.

There are in the Lessons, several humours, or passions, for expressing which there are no directions *nominally* given in the ESSAY; but in the Essay there are directions for expressing the *principal* humours, or passions, which commonly occur, and the *others* are generally *referable* to *them*. For example, there is not in the Essay such an article as HYPOCRICY which occurs in the Lessons, page 163; but there is AFFECTATION *of Piety*, in the Essay, page 27, which is the same thing under a different name, and so of others, which every reader's understanding will enable him to trace out.

Masters of places of education, and private tutors, may easily enlarge the practice of their pupils, on the plan here given, to what extent they please; this part of education being, like all others, endless. The youth may be directed to translate from the *ancients*, especially the orators; and then, the master, *correcting* their translations, and marking the emphatical words with lines under them, and the various humours, or passions, on the margin, they may be instructed to commit the substance of them to memory, so as to be able, without having *too often* recourse to their papers, to speak them with *ease* and *gracefulness*, and with propriety as to tone of voice, looks and gesture.

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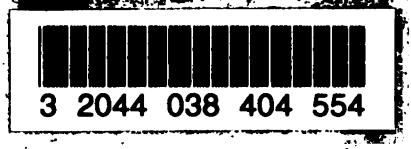
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